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VOLUME XLVII

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS.

July 3-1902
W. wrote

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

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"Another year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be,
In working or in waiting,
Another year for Thee."

Donahoe's Magazine.

Vol. XLVII. JANUARY, 1902. No. 1

SOME CORKMEN ILLUSTRIOUS IN LITERATURE AND ART.

BY CORNELIUS DORGAN.

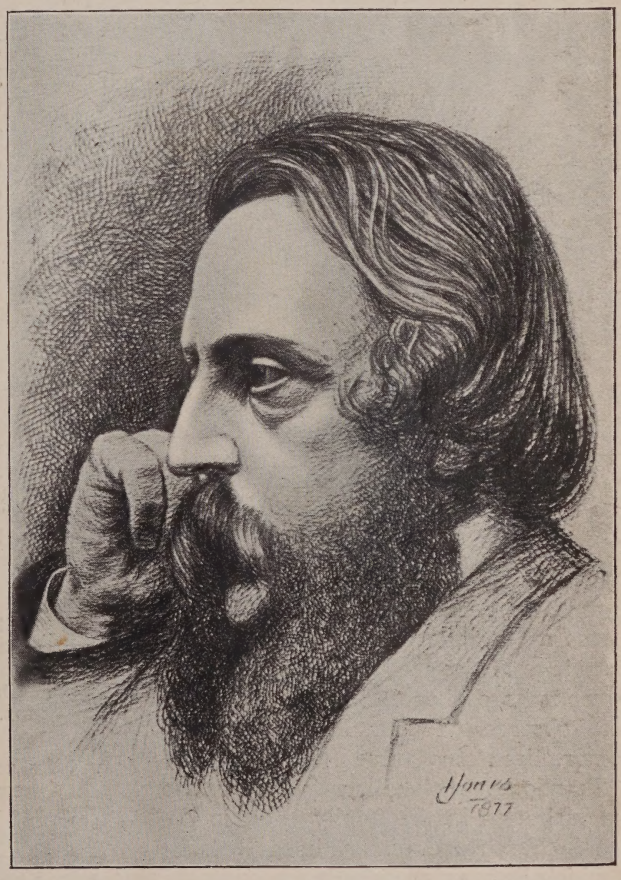
It may be of interest to the readers of this Magazine to give a brief biographical sketch of some of the sons of the city by

"The spreading Lee that, like an Island fayre,
Encloseth Corke with his divided flood,"

who have illustriously distinguished themselves in the great republic of letters and art.

Are they not a galaxy of talent, a brilliant assembly of poets, nineteenth century dramatists, scholars, painters and sculptors, all citizens, native products of the city of Saints Finbarre and Nessan,—"Corcagiae Civitas," which the great St. Bernard often mentions—foremost among whom, in point of celebrity, stands "Father Prout."

Born in 1804 Francis Mahony was educated in the Jesuit establishment of St. Acheul in Amiens. After his ordination he officiated in his native city and in London before quitting his sacred calling for a literary career. About his thirtieth year we find him contributing to "Fraser's Magazine" a series of papers, which have since been collected and published un-



From a chalk drawing by Thaddeus DENNY LANE.

JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

der the title "The Reliques of Father Prout." Subsequently he became the Roman correspondent of the London "Daily News." The last eight years of his checkered life were spent in Paris, where he died in 1866. Polished, elegant, witty, and genial, "Father Prout" was a versatile genuis, whose quaint sayings are as well known as was his goodness of heart sincere. Needless to observe, "Father Prout" has immortalized in verse the Bells of Shandon, and the Blarney Stone. He was buried in the family vault in the old churchyard under those Bells of which he sang so sweetly.

Another child of Nature and of that "Island Fayre" which Spenser sings of, who was touched with the "Muse's madness" was Jeremiah Joseph Callanan, whose restless spirit led him from Maynooth to Trinity College, and afterwards to disappointment, severance of all family ties, pecuniary embarrassment and distress and lastly to the arduous duties of a tutor away down in Lisbon, where he died in the year of Irish-Catholic Emancipation, and the thirty-fourth of his age. He is the author of the "Recluse of Inchidony" and many other poems. His lyrical compositions might rank with those of the best of his period. Has Scott ever penned anything finer than the following lines by Callanan on Gougane Barra:

"There is a green island in lone Gougane Barra,
Where Allua of songs rushes forth as an arrow,
In deep-vallied Desmond—a thousand wild fountains
Come down to that lake from their home in the mountains.
There grows the wild ash, and a time-stricken willow
Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow;
As like some young child, that sad monitor scorning,
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.

And its zone of dark hills—oh! to see them all brightning,
When the tempest flings out its red banners of lightning,
And the waters rush down, mid the thunder's deep rattle,

Like clans from their hills at the voice
of the battle;
And brightly the fire-crested billows are
gleaming,

How oft when the summer sun rested on
Clara,
And lit the dark heath on the hills of
Ivera,

HENRY JONES (Thaddeus).

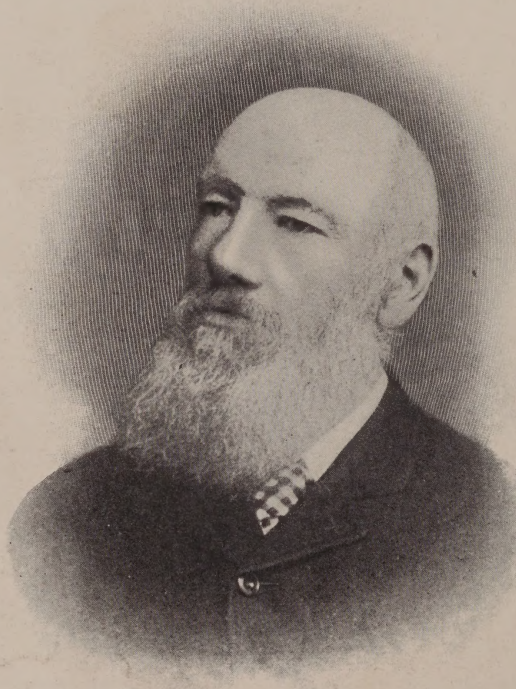
And wildly from Mullagh the eagles are
screaming.
Oh! where is the dwelling, in valley or
highland,
So meet for a bard as this lone little is-
land?

Have I sought thee, sweet spot, from my
home by the ocean,
And trod all thy wilds with a minstrel's
devotion!"

Indeed Callanan's greatest delight

was to wander among the glens and mountain sides of the west, and glean from the peasantry the legends and ballads still preserved among them.

If brilliant genius, cultured wit, fancy, and humor are the essentials of greatness in literature, surely Cork produced in William Maginn one of the most notable men of the age. As a Greek scholar he was considered the equal of Porson, and was certainly one of the most distinguished contributors to the periodical literature of his time. In 1819 he commenced contributing to "Blackwood's Magazine," his "Sir Morgan O'Doherty" papers, prose and verse. They made a great hit, and four years afterwards Maginn left Cork to permanently reside in London. Sad that the latter years of such a genius should have been spent in intemperance, which eventually brought its usual consequences. From consumption, and in poverty, Maginn died at the age of forty-seven.

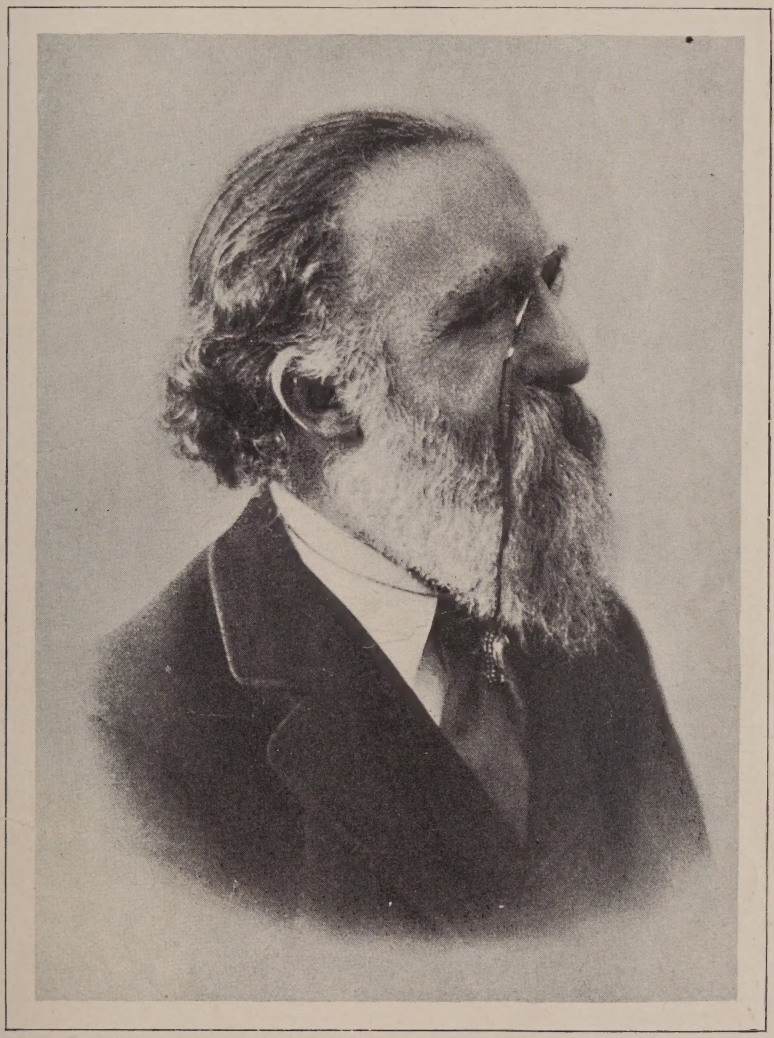


THOMAS CROSBIE.

It is no little pride and honor for a city to lay indisputable claim to being the birthplace of the greatest dramatists of modern times. James Sheridan Knowles, who died in 1862, lived in his native city, Cork, until his twenty-first year. And there is Barry Sullivan, the eminent tragedian, hailing from the "Marsh"; and Henry Bennett in the first rank of humorists; and the witty Father Arthur O'Leary, Father Matthews' predecessor in the Capuchin Friary of Blackamoor Lane near the Southgate Bridge.

Then we have among a host of poets and scholars, John O'Driscoll, the historian; Thomas Sheehan, to whose memory as an uncompromising advocate of popular rights, his fellow-citizens erected a handsome monument in St. Joseph's cemetery, where he lies buried; James Roche, dubbed by Father Prout "the Roscoe of Cork"; and that illustrious prelate of great research and scholarly attainments, the Rt. Rev. John England, Catholic bishop of Charleston, U. S., and John Augustus Shea, author of "Rudekki," "The Lament of Helas," and other poems, and who subsequently became connected with the American press; P. J. Meagher, author of "Zedechias"

and several other poems; and these once celebrated public men, John Francis Maguire, for some years member of Parliament for his native city, and author of "Rome, Its Rulers and



JUSTIN McCARTHY.

Its Institutions," and other works; John George MacCarthy, M.P., author of "Henry Grattan" and numerous other subjects; Denny Lane, a Master of Arts, a distinguished scholar, and author of that pretty and popular ballad, "Carrigdown"; and Thomas Crosbie, late editor of the Cork Examiner, an eminent journalist of broad views and ripe scholarship—not to mention those still living,—Judge Matthew recently appointed Lord Chief Justice of Appeal (English), the senior occupant of the Bench; Justin McCarthy, and Lord Justice Henry

Collins, lately appointed Master of the Rolls.

And there are the artists who, by brush and chisel, have reached the pinnacle of fame. First, Rogers, as he is the first Cork artist on record. He has been given the distinctive and distinguished title of the Father of Landscape Painting in Ireland. His works are rare—only to be met with occasionally in collections. John Butts was a pupil of his, who, however, seemed to reflect little credit on himself or his master. He was more or less a plagiarist, largely copying or borrowing from Poussin and others; he lived in great distress, and has been known, in order to relieve the pressing needs

of a numerous family, to paint a large picture in a few hours.

What the world of art has lost by the death of Samuel Ford, at the extremely early age of twenty-three, may be guessed from the fact that all his drawings were greatly admired by Sir David Wilkie even if his "Fall of the Angels" does not bear living testimony to his extraordinary genius. His untimely death must indeed ever be deplored.

Daniel Maclise is a name to conjure with. Who is it that has not derived endless pleasure and interest from those great masterpieces of his in which his genuis shines forth? They attest his splendid talents, and unique artistic acquirements.

Though born amid the squalid surroundings of a lane in that quarter called Blackpool, lying on the north-east side of the city of Cork; James Barry, in 1806, was buried in the crypt under the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, amid the pomp and circumstance of magnificent greatness. And James Barry deserved all honor. By force of character, great natural endowment of talent, and determination, he raised himself to the top of his profession. At seventeen his success as a painter in oils was as good as assured. At twenty he exhibited, in Dublin, his picture, "St. Patrick Baptizing the King of Cashel." The great Edmund Burke saw the work at the time, and proclaimed its merits, with the result that Barry was invited to London by his patrons, and subsequently through the great statesman's generosity was enabled to perfect his studies in Rome. On this head we shall close by noting an illustrious Corkman who at the present hour stands acknowledged as one of the masters of the age. It is Thaddeus, who has painted in addition to His Holiness Pope Leo XIII, the Khedive of Egypt, Mr. Gladstone, the Abbe Liszt, Duchess of York, and other prominent people.

And now to conclude this article we shall lightly sketch the career of one who as a sculptor must rank as a very Angelo among his fellows of the profession. The fruits of his prodigious talent make an irresistible claim on the polite attention of the learned visitors to the city of his birth. Disliking the drudgery of a solicitor's office, John Hogan was apprenticed to an eminent architect and thus found a calling congenial to his tastes. His figure of "Minerva," which may be seen over the door of the Exchange Insurance office on the South Mall, Cork, was what first brought him into prominence as a sculptor. A very fine specimen of his work is "The Guardian Angel" in St. Joseph's Cemetery, in the same city; also the large mural sculpture representing "The Resurrection" in St. Michael's Church, Blackrock. It was not, however, until his inspired brain and charmed chisel had produced that matchless creation, "The Dead Christ," that Hogan's great masterpiece was wrought. This undoubtedly superb work forms the lower portion of the high altar of St. Finbar's Catholic Church, Cork. If he had never produced anything but this priceless treasure, the perfection of his genius, Hogan would have been entitled to the unique honors conferred upon him when, having resided several years in Rome, he was admitted as one of the fifteen sculptors of the Pantheon —an honor rarely conceded to foreigners, never before to a British subject.

THE LITTLE GREEN LINNET OF BOE.

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS.

The lovely little linnet,
The pretty, gentle linnet,
The soft, and sweet-tonged linnet,
That charms the groves of Boe.

When I was young my life was glad as Murlo's crooning stream,
Each moment was a sparkling joy, and every day a dream.
Oh, many and many an hour I sat, while yet the sun was low,
And listened to the linnet green that waked the woods of Boe.

I knew the mavis of Monea, the blackbird of Sthragar,
I loved the lev'rock of Carroo, the gooldie of Glenvar—
But of all the birds in bush or sky that sunny long-ago,
None could compare the linnet rare that charmed the groves of Boe.

Oh, wander west, or wander east, Oh, fare me far or near,
That little linnet's piping voice is pleading in my ear,
Still calling, calling, calling, "Oh, why will you wander so!
Why leave these happy, happy woods! Come back! Come back to Boe!"

Ah, weary's me on wandering! and weary's me on gold!
It sours the nature in the breast, it turns the warm heart cold,
It chokes the lilt was in my life, it drowns the gladdening glow
I felt what time my linnet green awaked the woods of Boe.

Please God, I'll tie my bundle up, I'll take my stout blackthorn,
And the risin' sun will meet me on the road the morrow's morn:
"Farewell!" I'll cry, and wave my hand—"Farewell to gilded woe!
'Tis wealth I seek—a singing heart, and the linnet's lilt in Boe."

I know a red-lipped *cailin* there, as bright as May-morn beam;
I know a white-walled cabin longside a purling stream,
I know a hundred, hundred joys that o'er our days will flow,
While the lovely little linnet green makes glad the groves of Boe.

BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER XXX—(Continued.)

But she did not hear his words. Her ears had been deafened by the first sentence. She let him lead her to Mrs. Martins' sitting-room, but when they entered it, she slipped her hand from his arm, and opening the glass door, passed out to the vine-covered portico. He followed her, and when she could bring her eyes to his face, she started at the complete change, which was made more apparent by the clear morning light. Pity for the man whom she could not love, made her heart cry out as it made her yearn to draw that stricken face to her bosom and bathe it with her repentant tears. But Preston Martins, not dreaming how near he now was to the great blessing which his soul knew had never been his, despite the heart's protests, was wondering how he should tell her he freed her from her promise to him.

"Teresa," he began, speaking with calmness, "last night brought me many revelations, and they have made me a man other than the one whom you knew. Yesterday I thought I possessed much. Today I know that I possess nothing. Nothing but life." He paused with his eyes on her. Oh! if she would now lift her glorious eyes and their reproach would say, "Is my love nothing, Preston?" or the sweet lips would whisper tremulously, "And love, Preston!" But the eyes were fixed on the morning glories, which tears hid, and the face was quivering pitifully with the heart's suppressed sorrow for his misery, hatred of her own foolishness which had blinded her to his perfect worth, detestation of the one who in truth stood between them, and a strange, indefinable fear of something, she knew not what, until he added,

"Not even your love!"

He had indeed told all, all! The bright red of shame mounted to her brow, burned on her cheeks, colored the alabaster whiteness of her neck—such a red as none had ever seen to thus cover Teresa Martinez with its unspeakable confusion. His love for her made him turn away his eyes, and in the silence of that following moment, Preston Martins' angel held his chalice to his lips. Gone! all, all gone! wealth, place, home; his stainless name; reverence for father and mother's love; and crowning loss! his belief in Teresa! Then he folded his arms and raised his face. He could endure any future now. Fate had spent her cruellest shaft. But Teresa's sinking to the floor, her face hidden in her lap, drew his thoughts from the bitterness of his situation to the painfulness of hers. The awfulness of the realization that she had deceived him, was now pushed aside by reverence for the womanly heroism which was capable of so entirely sacrificing self to bring spiritual aid to others. He did not thereby set sacrifice above or beside truth, but his unerring insight showed him that her imagination had been so worked upon that her sense of right and justice had been warped; and this made him reverence the soul capable of such abnegation. He stooped and raised her from her humiliating position. She thought that he had forgiven.

"My father and that other one wronged you grievously," said he. "But my wrong to you is far, far greater. But you forgave them—can you also forgive me, cousin Amy?"

"Preston! Preston!" she cried piteously, for she knew all that was meant by his giving her that title of kinship. He was setting her aside from him, forever, forever!

"And forget me, Amy," he finished. "Forget what has been and be happy. You deserve the best that can come to mortals. In your joys, I, too, shall be blest." He let his eyes fall over her in a farewell caress, then he turned from the portico, passed through the little sitting-room and library and went up-stairs to his father's bedside.

As he entered the room, his father said:

"Preston, I wish you to take this," pointing to an envelope on the coverlid, "to Mr. Foster. It is my resignation from the gubernatorial race. Make him understand that it is decisive. Even though I do recover, my public life is over."

The news of Mr. Martins' attempted suicide was received in Lexington with horror. As it spread, the truth of the affair was lost and the story of assassination was substituted. One report stated that the shot had been fired through the window; another, that the murderer, using the name of a friend, had gained entrance to the house and struck Mr. Martins down as he sat writing in his library. It was in vain that Preston Martins attempted to controvert the story. The Democrats had had their hour's martyr, and the Whigs insisted upon a similar honor. Thinking men knew that Worthington had had some grave reason for his unexpected resignation, and, connecting it with the shooting of Mr. Martins, and his subsequent withdrawal from the contest, divined that some hidden cause underlay these circumstances; but that cause they should never know, for of the three who could have enlightened them two were bound to secrecy by professional honor, and the third was he who declared that his friend's happiness was as dear to him as his own. The Democrats had lost no time in choosing a worthy successor to St. John Worthington; and the night after Preston Martins had laid his father's resignation in the hands of the Whig chairman, the delegates met in solemn conclave. On the streets, men were shouting the name of Preston Martins, and couriers were riding through the country calling upon the people to demand that the banner of their party should be placed in the hands of this worthy son of their martyred leader. Against those who urged that his youth debarred him from the office, they asked, who, when riot had broken on the city of Lexington and threatened to plunge the commonwealth into civil war, had braved its danger and quelled it but Preston Martins. Was his youth called into question in that hour when danger confronted the State? Who then was better fitted to rule a people than he who knew how to protect them?

While his name was being thus tossed hither and thither on the wave of popular opinion, Preston Martins sat alone, except for the servants, by his father's bedside. All danger from the self-inflicted wound was past; time and care, would, in a short time, set George Martins back on the way from which he had so tragically tried to turn. What change will recovery bring? thought Preston. Will he acknowledge Teresa's unsupported claim and give her back her property? Will

he effect some compromise with her to save his pride? or will he be great and generous enough to admit to the world that Gerald Martins' daughter was not dead and had returned for her own? Teresa would be generous, he knew. Perhaps she would restrain him from letting the world into their affairs. As his mind followed the train of thoughts these suggested, he knew that his early suspicion that his father had warned the Indian of his danger of arrest was correct. He was not to be blamed so much perhaps. It would have been a sad day for all when that paper fell under the public eye. He was glad that it was destroyed; glad that his mother's proud people would not have to blush for the shame of her husband's crimes. And could he have endured the obloquy? He saw himself pointed out as the son of George Martins, the murderer, and he shuddered. Yet he was such and he would have to go through life weighted with this secret. And what was that life to be? He must live, but how? He would abandon his legal profession for never could he stand before a jury and demand punishment for the transgressor of the law, when he was a partaker, by his silence, of his father's guilt. He could not turn his attention to agricultural pursuits for he was dispossessed of all property. Business avenues were also closed to him, because of his new poverty—and to dig he was not able, to beg he was ashamed! Then, his thoughts fell back to Teresa and his broken love. He recalled their bethrothal evening by the low stone wall. How strangely, bewilderingly bright was that world in which he had then walked! Would he yet know himself to be a fool in not accepting her willing sacrifice? It was not too late yet, whispered the voice in his heart; but the tempter received neither encouraging attention nor resistance; for though organically it lived, when he lay in his coffin that heart would not be more cold and dead to feeling. Nature had left him insensible to suffering, but whether this stone-weight in the breast is more merciful than living pain, let those whom woe thus affects determine. But he marveled now that he had not read the meaning of her words that evening. He understood why the story of the Trappist monk had so appealed to her. That story recurred to him. What had he said of it? That it was unjust to himself and to the others. If she had but understood him then, understood that justice to him, truth to herself, demanded that she should refuse his love! Then in this hour, his love would have been the strong white shaft for his soul to lean upon, instead of lying a broken reed at his feet. "If women could but realize how men look to them for truth in all things, above all things! truth to themselves, truth to us, there would be fewer unhappy marriages," he said, half-aloud. What had marriage meant for the monk's brother? what had it meant for the woman? and what had the cell and the silence brought to the monk? Had sacrifice brought peace to his soul, mitigation for his father's punishment? What if he, too, were to take his broken life to Gethsemani and offer it to God, for the mitigation of his father's sentence, the securing of his own peace? Gethsemani! Had he not his Gethsemani here? Was not his soul set, for evermore, in silence and loneliness? Then like a lightning flash, there passed before his mind the picture of his father where he to receive the punishment man has decreed for the transgression of laws man has

made—the picture of a prisoner wearing the garb of ignominy and occupying the cell of shame. "I will bear your punishment for you, my father!" Did he speak those words, or another voice like unto his own utter them? Spoken they seemed to be and involuntarily Preston Martins shuddered. He wear the coarse habit, labor at the harsh work, occupy the lone cell! His refined physical organization shrank back appalled. Yet was not this his father's dress and work and home—the convict's cell and garb and toil? Why should not his son atone for him? And at the question, he paused until the young day began to smile in the east.

As he entered his father's office that next morning, he was met by a delegation of prominent members of the Whig party who were waiting to inform him of the desire of the people that he should fill his father's vacated place on the ticket. They would not accept his prompt refusal, which they set down to the young man's well-known modesty, but gave him till the following day to consider their wishes. When his own and his father's friends had departed, St. John Worthington entered the office.

"My congratulations, Preston!" he cried. "For once I cannot wish success to my party, for the best man leads our opponents."

"I have not accepted," said Preston.

"But you will! you must!" urged Worthington. Preston looked at him for a long, sorrowful moment; then he said:

"Reflect, St. John Worthington, upon what you counsel! You would have me to try to place myself above the people of Kentucky, I the son of such a father! You to whom conscience is umpire, will not say that because his sins are unknown, they should have no influence over my actions?"

"But I do say," interrupted Mr. Worthington, "that as you are not guilty of your father's sins, neither can you permit them to stand between you and your duty to yourself and to society. I am no flatterer, Preston. I hold the truth above everything, even my love for my friend. When I assert that there is not in this State one worthier of filling the office of its chief ruler than you, I ask you to believe I am uttering my sincere conviction, as it is the conviction of every honest man who knows you. Look into your own soul! Is there on it one stain? Would you shrink from the most critical inspection of your entire life? The only thing that stands in your disfavor is your youth, according to years, for your mind has the ripeness of mature manhood."

That wintry smile showed for a moment on Preston's face, but it faded as he said:

"While I can not question your sincerity, my friend, I ask you to reflect further. As the governor of this State I would pledge myself to enforce its laws. How could I affix my name to the death-warrant of an offender against society, knowing that my own father was deserving of a like fate?

"You would do your duty," replied Mr. Worthington. "Personal feelings would not deter you from it. You would rise above them as all truly great men do. You must learn to separate the office from the man."

"And the man, St. John, must be nobler than the office.

"So he should be, with Preston Martins filling it. You have now come to the turning point of your life," went on Mr. Worthington. "You must now decide whether you are going to

sink under the burden of another man's sins"—

"That man is my father," interposed Preston.

"According to the law of nature, yes. Further than that, his influence upon your existence ceases. You are yourself, a distinct, separate individual being. As he could not live your life for you, neither does his life determine what you shall make of yours. If men thus strictly held themselves to be the direct bearers of their fathers' wrongdoings and suffered themselves to sink under their obloquy, there would be many a glorious name dropped from the roll-call of saints and heroes. Your life and its work are ordained for you by the Supreme Being. The sin of another individual life will scarcely stand as an excuse before God for your wrecking the one, neglecting the other. I would not urge another to do what seems best to me for him, unless I were so thoroughly convinced that it is the best for him that I could stake my very existence upon it for a fact; but I am thus convinced in this matter for you; hence I say, if ever words had weight let mine sink today into your heart. Let them act as a safeguard against the fatal desire to sink your promising young life with the wreck of your father's."

The words, uttered with all the power of truth, silenced the objections of the younger man's sensitiveness. They impressed him as a General's address does his soldiers. It was the cry of one heroic soul to another. It was recognized as such when the two men looked each other in the eyes.

"They have given me until to-morrow to decide," said Preston.

"Decide now!" commanded St. John.

"I cannot! I must have time."

"There is something else then?" asked Worthington."

"There is."

"May I ask what it is?"

"The garb, the work, the cell of a Trappist monk."

"Ah! I see! this to you, because of the garb, the work, the cell which should be his?" and Preston bowed his head in answer. "Then Preston Martins," cried St. John Worthington, "hear my verdict! Though I admire with all my soul your sacrifice on the filial altar, I declare to you that you are doing what is wrong. Your sacrifice on the altar of self might be harder to make: because of your highly-strung nature, I believe that it would be, yet it would be the right one, for it is your duty to yourself, and consequently your duty to God and your fellowman. You do not wonder that I urge this as I am your friend. But if I stood not in this relation to you—nay, if I still headed the ticket for my party, but knew you as well as I do now, I declare that, holding as I do my patriotism higher than my partisanship, I must have thus thrown my voice into the scale for your acceptance of your party's leadership, or been false to my conscience. The man who has met your ordeal and bears it, with not a prop of his manhood weakened, is the man who can endure the supreme test of the greatness of high office, with honor to himself and honor to his State. I am going now. I leave you with your own soul. It will make the decision for you—the right one. Till tomorrow — goodbye!" and they clasped hands.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN THE LITTLE GRAVEYARD.

Preston Martins dispatched his father's business and then rode home,

under the magical light and shade of the tree-edged road. Sometimes a rabbit hopped leisurely across his way, or a gray squirrel's bright eyes looked down upon him, from an overhanging bow, while an occasional bird chirped a languid summer note from its mystic world of leafiness. His dogs were waiting at the gate to welcome him, and bounded up the avenue by his side, barking out their loyal hearts' joy. The negro working on the lawn, and the boy, waiting to take his horse, greeted him with the smiling freedom of friends. To him, these were not the insignificant things of the world, but its sweetest, and he paused in his deep reflections to give the gratitude of thought to this comradeship of fellow creatures.

He passed up to his father's room, where he found Teresa reading to the invalid. She rose at his entrance and he noted that her beautiful eyes had lost their brilliancy, and that her face was wan and grief-drawn. "You are killing yourself," he said, in low tones. "I am going to see my mother and ask her to insist upon your taking more rest. You will obey her wish, if not my command," and the shadow of a smile crossed his face. At sight of it, Teresa sobbed convulsively, and she hastily quitted the apartment. After a brief statement of the business matter, Preston took the book which Teresa had laid down and began to read aloud. So the morning passed to afternoon, when the entrance of one of his father's friends gave him an opportunity to withdraw from the sick chamber. At the foot of the stairs he met his mother, to whom physical exhaustion had brought a long sleep after her nights of constant watching by her husband's bed. She looked her own calm, fair self once more in her stately silk, but trouble gathered into her eyes and shaded her countenance as she saw his sadly altered face.

"Preston, my dear son! What has changed you so utterly? You are troubled—what about?"

He took the soft hand which she laid upon his arm and led her back to the parlor.

"Mother," he said, as they reached that room, "your patience with me has never failed. I ask for its continuance, though I must now disappoint you, pain you, cause you lasting sorrow. Mother, I cannot give you Teresa for a daughter."

He saw that she gave a little gasp, but further expression of astonishment or grief there was none. She was not the woman to cry out her loss, even to the ears of her son. Moreover, she knew that hers was a passing shadow compared to his deep night of misery.

"May I ask one question?" she said, after a pause, and a slight flush colored lier cheeks. "Has this changed in you been caused by, or followed from the change in her position?"

"It has not," he replied, in his gentlest tones. "But mother," he continued earnestly, "this will make no difference between you and her? Continue to be a mother to her in love and devotion, if you cannot be such in name. She loves you. Oh! she proved her love nobly, nobly! I leave her to you, mother,—all I have to leave—the best I could leave."

Her face showed the cruel white of anguish.

"Preston, you are not going away from us?"

"I do not know. . . . . I have not yet decided. . . . But whether I go or stay, promise me that Teresa shall never need a mother while my mother lives!"

The misery of his heart worked its way up to the face and made it to quiver piteously. She lifted her arms and drawing down his head, hid that tortured face on her bosom. "My boy! My boy!" and she pressed her lips to his soft, wavy hair; then, added, "I accept your sacred charge! Henceforth, I have two children." He let her hold him thus for another long moment; then, he gently disengaged himself from her embrace.

"My own good mother! Thank you," he said softly and kissed her, and then knowing that he wished it, she went upstairs to find Teresa. And Preston went out to fight his last battle alone in the little graveyard. He stood by the wall, his arms resting upon it, until the summer sun went down in a sea of amber glory—and still the decision had not been made. The power and fascination of a public life held, for one moment, his soul; in the next it was destroyed by the knowledge of its demoralizing influence, to withstand which calls for greater, more continuous struggle than the cloister brings. The conflict between good and evil on the open arena is fiercer than in the silence of the monk's cell; and why should he choose the harder and more dangerous combat when victory would be the same? He saw Worthington's words realized; saw himself standing up under the glare of the world's cruel light and the not less pitiless light of his own conscience, bravely performing his duty no matter what foes without confronted him or foes within assailed. For this victory he must struggle through the heat and dust of life's long, lonely, highway. In the great world of the weak and the powerful, he must stand the support for the helpless, the menace for the strong by living out the painful though true life of the soul. And the poor human cried out in its misery, lifted pleading hands, piteously asked how it, alone, alone, could go through that conflict which would cease only when death approached. It made him look upon the humiliation, the sacrifice, the death-in-life of the Trappist monk as a degree nearer happiness, and demanded, if it were required of him, that he should tread the winepress of existence until the last red drop were bruised out. The question narrowed down until it stood thus: which was the higher way, the public life which called for the crucifixion of the soul, or the private one which meant crucifixion of the body. Which was the way of the Divine Will? Which was God's seer, the words of St. John Worthington or the example of the Trappist monk? He was utterly exhausted. He could not reason, he could scarcely think. But his decision must be made during one hour of this night and once made it was irrevocable. His eyes went over the scene, now bathed in the yellow glory of departing day; but it gave back no answer. Then they came back to the graveyard, also illumined by that golden radiance; but no voice came from its low beds. He was alone. He must be his own advisor, decide his own destiny. But his eyes continued to rest upon the grave of the child covered with the long, pointed green leaves of the lilies-of-the-valley. Who would care for it when he was gone? If he remained, there would be for him this one consoling reflection that when life was ended, he could lie down by her side, and thus fulfill the wish of the boy's sad heart. If he left —he shuddered at the thought of that nameless grave among strangers. "O little soul that I loved and love! can

you not whisper one word of advice?" he cried. A sudden fancy took possession of his brain that he would find her answer hidden among the greet leaves, the white answer of a flower. He crossed the steps and bending over the grave sought among the leaves hoping against hope that one bell-shaped blossom would reward his faith. One plant remained. He had set it out that spring, and with a sensation he could not have defined, he turned back, one by one, its blade-like leaves. Then a cry of joy escaped him. The old smile broke the frozen surface of his face, as he saw, gleaming like a white star on a world of darkness, a message from his dead. He gathered the flower, and laying it on his lips, turned to the west, as if he expected to see her standing there in radiant whiteness, among the sunset clouds. Then there fell upon his soul a new light, and it showed him the highest sacrifice grown into the fair acceptance!

There was a creeping stir in the grass behind the tombstones. . . . . Then, a figure slipped out into the amber light. . . . It slid forward like a snake and came up behind the unconscious man. . . . Paused. . . The right hand was lifted, thrown back. . . . There was a fierce unerring, swift forward movement . . . the gleam of a long, sharp, cruel knife, and Preston Martins fell back upon the child's grave, his life-blood pouring over its greenness in a crimson flood. . . . . This was death! the death he had said he could not endure—death by a savage hand. His eyelids quivered before they unclosed. He knew what they should behold—the smiling, fiendishly exultant face of his father's Indian son. Awful sight for dying eyes! Awful picture for the soul to carry with it to eternity! But he held back strong death for a moment, opened his bloodless lips, and with his eyes pouring the radiance of Christ-like forgiveness upon that terrible countenance, said, with his last breath,

"My brother!"

The yellow light faded from the west. The fleecy clouds lost their gold trimmings and were welded together into a wall of gray. Over it, like a watchman on a battlement, shone the evening star. One by one, the other stars began to look out from the purple upper world. Then the harvest moon rose in her pride from the belt of eastern woodland. The voices of the summer night took up their monotonous song and the day-barred creatures stole out from their hiding-places. It was a night no different from many such nights that spot had known, save that he who was wont to lean over the low stone wall, alive to all the deep beauty of the scene, now lay wrapped in death's strict yet not untender embrace. All that night, moon and stars poured down their soft beams on his unseeing eyes. The insects chirped their ditties on his unheeding ears. The dew bathed his beautiful cold face and hung its damp on his soft, wavy hair; but its chill could not make more rigid the set features, nor send a shiver through that pulseless frame. So the hours of the night passed, while in the white house beyond, his mother and Teresa, watching in the sick room, wondered at his absence.

At daybreak, a negro, sent to the pastures to bring in the work horses, passed the graveyard, and sent up such an unearthly shriek of horror, that George Martins awoke and sprang up to demand its meaning. Teresa, hurrying down, met the crazed servant, who hurled upon her ears the tidings of his

awful discovery. When the household surged into the little graveyard, they found her lying at the feet of the dead, as white and cold and lifeless.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE MEETING AT PRESTON'S GRAVE.

When all that was mortal of Preston Martins was laid by the side of the child in the little burial ground, Teresa said, "Take me home! . . . Take me back to Loretto." And when the doctor looked grave no objection was offered, and with Aunt Dilsey, Teresa went back to Loretto. Sister Mechtilde met her at the door. At sight of her fair, pure face, Teresa bowed her head on her hands, crying out, "O Sister! Sister! I neither came back with my shield, nor on it!" But Sister Mechtilde's arms were about her, her loving words were in her ears, and for the time, the girl was calmed. But the relief was only momentary, and before the day had passed Teresa was again lying on a bed of suffering. Autumn was over the trees and the fields when she left her room. A great, complete change had been wrought in her, and the good Sisters looked in vain for the Teresa they had sent forth a few short months ago. Yet they could not say wherein lay this change for her face was as beautiful, her heart as affectionate, her soul as pure as when she had gone to meet and cope with the difficulties of the great world. One Sister's eyes were keener than her companions', she who had held the conversation with Sister Mechtilde, one long past day, while Teresa lay on the play-ground, her eyes fixed on the wood-screened distance. Now looking on the girl she so tenderly loved, the pupil she had so often instructed, a mist blinded the old Sister's eyes, as she thought: "Our little Teresa will dream no more! She has struck the rock of the Real. Will she sink with her lost craft, or cling to cold, hard, unlovely reality?"

But Sister Mechtilde came to the rescue, and when, a few weeks later, Mrs. Martins' carriage stopped before Loretto's gate, and Preston's mother said to her, "Come home, Teresa. I have no child but you!" she rose up as one newly-girdled with strength and made ready to return to her place of duty. She shed no bitter tears this time on leaving Loretto, but as Sister Mechtilde kissed her in parting, she whispered,

"I am going back for my shield, Sister," And the gentle nun blessed her with the words which brave souls reserve for kindred spirits.

For two years George Martins lived, ministered to by his loving wife and Teresa. They were years of penance and humiliation of spirit, of grief, which the sight of his childless wife made the sharper. It was his work, all, all. Then he would turn from the sight of the graveyard on the lawn, where his victims slept, to ask himself what had become of his poor tool. "If I could only see him once more! If my voice could only reach him!" his tortured soul would cry, during the long hours of those days, the longer hours of those nights. At the time, when the word went forth that George Martins was dying, a priest, on his way from the western frontier to Cincinnati, came to the white house. When she met him, Teresa recognized the good Father, who, after a struggle, the greatness of which was known only to God and himself, had brought George Martins from evil and despair to repentance and praise.

"I must see him, and alone!" he said when she told him that Mr. Martins was too ill to receive even such a friend. The words were conveyed to Mrs. Martins, who went down herself and brought the priest to her husband's room. Mr. Martins recognized the clergyman, who, bending over him, spoke his message of peace.

"I am glad that I find you alive, my dear friend! I am the bearer of a message to you, which I would not have you to miss. I take it as a sign that God, in His mercy, accepted the sacrifice of good Preston's life, and thus sends it to you to soothe your dying moments."

At the words, Mr. Martins raised himself against the pillows, and gazing on the priest's holy face, said:

"Is it about,—about him—my other son?"

"Yes. When the Bishop sent me from Lexington to the frontier, I added to my appointed duties, missionary work among the Indians. And thanks be to God! I succeeded in converting many. About three months ago, a runner came to my cabin with the news that some of the more western tribes were preparing to make war upon his people. These had ceased to be warriors on becoming Christians, and he begged me to avert the danger. I went with him to the disaffected western tribes and found that they were being incited to warfare by a man, who, they admitted was not their rightful ruler, not even of their blood. I demanded to see this leader. When I was brought into his presence, I recognized the man who had passed in Lexington under the name of Senor Martinez. I openly reproached him for his fearful work in seeking to stir up strife between these now peaceful children of the wilds. His reply startled me. 'Father,' he cried, 'I must do it, or I shall go mad! I have tried to still the voice in my heart by good works, and failed; perhaps the shots of battle, the shrieks of the dying will be more successful.' I asked him whose voice was that in his heart and he whispered, 'Preston Martins.' When he fell at my feet that dreadful evening, he did not curse me with his dying breath, but looked at me in forgiveness and called me his brother. " 'My brother!' he said, 'and wherever I go I hear that voice. It wakes me in the dead of night. It comes to me in mid-day. Curses, or expressions of hate, I should long ago have forgotten; but that pardon from his dying lips is setting me mad, mad, mad! It drove me before it all that night and many after days and nights—a wanderer upon the face of the earth. I recalled the teachings of the good French priests, and I said that by good works I would buy release from this pitiless voice. I went back to Cuba. I gave alms to the poor. I built shrines in the churches. I bestowed money upon works of charity. I had Masses, and prayers from saintly souls offered up for my deliverance. But it was all in vain. Then I said there is no God, and I plunged into every pleasure. I traveled, and mixed with the great in the world of art and letters. I studied politics and became a statesman. But when pleasure was highest, or success sweetest, that last cry, 'My brother!' would sound in my ears. Sometimes it was calm and sweet, his voice as he spoke it. Again it was stern and angry. But always his voice, always. I could not endure the world which was his world. I said I will go back to my mother's people. Into the world of Nature the voice of

civilization will not pursue me. But the Natchez are civilized now. So I sought the ruder tribes of the West. Peace was here. There was not even the momentary forgetfulness social life could sometimes bring. And his voice is here, too. It is in my heart. It was unendurable. Perhaps in war I could find nepenthe. If not, then I dare to follow you, Preston Martins! Let my soul meet your soul before God and be damned by Him. Damnation cannot be worse than my present suffering!'

"I took that poor man by the hand," went on the priest, "and led him out of the tent to the woods. I said to him: 'My son, God does not want to damn you. He has left that brother's cry in your heart to save you. Repent! Repent!' Then he cried out, 'That was her word to me, that girl, that weak little girl, who had dared death to save from suffering the wife and son of him who had robbed her of wealth and parents!' And he told me how Miss Martinez, although his pistols were ready to be turned on her, had thrust her father's will into the fire, when she learned from Mr. Worthington that it contained some information which would pain Mrs. Martins and Preston. She forgave him and bade him to go and repent. I urged him to follow her advice, but he said that he could not, for he would do again what he had done, sooner than leave you to enjoy freedom, with the happiness and honor Preston and Teresa would give you. Under my questioning he informed me that he knew that his whole scheme had miscarried when you shot yourself and the paper was destroyed by Teresa. He saw then that she held Mrs. Martins and Preston too dear to put forward a hand against them, and knew that St. John Worthington was not the man to needlessly inflict sorrow upon those who were innocent. His dream of revenge was shattered and he had irrevocably shut himself off from all hope of being recognized by you and from Teresa, whom he loved devoutly. You were out of his reach. All the hatred which he felt against you re-acted upon Preston. When the determination of the Whigs to nominate him in your stead reached his ears, it made him a savage. He thought of Preston happy in the love of Teresa, honored by men; so he decided to prevent this by killing him. He watched for his opportunity in the graveyard, and Preston gave it to him by his visit to that spot. I told him that he would not do that deed again when he had heard my version of his story, the true one. I told him that Preston and Teresa were not going to be married, for his mother had so informed me afterwards. It was unknown if he would have accepted the honor flatteringly offered to him by his party, as St. John Worthington had told me, that Preston had been seriously thinking of joining the order of Trappist Monks at Gethsemani, in Kentucky. This is a surprise to you, too?" asked the old priest.

"It is." That was all George Martins said, but his heart bowed down before the priest's words, for he knew why his son had contemplated such a renunciation.

"I shall never forget the cry which my words wrung from that soul!" exclaimed the priest. "And I hope I shall never again be called upon to witness such wild grief as that which followed. There was good in his nature, but it had been warped"—the priest stopped, knowing whose hand

had set that soul astray. "For a long time he would not heed me, but replied to all I said with a sad shake of his head. For nearly three weeks I stayed in that camp of Indians, striving with that poor soul. I would be there yet, or win it from the enemy. But God was on my side. I found that he had been well instructed in Catholic truth by the French Fathers, and I know that when he permitted himself to accept anything of Christianity, he was a Catholic in belief. During those weeks I succeeded in becoming his friend. In his loneliness he had me to turn to and I think that it was this purely human tie of friendly sympathy that drew him to heed my words of spiritual warning. He loved to talk of Preston, and made me repeat all that I knew of him. Happily that was a great deal for Preston and I had been much together. I saw that he was growing to love the brother whom he had killed in hatred. I knew then that my victory was half-won. It was my after appeals to that love which won me his soul for God. He accompanied me from the Indians. I parted with him yesterday at Gethsemani."

"Oh! my God!" George Martins fell back upon the pillow and closed his eyes. For a moment the priest thought that he had expired. As he was leaning over him, the dying man looked up into the saintly face and smiled.

"I do not deserve this mercy from God!" he muttered.

"None of us is worthy of the goodness of the Almighty!" said the priest, softly. "He is willing and ready to suffer the extremest penalty of the law, if you or Mrs. Martins see fit to have it inflicted," the priest was saying, when George Martins raised a protesting hand.

"Preston forgave him," he said.

"Whether they will admit him into the Order of their brotherhood, at Gethsemani I cannot say," continued the priest. "But I know that they will not send this repentant soul from the asylum of their penance and prayer."

"You said that you brought me a message," said Mr. Martins, feverishly. "Was it from him?"

"It was. When we were parting yesterday, I said to him: 'My son, I go from you to your father. He is an old man now, and, like yourself, a repentant one. Let me carry to him that sweet consoling message, 'I forgive,' from you.' It was a struggle for his naturally proud heart, hardened by years of hatred. While he paused, I prayed. He muttered his mother's name and his face was dark. Then I think, and like to so think, he must have heard again that sweet 'My brother!' for he said, and his full heart was in his words, 'Tell my father that I ask him to forgive me, as I forg' · him!' "

"Amen!" said George Martins.

. . . . .

In the little burial-ground on the western lawn they laid him down for his dreamless sleep, and here also they carried his gentle lady when her holy spirit answered its Maker's loving call.

Teresa was again alone. Her stepgrandmother in Virginia, who had, on the statements of George Martins and Mr. Worthington, acknowledged her right to the great property left her by her aged husband, urged the girl to make her home with her. Teresa had considered the invitation, but when she saw the consternation that thought

of her departure caused the slaves, she dismissed it, realizing that the duties of her strangely restored property were not to be thus cast aside at her own wish. Life's work could be no more disregarded by the mistress of the old Martins' house than by the over-worked music teacher. It was not less arduous, but she bore it with a heroic spirit and without complaint. But often she looked upon the long, lonely future with a heart that quailed. She had seen St. John Worthington but once alone in all those years. It was the winter following her brief visit to Loretto, when her heavy heart was being made to bleed afresh every hour at memory of, or some reference to, that strong, white life that had gone out in black, black sorrow. She could not forget that his few last days might have been spared the great pain by this man, who had now come to her begging to be to her all that Preston Martins was to have been. And she had sent him from her with words that stung her memory, as she knew that they had broken his heart. From that hour they had stood apart; but the snow was sprinkled heavier on St. John Worthington's hair than it had been the night he first met her dark eyes across Mrs. Halpin's hospitable table; while a sorrow, that the loss of friends, however dear, could not bring, stamped itself deeply on Teresa's ivory-like face. Reflection made her see that if St. John Worthington had proven so false to his manhood he could not have instantly become the friend who mourned Preston Martin's untimely death, with the grief of a brother. Her maturing thoughts led her to divine the truth that Preston's suspicions having been aroused, he forced the knowledge from the lips of the man, who rose by that admittance from the rival to the loyal friend. She had wronged the living by her suspicions as she had wronged the dead by her foolish deception. Of the seed which she had sown in ignorance, she was reaping the full harvest in bitter knowledge. Still she made no complaint. She schooled her heart to endurance and went her way, gathering over her young life that love and reverence which is the crown of gold reserved for worthy old age.

But one evening, in the April following Mrs. Martins' death, Teresa, sitting alone on the piazza, experienced that inexplicably tender call which leads, ofttimes against our intentions, to the grave of a loved one. She drew the scarf over her head and crossed alone the path which she had often walked with Preston. She had never felt his presence so perfectly since he had quitted the flesh, as she did during that walk; and a great gladness came to her. Was the time of her own death near? she wondered. Would she soon lay her tired young head down for eternal rest under the cedar tree where they reposed? She reached the steps, at the thought, and lifting her eyes, uttered a cry of fear on seeing a man standing by Preston's grave. He turned sharply and the evening's roseate light fell upon the face of St. John Worthington. She leaned against the wall for support.

"Teresa!"

Oh! how soothing was the old name from his lips! Then:

"I beg your pardon. I fear I have alarmed you. I should not have come,—but I am leaving Kentucky—and I wanted to say good-bye to him."

A silence fell. On the grave of Preston and the child, the lilies-of-the-

valley bloomed, making for their lowly beds a snowy drapery. The violets, which he had once said were, to him, the emblems of an unhappy destiny, were spreading their royal purple over the graves of his parents and hers. Above the graves rose the solemn cedar tree, emblem of the eternal, as the flowers were type of the mortal. Over the dead stood the living gazing at each other. Teresa knew that as she had been the offender, she should make the atonement: so she crossed the steps, and said to him,

"And were you going without saying good-bye to me?"

"Yes," he replied. "I did not think that you cared to see me."

She moved forward a few paces, to bring his face to the graves, and said:

"Once, in this place, St. John, he who sleeps there told me that he would rather have justice done to him than sacrifice made for him. But I was foolish, blind, wicked, and vain, vain, vain! I thought that God had called upon me to be the instrument for His divine purposes! Oh! I thought that I was called upon for sacrifice—yes, even the sacrifice of truth! Was I not blind, foolish, vain? I deceived him into believing that I loved him, and when knowledge of that deception came to him, it pressed the last drop of bitterness into his life's chalice. Then," lifting her eyes to him, and the red of shame that once before had dyed her face was now crimsoning its paleness, "in my sorrow for him, hatred of myself, I threw on you a cruel, cruel suspicion. I thought—No! hear me out!" she cried, as he attempted to interrupt her, "I thought that you told him that night, not only all that paper contained, but also of that miserable confession I made in Mrs. Boyle's parlor: told both at the promptings of jealousy. Oh! I hated you then and that was why I sent you away, with those bitter words. I know now that I was wrong, that what he learned of the secret which the paper contained was wrung from you, and that my own guilty conscience betrayed my wretched secret. He forgave me my wrong to him. Can you forgive me my wrong to you?"

Forgive her! Never had he thought that she, this last idol of his affection, could do aught that would call for his forgiveness; and lo! of all who had wronged him, she had dealt him the cruelest blow. She had doubted his honor! But he thought of Preston Martins' calling out "My brother!" to the wretch who had deprived him of life; of the girl's own pardon of those who had so cruelly afflicted her; lastly of the perfect forgiveness, falling momentarily upon repentant souls, from the throne of the All-Merciful. He stooped and took her small hands in his.

"Teresa, that word must not even be thought of between us two, forevermore."

From the white hearts of the lilies-of-the-valley and the purple faces of the violets a cloud of fragrance rose to mingle with the cedar's strengthening odor; and the peace of the dead, the peace of forgiveness, fell upon the souls of the living.

(THE END.)

A CATASTROPHE !

NIGHT SCHOOLS OF ROME.

A ROMAN CHARITY OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

BY MARIE DONEGAN WALSH

ANTIQUE AND ARCHITECTURAL DESIGNS BY PUPILS OF THE ROMAN NIGHT SCHOOLS.

This is an age when everyone knows what is going on in the world, an age of personal interest in all kinds of work — literary, social, and philanthropic. A glance at the Catholic charitable institutions all over the world is enough to prove that Catholics are not behind-hand in active philanthropy. At an epoch when the world's peoples and religions know a little more about one another than formerly, the well known assertion invariably made by Protestants that "Catholics are averse to the spread of knowledge," and that "Catholics do not do enough for their poor," no longer convinces, except perhaps in a few narrow-minded communities, that resolutely shut their old-fashioned eyes and ears to what is being done. From none more fervently than from Catholic hearts arises the cry, "We must keep the poor at all costs loyal to Christianity, so that when the grim monsters of socialism, infidelity, and anarchism threaten to shake their belief in the existing order, they may turn with safety to the House on the Rock."

In all ages—in Rome, as elsewhere, —Catholics have done their best for the poor, and striven to spread the light of knowledge in times when a thirst for learning was by no means as general as at the present day. Before philanthropy and "slumming" had become as fashionable a craze as now, and long, long before Methodism (abetted by the spoliation of the Pope's dominions) had conceived the brilliant idea of an onslaught on the citadel of Peter,—in the days when a Pope reigned in the Quirinal, and Protestant and Methodist alike were vague terms to the Romans;—the grand old Catholic charities of Rome (administered in the good old Catholic spirit) were quietly going their

way, sheltering, helping, instructing, but without any flare of trumpets or publicity.

However, it seems nowadays we must blow our own trumpets,—otherwise it will be said we have nothing to blow about. For this reason I wish to tell of an important foundation known as the "Night Schools of Rome," choosing it out of many other old, established Roman charities as demonstrating a practical go-ahead spirit thoroughly in keeping with modern educational ideas. Nevertheless it was established (mark you, Protestant friends, but still more Catholics who love to characterize Catholic institutions as "pokey," and think Rome must have been a terribly behind-hand place in papal times) in an old-world papal city, under the rule of a pope contemporaneous with the first Napoleon!

These night schools consist of a series of institutes, spread in various parts of the Eternal City and supplying a need of every community,—the education of neglected youth, carried on under the guidance of Christian principles. Of all classes of society it is universally conceded that most attention should be given to the rising generation, boys just entering man's estate and beginning the hand-to-hand fight with a hard-cornered world. Pitfalls await the lads on every side, so the wider their knowledge and the more perfect their education, the greater will be their chance to withstand temptations, and to see the weak points and fallacies of theories which owe much

NIGHT SCHOOL AT VIA CORONARI. (TAKEN IN COURTYARD OF SANTA MARIA DELLA PACE.)

of their success to the ignorance and credulity of the uneducated. Realizing this danger to youth as keenly at the beginning of the last century as we see it at the present day, though the danger then was probably less complex, the good Roman who instituted the night schools for boys and workmen in 1819, accomplished a practical work whose seed was to bear good fruit for more than his generation.

It was a humble beginning indeed, a room in the house of the parish priest, where in the evenings a group of young workmen gathered around their teacher, a workman like themselves, but full of the divine thirst for knowledge and the zeal to spread it, which characterize the scholar and philanthropist. He was only a poor wood-carver, one Giacomo Casoglio by name, but no man more fully merited the title of a true benefactor than did this humble pedagogue, who set up his school with such single-mindedness of purpose, contending against a host of difficulties, with no hope of profit or reward. It is strange to think how many of the charitable institutions of the world owe their initiative not to the rich but to the poor and humble. To the sons of the people, such as this poor Roman wood-carver, can be traced back the institution of many good works which have largely benefited humanity. None but a workman who had himself experienced them could realize the difficulties encountered by active-minded workmen in the pursuit of knowledge. The children of the poor are early forced to begin the task of bread-winning, being

NIGHT SCHOOL OF THE VIA DELLA REGOLA

SOME RENAISSANCE DESIGNS, EXECUTED BY PUPILS OF THE NIGHT SCHOOLS IN VIA GIULIA.

placed at work before the time when real education should commence. Once started in life there is no opportunity for cultivating their minds in days fully occupied with manual labor. Is it to be wondered at that the poor boys, receptive as their minds may be, should turn into little more than human machines, with nothing to divert them from the narrow details of their daily grind? No wonder, too, that they become dissipated, or find themselves led astray by high-sounding socialistic theories. To combat such evil one Roman workman, far ahead of his time and with altogether modern ideas, established the first night schools in Rome, and, needless to say, there was no lack of willing pupils even from the very outset.

Visiting the schools now flourishing in the Rome of today, especially the school in the "Via Giulia" (which may be considered the Alma Mater of all the institutes, as it stands not far from the original foundation) one recalls all these memories of the beginning of the work. Even the all-pervading Roman sunshine, which makes a mellow glory of many an old edifice, fails to penetrate this stately thoroughfare, stretching its long unbroken front of grim palaces and churches close along Tiber's banks. Stately and sombre the Via Giulia remains to this day, untouched by the hand of the modernizer, most characteristically Roman, perhaps, of all the Roman streets, a fine old survival of the Rome which is irretrievably gone.

The early night school was not a series of rooms as it is now, but prob-

CARDINAL VINCENZO VANNUTELLI.

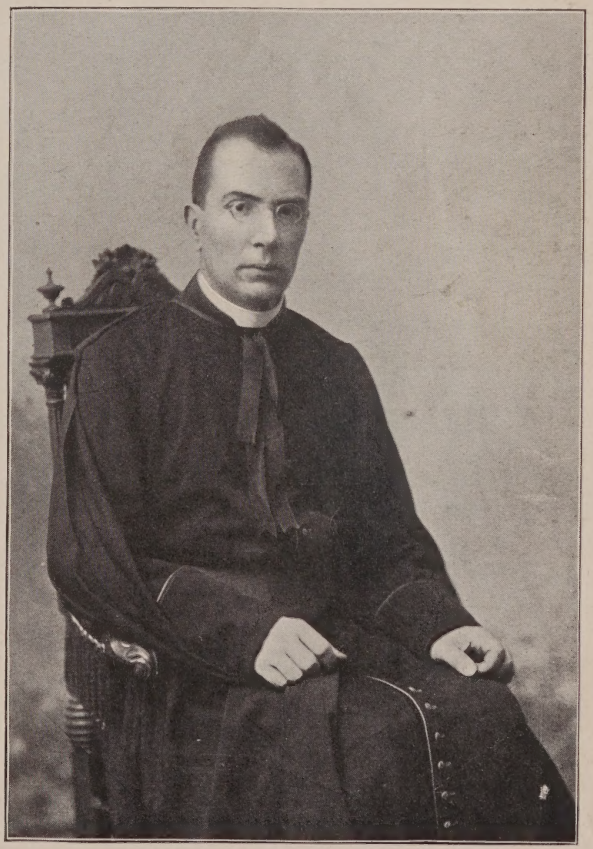
ably only one little chamber, where the wood-carver taught his pupils under the feeble light of a three-beaked, Roman oil-lamp. It was no royal road to learning, there was no luxury in this as in most beginnings, but the real "grit" which characterizes a work that has come to stay was present, and though the lamp of learning (symbolized by the poor oil-lamp) showed but dimly to the outward seeming, it burnt the fiercer in the hearts of those boys, before whose mind's eyes opened the portals of a kingdom to which no poverty could bar their entrance.

Giacomo Casoglio carried on the good work till his death, when the enterprise was taken in hand and continued by some zealous priests, fully alive to its importance and its influence on the welfare of young workmen. As time went on it became more and more apparent that an essentially useful work had been inaugurated. Another zealous apostle was provided to carry on the work for souls. He, too, was a layman; but this time (the work being established and needing influence for its development) the teacher was a man of learning, vast charity, and intellect. This gentleman, Avvocato Michele Gigli, a lawyer, with a comprehensive grasp of the situation, realized that the work had now reached a point where organization and extension were necessary, if it was to produce lasting fruit. He completely reorganized and enlarged the existing school, presided over it with tireless energy, and, not satisfied with this, opened a second night school, where he himself gave lessons in the most plain and necessary elements of a practical education. Most of all, however, this true Christian thought of the souls of his pupils. He knew how hard it is for busy workers to spare time for thoughts of religion, so Catechism formed a regular part of the nightly studies, and each young workman who graduated carried away with him a sound knowledge of his religion. This essential point of a religious education was never lost sight

of, the schools being known exclusively as the Night Schools of Religion, meaning that though they also imparted secular instruction, they owed their mainspring to the influence of religion. In 1837 the flourishing new institution sustained a heavy loss in the death of the Avvocato Gigli, but the good work of two such noble men as the pioneers of the night schools was not abandoned.

Steadily, surely and slowly the Institute went on growing, and ten years after the death of the Avvocato Gigli, in the year 1847, the "Night Schools of Religion for young Artizans" were officially approved and recognized by a decree of the papal government. The reigning pontiff was Pope Pius IX, and, most appropriately, the Cardinal-Prefect of the Congregation of Studies who signed the decree of his authorization was Cardinal Mezzofanti, the most wonderful linguist of the time.

It is a far cry from 1819 to 1901, but for the night schools a record of progress and development. In spite of the changes which have visited the Eternal City during the course of the last fifty years, the fine old institute has bravely held its own, enduring as only a real thing will. An expedition to one or several of the ten night schools existing in this present year of grace is an interesting experience of modern Rome, but, strange to say, the very fact of their existence is unknown to most of the American and English visitors, though they prate away glibly and confidently of "the want of educational institutes for the Catholic poor"; "the crying need supplied by the Methodists," etc., unaware of what is going on at their doors. The Methodist signboards are always the most in evidence, to attract the eye of the charitable stranger, who may be a probable helper in the task of evangelizing Italian "ignorance," but the real old Rome was never accustomed to make glaring placards of her charity. She followed the precept of



VERY REV. MONSIGNOR MARIANO UGOLINI, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE ROMAN NIGHT SCHOOLS.

hiding her right hand's doing from her left, while those who needed the charities knew that they existed, ready and willing to supply their needs.

With praiseworthy foresight the ten night schools have been distributed in the various quarters or "Rioni" of the city in order that the youths of every district may have the benefit of instruction. Any one who wishes to visit the schools has a wide range of localities from which to choose. The first school is in "Via Giulia"; another is near the Colisseum, "Via del Colosseo," where, as the young workmen troop out from their school into the glory of a Roman winter night, the floods of silver light up the grand old ruin which is an education in itself. Still another is down by the "Piazza del Popolo," and the old "Flaminian Gateway," while the schools beyond the river in Trastevere have for their neighbors "St. Cecilia's Church and dwelling place," and the "Janiculum hill." The schools of the "Via in Aecione" lie within the sound of Trevi's ever-falling fountain, while far away on the Esquiline hill, where Santa Maria Maggiore guards the heights, another night school occupies a modest space of ground. The schools of the "Via Colonaei" are situated in the very heart of the city, while those of the "Via delle Zoceolette" stand near the river by the old Farnese palace. In the centre of the "Ghetto" on the way to "St. Paul's outside the Walls" are the night schools of the "Rione Regola," and last but not least, to claim attention the shadow of the great Dome with its mighty colonnades falls upon the

PRIZE PUPILS OF THE "CORONARI SCHOOL" ON A HOLIDAY AT A VILLA IN THE CAMPAGNA.

schools of the "Borgo" at St. Peter's very doors.

On account of its seniority of establishment we shall give the honor of a first visit to the "Via Giulia" school. It is on the first floor of a tall corner house, severe, rugged and uncompromising as only a Roman exterior and interior can be, worn with age and innocent of adornment. A Spartan simplicity prevails in these Roman night schools. The directors are only too thankful if they can keep up fairly spacious premises and good instruction for their pupils, without any of what might be called the luxuries of the pursuit of knowledge. The cordial and courteous welcome of the directors and teachers of any of the night schools makes strangers feel that they are conferring a favor in their visit, and both priests and laymen are only too glad to give any information about the working of the institute. The raftered chambers are large, ample and airy, with good lighting and fairly sufficient accommodation. I say advisedly sufficient accommodation, for, to the great regret of the directors, many and many an expectant pupil with excellent abilities and wistfully eager to learn all he can must be turned away for want of space.

Each school has a staff consisting of a director and four masters, and there are four classes. One hundred pupils are allowed for each school, but the number could be doubled if means and accommodation were obtainable. We were fortunate enough to pay our visit when an exhibition of artistic work done by the pupils was being arranged. These exhibitions take place yearly at the various schools and well merit a visit. Pleasure and encouragement are afforded to both masters and pupils when visitors take an interest in the work. As it was not yet the hour of opening the classes only a few boys were scattered here and there, arranging their work or putting some finishing touches to it. The rooms were splendidly lighted and in three of them, on central tables, shelves, easels, and around the walls, a really fine collection of artistic work of every description was arranged, the result of a year's labor executed only in the evenings in the few spare hours snatched after a hard day. It would have done infinite credit to an advanced art school, but as the efforts of these poor young workmen previously untrained in art the work was nothing short of marvelous. The designs were for panels, friezes, dados, entablatures and pilasters, in high and bas-relief and modelling, executed both in clay and "gesso," while the fine wood carving merited special praise for its perfection of workmanship and attention to detail. There were not only copies from antique and Renaissance designs, but also original work, drawings and paintings in crayon, pen and pastel, and also architectural designs, these latter particularly fine.

One name constantly recurred in some of the most highly-finished designs, and the Master of Design called forward a youth who was busily engaged in finishing some modelling, to present him as the artist. He was about sixteen years old, a shy, quiet lad, with large soft dark eyes, very poor in appearance and dressed as a laborer, but clean and neat. It seems strange to think that all these splendid designs, so innate with artistic feeling, should be produced by the toil-worn hands of young shoemakers, plumbers, carpenters, masons and

mechanics, in fact poor young artisans of every kind. Artistic feeling seems to be in most Italians as their birthright and inheritance, and if these boys happened to find themselves in a country where art work was not so plentiful their work would be more at a premium.

I enquired of the design-master, a pleasant-looking man with a gentle manner and refined face, how long a time was usually required to finish one of those designs. He replied, "About a month or so, depending on the design and the facility of the worker; these evening hours are incredibly short and we never accomplish all we want to do." The nightly classes only begin one hour and a half after the "Ave Maria," hour of sunset, and continue for two hours, as the hours must be suited to the time when boys and workmen are free. Design is taught in all the night schools, but in some more or less according to the ideas of the director and the taste of the pupils. The classes for design are usually held three times a week, and the elder pupils of the more advanced classes have the privilege of attending other classes in different schools. The high standard of excellence kept up in artistic work is largely due to the fact that the institute possesses as Honorary Art Superintendents such celebrated names in Roman art circles as Professor Cesare Aureli (perhaps the most celebrated of Roman sculptors, whose work is in every part of the world); Professor Monete and Professor Sietz, whose beautiful frescoes in the basilica of Loreto have been admired by many Americans visiting the "Holy House." I obtained some photographs of the artistic designs, by kind permission of the Rev. Vice-President of the night schools, and aided by the courtesy of Rev. Canon Foeti, but on account of the light I was only able to take a few subjects.

On the occasion of our visit we had the honor of a presentation to the Rev. President and Vice-President of the schools, who were inspecting the show of work. The President, usually nominated by the Pope, has under him a Vice-President, and the ten directors of the night schools. The present president is the Very Rev. Monsignor Misciatelli, Secret Participating Chamberlain of His Holiness and Canon of the Vatican Basilica, a distinguished prelate of the Roman Curia. Another prominent churchman is the active and untiring Vice-President, Very Rev. Monsignor Mariano Ugolini, one of the papal chaplains and Beneficiary of the Vatican Basilica. Besides his onerous duties at the night schools the reverend gentleman fills the important post of Vice-Librarian of the Vatican Library and lecturer in Chaldaic at the Apollinare College. This learned Roman prelate has spent some time in the East, and is proficient in many eastern tongues and dialects, being a fluent scholar in Syriac, Arabic and Chaldaic. The good results achieved by the night schools over which they so ably preside, and whose interests they have always so near at heart, must indeed be encouraging to the good "Monsignori," repaying them for their vigilance and practical philanthropy.

Just as we had finished our inspection of the art-work a noise and bustle outside heralded the coming of the pupils. It is the hour for the classes to begin and the doors are thrown wide-open to a little army of bright-faced boys of various ages, from little fellows who feel immensely important

in going to a night school up to tall youths who are almost men. All look shabby and poor, many are good-looking, with occasionally a type of almost Greek perfection of feature, and some again are plain and rugged, but with seldom a heavy or stupid-looking face among them. They are all in boisterous spirits, chattering, laughing and shouting, overflowing with vigorous life and noise. It takes a good ten minutes at least till the chatter in the almost incomprehensible Romanesque dialect ceases and the boys settle down to their work.

The boys and masters seem to understand each other thoroughly and are on terms of the greatest affection. Indeed the teachers say that though their charges are rough and untrained as young colts, and totally ignorant of polite usages, they are wonderfully teachable and affectionate and far more loveable in their honest simplicity than youths of similar age in a higher stratum of society. Often when the lads first arrive as pupils they are idle and careless, but once get the quick minds interested, and they are happy. As the main scope of the night schools is to get hold of boys who need education and instruction it is sufficient for a boy who wants admission to be presented to the Director by his parents or by some friend, possibly an existing pupil.

One of the directors told me a funny little story concerning the admission of one of his scholars. One night not long ago a small but self-possessed urchin, for some time a regular attendant at the night schools, arrived, brimming over with importance and leading by the hand a companion even smaller than himself, ragged and barefooted, with hands and face innocent of soap and water, but bright and promising-looking. "Sor Direttore," spoke up the introducer, with brevity, and in inimitable "Romanesca." "Ho portato questo" (indicating by a gesture the prospective pupil), "Sta sempre per strada, e viol venire alla scuola." (I have brought this boy, he is always on the streets but he wants to come to school.) Needless to say, this introduction appealed to the Director, the candidate was accepted, and turned out an apt and clever pupil.

Boys can enter as soon as they are capable of learning and are received until about the age of twenty-five, and sometimes older, for they become so attached to their school that they refuse to be turned away. One of the most unique cases at present existing is that of a father and son who attend the night schools at the same time. Many of the elder pupils help to teach, and many former pupils, with business professions, and careers of their own to attend to, keep up their constant interest in the night schools and return to teach there in their spare time. Also a little band of charitable gentlemen give their services gratuitously, such as Signor Donati, a Roman gentleman who has taught in the night schools for more than twenty years; young Count Salinire, an officer of the Pope's Noble Guard; and Signor Pacini. As even the older pupils of these schools usually begin with very little previous education the subjects taught comprise the rudiments of a plain solid education, reading, writing, arithmetic, and, for the more advanced, grammar, history, designing, plastic modelling, and architecture. These various subjects are taught on successive nights of the week and Saturday is invariably given to the study of

Catechism and Christian Doctrine, taught by a priest. A great number of zealous priests are among the teachers.

Among the devoted directors of the night schools are such well-known names in the Roman ecclesiastical world as Very Rev. Monsignor Rebandi, twenty-five years director of the school in Via Giulia; Very Rev. Monsignor Trevisani, of the school in the Borgo; Monsignor Salvi, of the school of the "Regola" quarter; and Monsignor di Legge, of the school in Piazza Montana. Whenever the funds and accommodations permit a small oratory is attached to the night school, and here every Sunday morning each boy is expected to present himself, as the pupils hear Mass, attend a short sermon, and assist at religious exercises together. One of the directors told us it was a sight to do one's heart good to watch the boys and young men assemble to hear Mass in the Oratory, early on Sunday morning, clean, neat and well-behaved, an example in every respect to some youths of better social condition. Every spiritual advantage is offered the pupils, as on account of poverty, circumstances, and surroundings, their religious instruction has been neglected, some of them not having been instructed at the proper age for their First Communion. This also is attended to by the energetic management of the institute, and, at its expense, any boys who are to make their First Communion are sent to attend retreats and spiritual instructions at another Roman institution established especially for that purpose.

All work, however, and no play is not the motto of the night schools. Though the poor little lads hail their educational and artistic work as a relief from the dull monotony of manual labor, the pent-up boy within every masculine being must have an outlet sometimes, in fun, play and exercise; failing that they will inevitably get into mischief. To provide for this need a playground, and if possible a gymnasium, is annexed to each night school, or in its vicinity, where the pupils can enjoy rational recreation on Sundays and feast days. Very often during the summer and autumn, through the kindness of the directors or benefactors of the institute, all the boys belonging to one school are taken out for a long day in the country, at some villa in the "Campagna." Another festive event is the yearly distribution of prizes and medals to the successful pupils, which takes place at different times of the year in each of the schools. A cardinal, several prelates and high church dignitaries are invited to distribute the prizes, and an entertainment is organized, in which the boys take part, giving dialect recitations, comic songs, and sometimes addresses to the cardinals. Some really good music is heard on these occasions, well-known Roman singers and choirs generously giving their services to make a success of the entertainment. I have been present at several of these gatherings. On one occasion, His Eminence, Cardinal Gotti, the Carmelite Cardinal, known to rumor as one of the members of the Sacred College who are "papalili" presided, and that sweet singer of the Sistine choir, Professor Alessandro Moreschi, sang the solo in Rossini's chorus, "Carita," accompanied by a full boy choir. Another time, at a like festivity, when Cardinal Satolli presided, Marconi, the Roman baritone of continental reputation who is proud to remember

the fact that he was once a pupil of the night schools, sang in his best manner.

These prize distributions are red letter days to the boys, for their friends, families and relatives assemble, to listen to their fluency in elocution, and see them go up, oh so shabby, poor lads! but, more pathetic still, beautifully scrubbed, neat and mended-up to have their silver medals pinned on their breasts by cardinal or prelate with some kind words of approval and encouragement which make them glow with pleasure. The Cardinal Protector of the Institute of the Night Schools is usually the Cardinal-Vicar of Rome (at present His Eminence Cardinal Resphigi). But many other cardinals are also actively interested in the work, notably Cardinals Segua, Satolli, Cretoni, and Vincenzo Vannutelli. The late Cardinal Ricci, so well-known in Rome for his wide philanthropies, was, however, the great apostle of the night schools. It was the favorite charity of this distinguished prelate even before he was raised to the purple, and he was once director of the school in the Via Giulia, where among his pupils were men now distinguished in the Roman world, such as Marconi, Monsignor Butti and Commendatore Tolli—the latter being the president of several active Catholic clubs.

His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, foremost in every work which is to benefit humanity, takes an active and substantial interest in the night schools, partly providing the funds necessary to carry on the work. Other support is afforded by the Knights of the Sovereign Order of Malta, while some of the princely Roman families aid the undertaking by their generosity.

But the charities to which the Holy See must contribute are many, and the odds against which Catholics strive overwhelming in a century growing every day more unbelieving in its tendencies. Every possible sphere of influence must be widened and, as I said before, the night schools are restricted in their action through want of funds and space. Now if one charity is more deserving than another, it is this. None can boast of doing a better work in Rome, and what is more, doing it thoroughly. It deserves to be far more widely-known than at present, for if charitable strangers, above all those who pride themselves in being non-sectarian in their bounty, knew of it, they would surely prefer to give their alms here, to a charity which the most bigoted could not characterize as superfluous, a charity which has for aim the welfare and moral improvement of the people, instead of helping to enrich foreign institutions, which, under a cloak of apparent benevolence strive to rob Catholics of the faith which is their birthright.

ASPIRATION.

BY LIDA N. DIEDERICH.

An orange sky, with long, dun bars;
A sun low dropping in the West;
Hill tops aglow, but the valley asleep,
With purple shadows across its breast.

Up from the valley dim and cool,
With beating wings in level flight,
A long drawn triangle of birds,
Goes flying straightway to the light.

What strange, wild impulse leads them on,
From valleys cool, where shadows sleep,
To circle in the upper air,
And to the light their swift flight keep?

Oh, restless children of the air,
I stand where shadows darkly creep,
But lift my eyes to where the light
Shines on the hill-tops, high and steep.

I feel like you, the upward strain,
I cannot dwell below in night;
I, too, oh birds with beating wings,
Am flying toward the light.

OUR TRUE POSITION.

BY REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL.D.

II.

In my first essay we found that the deeply rooted prejudice in the minds of many of our non-Catholic neighbors, came from a three-fold source—the alienating of the affections by traditions of Catholic intolerance, the poisoning of the religious sentiment by persistent pulpit and press-misrepresentation, and the warping of the intellect by distorting Catholic doctrines and practices in history, literature and science. We also found that the laws of these United States were framed upon the base assumption that our religion was a gross superstition bordering upon treason. As most of this prejudice and bigotry came from a misconception of what the Church is and what she teaches, I will devote the following pages to a brief exposition of what the Catholic Church is and what she is not.

THE CATHOLIC VIEW OF THE CHURCH.

I.

Christian dogma is not held in the same way by all men. Some hold it as a matter of personal opinion; some as a matter of objective certitude. It is a comparatively easy affair to play fast and loose with doctrines that are based solely upon private judgment; they are held upon grounds purely subjective; the force of their adhesion varies with the intellectual capacity and moral temperament of the individual. When Christian dogma is held upon authority, held as of faith upon the authority of a divinely inspired church, held in the proper spirit and with the proper disposition, it is far more firmly rooted and is unshaken by every wind of doctrine that blows. True, even dogma so apprehended may be ultimately rejected. A Catholic, for instance, who accepts the articles of his faith upon the authority of the church which he believes to be divinely constituted, can also lose that faith. Among Catholic people in Europe, people with whom Protestantism has become powerless, you may behold Catholic youths, who have passed through Catholic colleges, as a rule, finding the yoke of Catholic morality too heavy, throw off, with the moral code of the Gospel, allegiance to the church of their baptism, and become agnostic or infidel. Their belief has ceased to be a part of their existence. "Belief," says Cardinal Newman, "is a state of mind." Now, if the mind becomes wholly secularized; if external pursuits monopolize its functions to the complete exclusion of religious matters, the habits of faith, of introspection, of communion with God through prayer, becomes starved, and, as regards religious matters, such a habit becomes a mere sounding brass and tinkling symbol. Faith is a pure gift from God. No disposition of the soul, however exalted, no clearness of intellectual vision, however brilliant, can in the nature of things merit this gift; it is not the outcome of any reasoning process; it exists in a region above and beyond that of syllogism.

Faith is a personal gift; it is a special

illumination of the soul, of him receiving it; "it is the substance of things to be hoped for, the evidence that appears not." Being a personal gift, bestowed not according to merit, faith may be forfeited, and what was once a living principle of motive and action may be reduced to the ashes of a dead faith. Religious dogma, therefore, does not live and act as an inspiring force apart from life and conduct. Even of pure natural religion it is true that its large and deep foundation is the sense of sin and guilt, and without this sense, there is for man, as he is, no genuine religion.

This much understood, we are now in a position to realize the incompatibility of doubt and faith. Doubt is an intellectual act; faith is a supernatural grace not in any manner commensurate with mental capacity. It cannot be weighed in the balance of a syllogism; it cannot be grasped by the understanding and made part of the furniture of head or heart. To know is one thing; to believe is quite another thing. Faith is given to the illiterate as well as to the cultured. It is a heavenly treasure borne in a frail vessel. Mr. Lecky refuses to recognize the distinction here laid down and in consequence in the following assertions confuses things entirely different.

"Mistaken facts are rectified by inquiry; mistaken methods of research, though far more inveterate, are gradually altered; but the spirit that shrinks from inquiry as sinful, and deems a state of doubt, a state of guilt, is the most enduring disease that can afflict the mind of man." What "spirit" has ever shrunk from inquiry or research? Is it that of St. Anselm? Is it Albertus Magnus? Is it St. Thomas Aquinas? Is it Copernicus? Is it St. Augustine? Would Mr. Lecky please put in a bill of particulars? How can one meet such a general statement? The fact is that the truths of religion have always been the object of inquiry and research. The great Doctors of the Church have—each according to his light and according to the state of science in his day—sought to reconcile reason with faith, and to remove the obstacles that stand in the way of believing the mysteries of religious revelation. There are difficulties in the way of belief to be overcome by an inquiring mind. It is the duty of every cultured mind to render unto itself an account of the faith that is in its keeping. But difficulty is not doubt. Cardinal Newman remarked in a now celebrated expression, "Ten thousand difficulties do not make one doubt, as I understand the subject"; difficulty and doubt are incommensurate.

Nor is a state of doubt a state of guilt, when the doubt is honest. Tennyson has told us:

"There lives more faith in honest doubt, believe me, than in half the creeds."

The doubt that is struggled with in a prayerful spirit, and in all earnestness of soul is generally blessed with the full light of grace and faith. Cardinal Newman, whom we all admire for his masterful use of our English speech, his acute intellect and his perfect character, for years devoted every power of his great soul to the reforming and strengthening of the church he had been taught to revere from his boyhood days. Sudden doubt as to the Divine institution of that church fell upon his path, and for a time bedimmed his vision; after years of groping, amid yearning of the spirit and maceration of the body, the shadow

lifted; he beheld the church in which he had lived and learned and taught, which he had loved with the tenderness of a grateful child for the mother that reared him, crumble away, and amid great anguish of soul, following the guidance of reason and conscience, and God's special mercy and grace, he entered the one, true, holy, and Catholic Church in which he afterwards lived and died. From belief in a fragmentary creed, he was led to believe in the perfect form of faith as it has been handed down by Christ and His Apostles. Newman s was an "honest" doubt.

But you may ask me, can a Catholic doubt any article of his faith without sin? Here is the one grain of truth in Mr. Lecky's assertion. A Catholic cannot voluntarily and deliberately doubt a single article of his faith without guilt. We Catholics do not hold our faith as a matter of private opinion. Ours is an objective certitude based upon the principles of authority. The rejection of a single point of faith is a repudiation of the authority through which it is held. But that authority is God speaking to us through His Church. Therefore, not to accept the vouchment of the Church is to question the veracity of God, and that we cannot do without guilt. All this is clear to him who has a clear conception of the Church.

II.

To begin with, let it be said in all charity that our separated brethren have a rather erroneous conception of the real character of the Church. At best they regard this as a form of Christianity, differing from Lutheranism or Calvanism in only certain details of doctrine, this difference being simply one of degree, rather than of kind. Such a view of the Church places her among the sects. It is a view that no Catholic can hold. The *Church is not a sect.* She is not merely a body of doctrines, nor a code of morality, nor an aggregation of individuals holding a common belief. She is not a mere human institution erected upon an inspired book. She is something more. She is a living organism whose soul is the Holy Ghost, and whose head is Jesus Christ; permanent in the midst of change, ever dispensing favors out of the same treasury of grace and mercy, that God has placed in her keeping for the benefit of man, ever holding the same body of truth, and ever employing the same means of sanctifying souls. What she was in the morning of human creation she shall continue to be during all eternity. Whether with the primitive couple that peopled this world, or in the upper room at Jerusalem, when the Holy Spirit fired the Apostles' souls with divine zeal, scattering them to the ends of the earth, or secretly abiding within the Catacombs, or dwelling in the palaces of the Cæsars, or exiled in Avignon, it is still the same Church, be her seeming ever so changed by circumstances of time and place. Generations are born and grow up to maturity and decay and pass away from the scenes of life, but the Church is not these generations. They come and go, but she remains unchanged and unchangeable, one of God's fairest and noblest creatures. She is the lawfully established eternal medium by which God holds communion with man through His Divine Son, the Word made Flesh. In all that makes up her very essence and nature, in her divine elements, she stands aloof from the

very accidents of earth. Her past is one with her present; her present shall be one with her future. What her teachings have been in the long ago, they shall continue to be in the farthest time to come.

Civilizations flourish and decay; human knowledge grows and declines, but the doctrines of the Church know neither increase nor diminution. Men attempt various explanations of these doctrines; in different ways they try to reconcile them with the sciences of their day; according as their horizon broadens and the light of rational truth dispels the darkness of error, scholars and thinkers perceive in those doctrines new charms and are better enabled to determine their harmonious relations with the principles of reason. While intellects differ in training, in degree of culture, and in intrinsic capacity, men will continue to apprehend the truths of religion differently. But beware of confounding the intrinsic character of those truths with a human apprehension of them. The apprehension varies; the truths are unchanging.

But we are told that there is a doctrinal development within the Church. Here it behooves us to distinguish. There is, among the members of the Church, as the ages flow along, an evolution of human apprehension; there is none of doctrine. At times a daring spirit questions some dogma, or gives some erroneous interpretation to some religious truth, and in order to safeguard the faithful the Church lays down in precise terms the sense in which the truth is to be accepted and defines it as an article of faith. But no new truth has in this instance been added to the body of Catholic doctrine. It is still the same Church standing above human passions and human prejudice, holding the same faith that she has held from the beginning. It is still the same doctrine that was in the deposit of faith when the Holy Ghost first breathed into the Church the breath of life and made her the great living organism through which man is raised up to the light of grace. The faith of which St. Peter was the custodian is precisely the faith that Leo XIII guards with such jealous care. Within all the intervening centuries between Peter and Leo not one jot or tittle has been added to that divine deposit.

III.

A true conception of the Church ever distinguishes between the human and Divine elements of which she is composed. It is within the designs of Providence to make of weak and sinful man the ministers of His sacraments and the mouthpiece through which He addresses himself to humanity, and places within its reach the means of salvation. Even the Vicar of Jesus Christ and the Visible Head of the Church on earth in no respect differs from other men. He is subject to all the ills of human life, and all the weakness of erring human nature. It is only when He, as Head of the Church, proclaims the teachings of the Church upon all matters of faith and morals, that the Pope is unerring. In matters of human policy the Church varies with times and events. Those into whose hands her course has been intrusted may be unworthy of their high dignity; her children may sin grievously; scandal and abuses may prevail among those enrolled under her banner, but no stain sullies the Church. Her Divinity is hedged in beyond the

reach of man. She is incorruptible. Holy in her doctrines, holy in her sacraments, holy in the lives of those among her children who live up to her teachings, the splendor of her holiness cannot be tarnished. She is one and indivisible in her faith. He who knowingly rejects a single article of that faith ceases to be a member of her mystical body. She is all embracing in her charity. The brilliant intellects of an Augustine and Aquinas accept her teachings as humbly and submissively as the unlettered man or woman. She exacts from her believers, as a condition of their faith, neither learning, nor moral worth, nor transcendent disposition of mind and heart. She never grows old. She is truth and love and hope combined. The light of faith beams from her eye; the fire of charity glows in her breast; her face is ever radiant with the smile of hope as she beckons men along the path of sanctity and pleads with them in behalf of the salvation of their souls.

Thus does the Church stand forth in the world today the one, permanent, absolute, educational, and corrective force in the midst of the shifting scenes of thought. She is a living, energizing presence. Neither science, nor literature, nor philosophy can take her place. "Many a man," says Cardinal Newman, "will live and die upon a dogma; no man will be a martyr for a conclusion. . . . This is why a literary religion is so little to be depended upon; it looks well in fair weather; but its doctrines are opinions, and, when called upon to suffer for them, it slips them between its folios, or burns them at its hearth." Such in brief is the Catholic Church. He who denies or ignores it understands not fully himself, nor humanity, nor the universe in which he finds himself. Catholic faith gives reality to the supernatural world above us, and in a sense makes it more real than the material world around and about us. We must bear in mind that Catholic faith is a gracious gift of God, which comes not from knowledge alone. Reason and research may prepare the way for its reception, but the will cannot move the intellect to assent to Catholic truth without a special supernatural assistance which we Catholics call grace. One may become convinced of every truth of revealed religion and yet not possess the gift of faith. It is a purely gratuitous gift, for the spirit breathes where it will, and frequently descends where it is least expected. It comes as an answer to sincere prayer rather than as the reward of curious research. We witness the truth of this statement in the conversion of the great saint Augustine. While still groping towards the life of grace, he cries out from the depths of his soul for light, and his prayer is answered. He receives the grace of conversion. No doubt he was aided very much by the great St. Ambrose and by the tears and prayers of his saintly mother, Monica, but he never could have entered into the supernatural life of the church by the force of his own genius. Human agents directed and prepared the way by removing ignorance and prejudice, but it required God's grace to convince his intellect. The same methods hold good today.

The Church I would have you know then, dear non-Catholic readers, is the church of Clement and Augustin—of Aquinas and Kempis—of Dante and Newman. It is the grand old Mother Church that glories in its unchanging dogmas—its significant ritual and rich

ceremonial—its priesthood and sacraments—its prayers and hymns. Its all embracing charity is to be found in the numberless institutions that the world over have been established for the healing of all forms of human miseries and the well-being of society. It is the substance, of which all other churches are but the shadow. Its root, and flower, and fruit, receives life and nourishment from its divine founder, Jesus Christ.

These considerations will aid our separated brethren in understanding what the Church of Christ is. They must always bear in mind the distinction between the human and divine elements in the Church. This is often lost sight of by those outside her fold—and, consequently, errors are made by them when speaking or writing on this subject. In their examination of our true position, they should remember that the Church is a divine institution *whose soul is the Holy Ghost and whose head is Jesus Christ.* The deepest stain that sullies its members touches not the Church, for it is incorruptible. It will last till the end of time.

POETS I HAVE KNOWN.

IV. EMILY HICKEY.

BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.

It is so old a chestnut that it will be new to many of my readers—that venerable story about the rival shoemakers, one of whom put forward in his shop-window *Mens conscia recti* as his trade-mark and motto, which the other capped with "Men's and women's conscia recti," thinking *conscia recti* was some species of foot-gear. A similar amplification is needed in the title of these pages, so as to make "Poets" include men and women.

For we must not say "poetesses." That is an objectionable word, disliked by those to whom it is applied. Twenty or thirty years ago, in a famous Convent lawsuit, the plaintiff's advocate, who bore the illustrious name of Coleridge, shocked the presiding judge by making use of the word "Superioress." Sir Alexander Cockburn's rebuke has rankled in the memory of many, and has often forced at least one reluctant pen to substitute for "Superioress," the somewhat cumbrous expression "Mother Superior." "Poetess" comes under the same ban. Certainly, but for other reasons, some women who lawfully aspire to the name of "Poet" object strenuously to being labelled off as a separate caste by having a feminine termination given to that word.

A literary organ of high standing made the following remark two or three years ago. "Now that Christina Rossetti has left us, there remain to us but three women-poets, and of these

Mrs. Marriott-Watson is one." We have no idea who the other two are; and the one whose name reaches many of our readers for the first time in this paragraph is, we trust, unfairly represented by the specimen chosen by this benevolent critic. It would not be hard to prove the much stronger claims of Alice Meynell, Rosa Mulholland, Katharine Tynan, and other "poets I have known." But I will begin with an Irish woman who strangely has been omitted from the "Treasury of Irish Poetry" gathered lately by Mr. Stopford Brooke and Mr. T. W. Rolleston. Certainly her poetical achievement both in quantity and quality exceeds that of hundreds named with praise in that interesting but by no means faultless anthology.

Emily Hickey was born in Macmine Castle, Co. Wexford, the second daughter of the Rev. John Stewart Hickey, a clergyman in the Protestant "Church of Ireland," as his father and grandfather had been before him. In earlier times the Hickeys had been physicians, and some of their medical writings are in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. The name Hickey means "the Healer."

Our poet's grandfather, William, deserves special notice. The "Dictionary of National Biography" gives "philanthropist" as his distinguishing title. He was born in 1788, the eldest son of Ambrose Hickey, D.D. (who, by the way, was admitted into St. John's College, Cambridge, as a fellow-commoner, three days after his son was admitted into the same college as a pensioner). After serving in one or two curacies, he was made Rector of Bannow, Co. Wexford, where he began at once to take a deep interest in the temporal well-being of the people round him. With the aid of Mr. Thomas Boyce of Bannow he founded an Agricultural School with forty acres of land attached, and began the South Wexford Agricultural Society, the first of the kind in Ireland. He published some twenty books and pamphlets, such as "The State of the Poor in Ireland," "Hints to Small Farmers," etc., studiously avoiding religious and political controversy. These books were written under the once very popular name of "Martin Doyle," which was also signed to innumerable contributions on social and rural subjects in the "Irish Penny Journal" of seventy years ago, "Chambers' Journal," etc. He died October 24, 1875, aged eighty-seven years.

Emily Hickey has inherited a great deal of her grandfather's earnest philanthropic spirit, but it has not been exercised among the sturdy peasants of Wexford. After her early years she has lived and worked chiefly in London. I hope I shall not be guilty of a grave indiscretion in using more fully than she intended some of the notes with which at my request she has kindly favored me.

"As a child, living in the country, I devoured books, loved dolls, enjoyed a romp, and tore my clothes. I cannot remember any time at which I did not know how to read, and I can recall the love I had for the very look of a page of verse!

"I am very glad here to have an opportunity of expressing something of what I feel about the dear lady with whom I began my school life; Madame Françoise Stuart, *nee* Planque. Her goodness and sweetness made that part of my life very happy. She was also a truly gifted teacher, and there are many who know this as well as I. It

is to her I owe the beginning of the development of my natural taste for poetry. She introduced me to Sir Walter Scott's fine, swinging, healthy verse, much of which I learned by heart from a little volume which was her gift to me and which I still possess. It was also at her house that I first read such ballads as *The Child of Elle, Sir Cauline, Chevy Chase.* I used to chatter to her in her native language, French.

"For some years I lived in the town of Carlow, and it was there that my first serious literary efforts were made. A poem of mine called *'Told in the Firelight'* was accepted by the Editor of the *Cornhill Magazine,* in 1866, and I may add that I received ten guineas for it—I believe the same sum as that paid for the first edition of *Paradise Lost!*

"I had by that time read a good deal of Tennyson, whose 'Maud' I remember copying *in toto* from the seven-shilling edition lent me by a friend. Mrs. Browning's poetry took a great hold of me. At once I felt it as a sort of greater, higher, deeper, fuller thing than any other verse I had ever come upon. Of Robert Browning's poetry I knew practically nothing for many a day after this time, and it was also to be several years before I got to know and love Shakespere.

"Some little time after the publication of 'Told in the Firelight' I offered a small collection of poems to the Macmillans, publishers. Mr. Alexander Macmillan, then the head of the firm, wrote most kindly to me. He thought the publication of a volume should be deferred, but offered to use a poem occasionally for his Magazine. He took a most friendly interest in my work, and several poems appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine.* He was anxious that I should write a short story for him, and was very encouraging about a novel which I had on hand, and which, by the way, was never finished."

These notes are not finished either; but I interrupt them to observe that the influence which Miss Hickey says here was exercised over her by Robert Browning's wife lends point to the remark of one of her critics in *The Spectator:* "There is much in her poems—notably in 'A Dead Worker'—that reminds us, without suggesting imitation, of Mrs. Barrett-Browning."

The indifference to Shakespere of which Miss Hickey accuses herself at this stage of her life gave way soon to the enthusiasm of study and knowledge; and, as regards this and other departments of literature, she is eager in acknowledging her obligations to Dr. Frederick Furnivall, with whose name indeed hers is very frequently joined when reference is made to the famous Browning Society, of which she and Dr. F. J. Furnivall were the founders.

Another tribute of Miss Hickey's devotion to Browning was her duly authorised annotated edition of his tragedy "Strafford," which was first published in 1884, was revised in 1891, and printed a third time in 1900. The literary reputation that she had already attained is shown by the help she received from such distinguished men as Samuel R. Gardiner, and by the great poet's cordial approval of his fair editor.

19 Warwick Crescent, W.,
February 15, 1884.

Dear Miss Hickey,

I have returned the proofs by post. Nothing can be better than your notes; and, with a real wish to be of use, I read them carefully that I might detect never so tiny a fault, but I found none—unless (to show you how minutely I searched)

it should be one that by "thriving in your contempt" I meant simply "while you despise them, and for all that, they thrive and are powerful to do you harm." The idiom you prefer—quite an authorized one—comes to much the same thing after all.

You must know how much I grieve at your illness—temporary as I will trust it to be. I feel all your goodness to me—or whatever in my books may be taken for me—well. I wish you knew how thoroughly I feel it, and how truly I am and shall ever be

Yours affectionately,
ROBERT BROWNING.

The first portion of this letter has been printed in the annotated edition of "Strafford"; but the kindly words with which it concludes were there represented by a row of asterisks. Without asking explicit permission we venture also to put into print in full an earlier letter from Tennyson's amicable and very dissimilar rival.

19 Warwick Crescent, W.
July 29, 1882.

I am going away in a few days, dear Miss Hickey, and feel sorry—as usual—that so many things are left undone that I hoped and expected to do: one of them, and not the least, was the managing better than by foolish unexpressed wishes that I and my sister might give ourselves the great pleasure of a sight of you and a talk with you here. But the days have slipped away, each with some impediment of its own, and now it is too late—till some three months bring us back again, if that may happily be. Will you believe till then—and, in any event, after then and always—that I have been greatly moved by all your sympathy for me—a continual surprise, as it remains,—a deep gratification, as how could it but ever have been? Even thus much—or thus little—I say with difficulty: what I feel, I think you must know.

Another matter. I suppose I should be as truly bound to you if you were simply a student of poetry—nowise a proficient in its composition: whereas I have your own poems to tell me plainly what you are. They prove that "the Sculptor's" wife might have—instead of assisting at the "loosing of the veil"—exhibited specimens of her own modelling. I could play torchbearer in my turn and throw a sufficient light on very various productions of excellence—if the "critics," in passing from what they find a "grim failure," will occupy themselves with much beauty, much feeling, much music in your own adjoining apartment.

* * * *

Sincerely, dear Miss Hickey, it will be one of my hopes during absence that, on returning, I shall have an opportunity of seeing you, and making up for the disappointment caused by the card which informed us of your kind and fruitless endeavor to see ourselves. Meantime and ever you are to believe me, and my sister also,

Truly yours,
ROBERT BROWNING.

In the last year of his life, writing on the 14th of February, 1889, from 29 De Vere Gardens, London, W., he refers back to this letter:—

Dear Miss Hickey,

I hope that my letter contains, as it ought, some little evidence of the feeling I have always had, not only of admiration for your ability but affection for yourself. I am delighted to hear of the new Poems. Shall we never see you in person? my sister as well as

Yours truly ever
ROBERT BROWNING.

We have gone so far without giving any specimen of our poet. Let our first sample be a pleasant little lilt about "Harebells" which Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff quotes with warm praise in his recently published "Diary."

Blue bells, on blue hills, where the sky is blue,
Here's a little blue-gowned maid come to look at you;
Here's a little child would fain, at the vesper time,
Catch the music of your hearts, hear the harebells chime.
'Little hares, little hares,' softly prayeth she,
'Come, come across the hills, and ring the bells for me.'

When do hares ring the bells, does my lady say?
Is it when the sky is rosed with the coming day?

Is it in the strength of noon, all the earth aglow?
Is it when at eventide sweet dew falleth slow?
Any time the bells may ring, morn, or noon, or even;
Love-bells, joy-bells, earth-bells heard in heaven.
Any time the happy hills may be lightly swept
By the ringers' little feet; any time, except
When, by horse and hound and man chased and frighted sore,
Weak and panting, little hares care to ring no more.
It must be upon the hills where the hunt comes ne'er,
Chimes of bells ring out to greet touch of little hare.
Harebells, bluebells, ring, ring again!
Set a-going, little hares, the joyaunce of the strain.

Not a hare to ring the bells on the whole hillside?
Could she make the harebells ring if my darling tried?
Harebells, harebells, a little child blue-gowned
Stands and listens longingly; little hands embrowned
Touch you; rose-mouth kisses you: ring out!
Is a little child a thing any flower should flout?
Child's hand on poet's heart makes it bloom in song:
Let her hear your fairy chimes, delicate ding-dong.
Let her hear what poet's voice never caught nor sung:
Let a child ring the bells little hares have rung!
Soft she whispers to the flowers, bending o'er them there,
'Let me ring your bonny bells! I'm a little hare!
No, I'm only a little child, but I love you so!
Let me ring your little bells, just to say, you know?
Harebells, bluebells, ring, ring again!
Set a-going, little child, the joyaunce of the strain.

Oh, the look upon her face for the music heard!
Is it wind in fairy soughs? Is it far-off bird?
Does the child hear melody grown folk cannot hear?
Is the harebell's music now chiming on her ear?
Father, give this little child, as she goeth on,
Evermore to keep the gift by this music won;
Gift which makes this earth of ours very Paradise
For delight of opened ears, joy of opened eyes.
Harebells, joybells, lovebells, dear and blest,
Ring in the sacredness of her happy breast.

The Hon. Roden Noel has written thus of the foregoing poem: "I must name first 'Harebells,' which seems to me quite a miracle of loveliness. It has a combined fairy and childhood feeling in it which gives a special romance and flavor to the dainty flower-rhyme. This lyric is worthy of a place beside Philip Marston's 'Garden Secrets,' and his other flower poems—beside Mrs. Hamilton King's mystical and musical 'Ballad of the Midnight Sun'."

In another place Mr. Noel—himself a poet of true inspiration, but, to our mind, generally unsatisfying and often provoking—has said of our poet: "The chief notes of Miss Hickey's best work are, I think, humanity, tenderness, and pathos, together with a certain agreeable vein of playfulness."

Though Gray wrote little and Charles Wolfe is remembered for a single poem, the poet generally proves the genuineness of his vocation by persevering in the exercise of it. Besides a large number and great variety of contributions to the chief magazines, Miss Hickey has published four volumes of verse—"A Sculptor and Other Poems," 1881; "Verse—Tales, Lyrics and Translations," 1889; "Michael Villiers, Idealist, and Other Poems," 1891; and "Poems," 1896. One of her critics has well remarked that these four volumes together exhibit such a range and versatility of gift and exe-

cution as few of her poetic kindred of today can claim. A slight indication of the rank to be assigned to her may be drawn from "The Queen, the Lady's Newspaper" of December 5, 1893, which grouped together on one of its huge pages portraits of eight women-poets, and very good likenesses they seem to be, judging from the three that I am acquainted with. They are given in this order: Christina Rossetti, Emily Hickey, Mrs. Sarah B. Piatt, Miss Jean Ingelow, Mrs. Alice Meynell, Mrs. Graham Thomson, Mrs. Louisa Moulton, Mrs. Darmsteter (Mary F. Robinson). Very good company indeed for this fourth of "the poets I have known."

EMILY HICKEY. (1901).

Many of Miss Hickey's readers, and perhaps Miss Hickey herself, will put forward as her best the long poem which gives a name to her latest volume, "Michael Villiers, Idealist." Mr. Roden Noel calls it "a novel in verse, or rather a conversation-poem, dealing more at large and most intelligently with the subject of modern social aspirations." He goes on to observe that, though the discussions are interesting and though there are memorable passages as good as anything the writer has done, he does not think that this poem has touched the high-water mark of her achievement. We are more inclined to agree with another critic who regards it as the noblest and most important of Miss Hickey's works, and the one which will always be put in the first rank by those who not only delight in her art but stand close to her in her deeper thought and higher aspiration. The growing taste (says this writer) for what is brief and slight in poetry, so that it be fresh and graceful, and delicately finished as to music and form, may lead a shallow and hasty critic to view with discouragement a poem of some 94 pages in which the sterner tragedies of social life, and the deeper aspirations stirred by them in natures instinct with passion of pity and justice, find full and fervent expression; and even such questions as the rights and wrongs of Ireland, the wages of match-box makers, and the ownership of the soil, are touched with courage and frankness.

AN EARLIER PORTRAIT OF EMILY HICKEY.

Though there is an immense difference in the size of the two poems, some readers of "Michael Villiers" have been reminded of "Aurora Leigh." It reminds us rather of one of Aubrey de Vere's most beautiful but least known poems, "The Sisters." They are both in Tennysonian blank verse and both discuss some public questions from the English and Irish point of view. Have all the Land Acts made the following passage quite obsolete?

"Dirty and thriftless!" Aye, it is the use
To call our peasants so! You know full well
When any among them seemed to thrive, the eyes
Of the good agent took a greedy glare,
As who should say, 'Why if these cunning hinds
Have wherewithal to thatch their roofs anew,
And dress their womenfolk in comely gear,
And deck their window-frames with mignonette,
They must have some fair hoard i' the Savings Bank
Were better in the pocket of my lord."
It was not well to seem as if one throve;
So John and Pat and Mick abode in dirt,
And let the rotten fences be, and saw

BANNOW HOUSE, CO. WEXFORD

The prashogue eat the earth, the poppies
choke
The corn; and learned their lesson well—
to sit
In apathy; that is a vice which wears
The look of that sweet virtue, patience's
self!
But patience feeds the heart, and apathy
Drains the good lifeblood dry."

Remembering that the "Dictionary of National Biography" begins its account of Miss Hickey's grandfather by labelling him "philanthropist," one is amused at Michael Villiers's amiable tirade:

"I hate the very name 'philanthropist,'"
Michael went on, "perhaps because it
seems
To mean not one who loves his fellow-
men,
But one who gives his time, and
strength, and gold,
Feeling his own superiority;
Daring to offer what he would not take.
Were the State sounder at the core, no
need
To have philanthropy, but only love."

The following inscription was written on the fly-leaf of a copy of "Michael Villiers" given by a lady to her son:

"For my boy, who will not know all that Michael means till he knows truths with which young lives should not be shadowed, and feels them as young natures cannot yet feel. Yet he may care to know both then and now that his mother could find no nobler, wiser or lovelier expression of the ideal she has most at heart, and so chose this as the first book, other than those of mere childish pleasantness to give to him, excepting that sacred one in which we best find the source of our deeper life and love, but which we only understand when we have learned that thoughts and deeds like Michael's are part of the same divine revealing."

Of another of these poems we shall give the opinion of one whose name will have authority for any Dante students among our readers—the Rev. P. H. Wicksteed.

University Hall,
Gordon Square, W. C.
Octr 11th 1891.

Dear Miss Hickey

I have just read your "By Lethe and Eunoe." It is very seldom that I like

anything which in any way touches upon a subject treated by Dante; but I must send a line of appreciation of this beautiful poem.

If it were intended as an interpretation of Dante, I should have criticisms to make of a radical character. The state of mind pictured is not only ante-paradisiacal but ante-purgatorial and is long past before the souls rise to the summit of the mount.

MADAME FANNIE STUART

But as a treatment of the theme suggested by Dante, under psychological conditions nearer to the truth as we conceive it than his, and as a realization (which is very rare) of the true and ultimate meaning of that terrible and beautiful "qui non si pente" of Dante's Paradiso, it seems to me, if I may say so, most tender and beautiful.

I did not know you were a student of Dante. He is a constant inspiration to me.

Yours very sincerely
PHILIP H. WICKSTEED.

Let us turn away from Miss Hickey's work as a poet after taking another extract from the notes which she has been good enough to give me. "If I were asked what have been the strongest influences upon me, as regards my art, I should say Elizabeth Barrett Browning in early days, later on the oldest English writers, such as Cynewulf and Aelfric, and latest the work and personal friendship of the Hon. Roden Noel. To know Mr. Noel was to go into a large region and high, for his intellectual life was vivid, his sympathies generous and wide, and his passion for humanity and for external nature great indeed."

I am inclined to interject the remark "So much the better," when Miss Hickey adds: "His style never influenced mine, but I have owed much to his thought."

Miss Hickey was a worker as well as a writer, and she goes on to record her gratitude for having had her lot cast among people whose share of the work of life has been the active one of doers and helpers as well as among people who have expressed noble thought in noble words. For many years she has, as a lecturer on English literature, aided in the movement for the higher education of women with which is chiefly connected the name of Frances Mary Buss, foundress of the North London Collegiate School with its thousand pupils. The life of this gifted woman (1827-1891) has been written by Miss Ridley, to whom Miss Hickey dedicates her last volume. Of Miss Buss she has written this quatrain:

You were the sower of a deathless seed,
The reaper of a glorious harvest too;
But man is greater than his greatest deed,
And nobler than your noblest work were you.

ST. DOMINIC'S PRIORY CHURCH, HAVERSTOCK HILL, LONDON.

All this time Miss Hickey would probably call herself (Irish-hearted, as she was) a member of the Church of England, though indeed she would also call herself a Catholic, for she approached as close as she could to Catholic doctrine and practice. Besides her literary labors as writer and teacher, she worked earnestly among the poor. It was this no doubt that helped to get her the gift of faith—this and her devotion to the Blessed Virgin, of which a little book that lies before me is a curious proof. It is called "Ancilla Domini: Thoughts in verse on the Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary." It was only privately printed and is not included in the list of Miss Hickey's works. Almost every line might have been written by a devout Irish maiden who had been saying the Hail-Mary all her life. One of these poems ended in her own manuscript with the lines:

"Purest of paths, by the Feet of the King
to be trod!
Hail to thee, Virgin of Virgins! Hail,
Mother of God!"

But this seemed too strong for one of her pious friends, whose remonstrances prevailed on her to change the second line into

"Blessed art thou among women, thou
handmaid of God!"

Three years later the Author of *Ancilla Domini* was received into the Catholic Church at St. Dominic's Priory, Haverstock Hill, London, by Father Edmund Buckler, O. P., himself a convert.

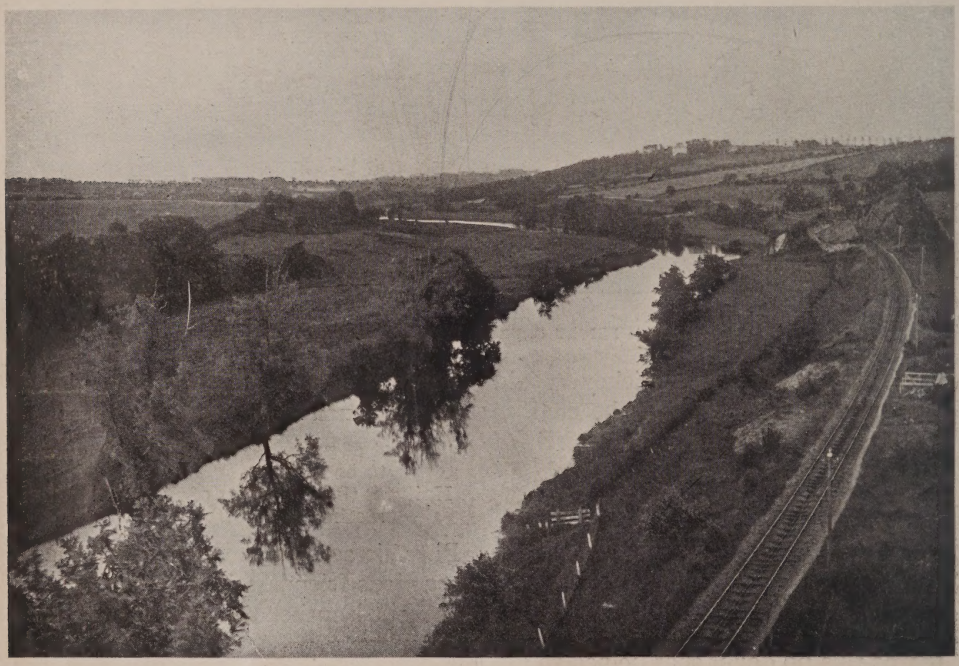
Our Poet's Muse had always been earnest and religious in tone, even when the topics treated were not directly religious. For instance, the fol-

lowing fine sonnet would need little change to be elevated from human love to divine love.

"What can I give, O well-beloved, to thee,
Whose clear, firm knock at my heart's door I heard;
I, reading o'er my life's old pages, blurred
Where bitter tears had fallen fast and free?
For thou didst enter in and comfort me
Whose soul was passion-tost and tempest-stirred,
Till I grew patient as a brooding bird,
And rest came down upon me, verily.

What can I give thee for a guerdon meet?
The utter depths and heights of love's sublime
I cannot fathom, dear, I cannot climb,
For sacred things to lay before thy feet:
I kneel thy suppliant, and I give thee, Sweet,
The right to go on giving for all time."

Miss Hickey's reception into the Church took place only a few months ago, too recently for our poet to contribute to "Roads to Rome" an account of the motives of her conversion. Perhaps the reason might have been substantially the same as that which was given, I remember, by a poor little lad in Limerick Workhouse. Having expressed a wish that his creed register should be changed from "Protestant" to "Catholic," he was brought before the Board of Guardians and questioned as to his reasons for wishing to be a



CORRIG-A-FILE, ENNISCORTHY.

Catholic. He answered: "Because Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary."

Poets have always figured largely on the roll of converts, from James Crawshaw and John Dryden to Coventry Patmore and Aubrey de Vere, or to the two gifted women whom Roden Noel linked together a few pages back—Mrs. Hamilton King and Miss Emily Hickey, whose work is not yet done.

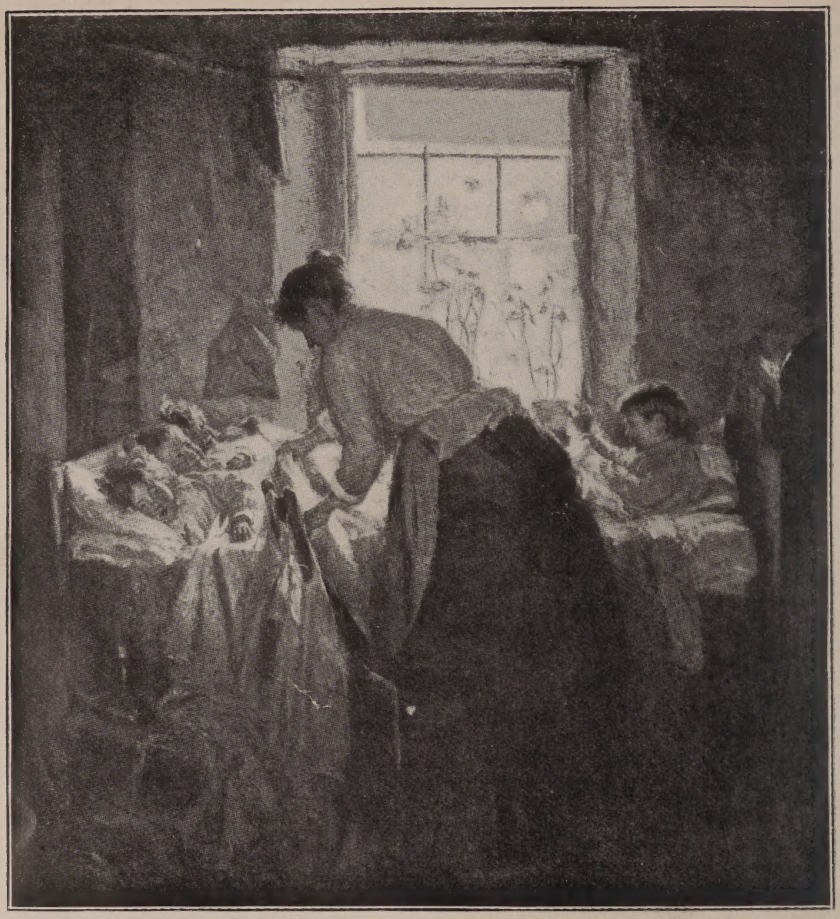
UNSEEN.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

"And where is God?" the Doubter asked,
"I do not see Him anywhere,—
Behind what creature is He masked,
In sea, on earth, in clouds, in air?"

"And where is death?" the Mourner sighed,—
"And yet I know that he is near;
There lies my dearest friend that died,—
Nor voice, nor footstep did I hear."

"Where are the violets?" asked the Child,—
"I do not see them, yet I know,
Although the winds are blowing wild,
They are alive beneath the snow."



"BAIRNIES, CUDDLE DOON."

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi' muckle faucht an' din,
"O, try an' sleep, ye waukrife rogues,
Your faither's comin' in."
They never heed a word I speak,
I try to gie a frown,
But aye I hap them up an' say
"O, bairnies, cuddle doon."

Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid,
He aye sleeps next the wa'
Bangs up and cries, "I want a piece,"
The rascal starts them a'.
I rin and fetch them pieces, drinks,
They stop a wee the soun'
Then draw the blankets up an' cry
"Noo, weanies, cuddle doon."

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi' mirth that's dear to me,
But soon the big warl's cark an' care
Will quaten doon their glee.
Yet come what may to ilka ane,
May He what rules aboon,
Aye whisper, though their pows be bauld,
"O, bairnies, cuddle doon."

IRISH COUNTRY CHURCHYARDS.

REV. C. O'MAHONY.

In Ireland, it is not customary, at least with the simple country folk, to give the name of cemetery to their burial places. They call them churchyards or graveyards—churchyards, because, as a rule, they are adjacent to a church; graveyards, for a still more obvious reason. Neither name, perhaps, is as elegant or euphonious as that of cemetery: but, for the Irish ear, either of them has a sound that is particularly dear, solemn and significant, for it reminds them not only of friends recently deceased, but of many vanished generations of their kith and kin.

The Irish are very particular as to where they will be buried. It goes without saying that they want to be interred in consecrated ground; but they also wish to be laid with their own in the ancient hallowed spot where their ancestors for many a generation have been put to rest. Each family has its burying-place, and whenever a member dies—unless it be beyond the seas or at some insuperable distance—he is brought to be buried with his sires. Hence it is that funeral processions are oftentimes seen to wend their slow way past many a wayside churchyard, to some far-off burial ground, because it is there that for many and many a generation the forefathers of the deceased have laid themselves down for their last long sleep.

Travelers visiting Ireland must find it strange and even paradoxical that, in the majority of cases, the Catholic rural graveyards adjoin the Protestant temple. But this only shows that where now stand these heretical fanes, Catholic churches once raised their hallowed walls; and that, even in pre-reformation times, it was here that the faithful were laid to rest. And with what pathetic tenacity the Irish have maintained the solidarity of their kindred in the sleep of death! See how even after the church had been razed and a temple of detested heresy erected upon its ruins, they still clung fondly and faithfully to the city of their dead, confident that the proximity of the intruded edifice could neither disturb their last sleep nor rob their final resting-place of its sacredness.

How old they look those Irish graveyards! Their walls are ivy-grown and crumbling. The trees that encircle them bear all the evidences of age, whilst those that stand here and there within are stunted and bare and well-nigh sapless. The head-stones are, for the most part, simple in design and uniform in character. On many of them, time in its wearing and corroding passage has effaced the epitaph; the stone has become discolored, and a coating as of withered moss adheres tenaciously to its surface. Most of them stand with a fair degree of erectness; but there are many that are slanting, as if too old or weary to do further duty above the graves. The surface of the churchyard is uneven, so many lie buried there and so crowded and unequal are the mounds above them.

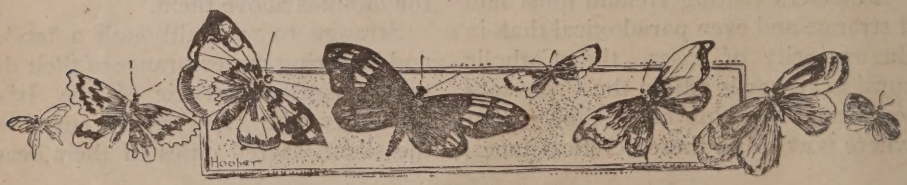
Strange to say, although a tender and enduring remembrance of their departed is characteristic of the Irish peasantry, they very rarely embellish the silent, sacred cities of their dead.

You will look there in vain for a graveled pathway, for well-defined and neatly-kept plots, for leafy shrubs or flowering plants. The grass interspersed with occasional wild-flowers grows green and thick and high above and between the graves, covering them as with a verdant pall. It is as if the place were too unworldly for worldly adornment, and the sleep of the dead too solemnly still and sacred to be disturbed by noise of rake or hoe.

It is not for a pastime or to gratify an idle curiosity that the living go there. There is no listless sauntering among the graves, no curious wandering from stone to stone, no buzz of conversation. They go there but to enter into closest communion of remembrance with their dead, and to pray for their eternal rest. They kneel motionless and absorbed above their crumbling remains, and while tears bedew the hallowed sward, memory reverts to days that are gone, and hearts send upwards unto God a piercing cry of supplication. Nor does the sound of their foot-fall often break the silence of the churchyard. It is only rarely that they visit it outside of the occasion of a funeral and of the call they make there on their way to Mass or from it. And when they go, they prefer to be alone, so that their communion with the dead may be undivided and the prayers they pour forth for them less subject to interruption. But if they do not visit often in person the silent graveyard, oftentimes are they there in spirit, faithfully and tenderly do they cherish the memory of their departed, and frequently and fervently do they beseech the Almighty to let shine upon them the light of His unfading glory. Their faith and their dead are the two foremost loves of the Irish heart.

What scenes of unexampled interest will not be the world's burial places, on the great morning of resurrection, as in response to the arch-angel's summons, the dead will rise with reanimated bodies from their narrow beds! It seems to me that if there be a land wherein, on that great morning, the graveyards will be more uniformly scenes of lightsomeness and jubilation, that land is Ireland—Ireland in whom the faith was planted without the shedding of one drop of blood; who [illegible] the apostasy of all northern Europe clung to it and kept it whole; who has made of it her dearest treasure, preferring it to rank and gold; who because of it has suffered reproach and contempt and neglect and wrong; who with it and by it has been unyielding in temptation, cheerful in poverty, patient in suffering, and steadfast in persecution.

If in the wise and mysterious designs of God, there is to be for Ireland no resurrection to nationhood in this decrepit world, we may well hope that on the great day of universal passage, she will rise in an unparalleled fulness of all her generations, to a glorious, an invincible, an imperishable nationhood in God's supernal world.



THE PASSIONATE HEARTS OF INISGLOIR.

BY ETHNA CARBERY.

When John Gilchrist resolved to spend his summer holidays upon Inisgloir in quest of Gaelic folk-songs, his friend, Finian Lynch, heard of the project with hearty approval.

"Go by all means," he wrote, "and I warrant you'll find no more charming *seanachie* than Brigid ni Briain. She has all the old *ranns* and stories of the place off by heart; and tells them very sweetly, too. Besides she is very beautiful. But you are not to fall in love with her, mind, or try to make her fall in love with you, for she is bespoke already, and Peadar Bán would make short work of you if it came to blows. His handshake, when you meet him, will convince you of that."

So Gilchrist landed one July afternoon from the currach that had conveyed him across the mile of rocky sea where the steamer dare not venture. He clambered up the bare terraces of limestone to the house of Dara Ua Brian—the father of Brigid—with whom he was to take up his abode during his stay on the island. The cottage stood on a high green plateau that seemed strangely out of keeping with its dull surroundings, for Inisgloir was—save for a few of these isolated fertile spots—a long wide stretch of grey storm-swept level stone, intersected here and there with deep natural clefts in which the delicate maiden-hair and the rock-violet grew fearlessly. Gilchrist had to venture over many of these chasms on his way up from the beach, and it was with a sigh of satisfaction that he dropped his heavy valise on Dara's threshold, and straightened himself to wipe his damp brow.

"God save all here," he said in Gaelic, leaning one hand on the lintel and peering into the dark interior, darker to his eyes after the white blinding glare of the sun.

"God and Mary save you," came the response in a clear vibrant voice as a girl stepped out from the shadows. Gilchrist mechanically pulled off his cap at sight of her, and for a moment felt too amazed to speak. But in the pleasurable thrill that flashed through his whole body he recognized her as the most beautiful creature he had ever seen. Standing there in the doorway, with the strong searching beams of day full upon her and the gloom of the kitchen behind, she came upon his senses like a rainbow leaping between the sword of the sun and the dark army of storm clouds in a battling sky. She was clad in the ordinary costume of the island, a scarlet homespun petticoat and bodice of dark blue, while round her neck was folded a white kerchief, and on her feet were the native pampooties of cow-hide. This much he saw in that first glance, before his quick interest became rivetted on her face under its nimbus of glorious red hair. He stared boldly at it, noting its perfect loveliness, with all an artist's delight: the noble breadth above the brows; the rounded beauty of the firm chin; the creamy paleness of the cheeks contrasting so vividly with the sweet red lips; the delicate nose, slightly aquiline, and the

dark blue, almost purple eyes, which held a question as they met his own.

"I am John Gilchrist," he said simply in answer to her look.

"Oh, Mac Giolla Chriost," she exclaimed pleasantly, giving him his full name in the Gaelic, which means the Son of the Servant of Christ. "Is it you that is in it? Come in then, gentleman, and a hundred thousand welcomes."

Her exclamations brought Dara, and Sibeal, his wife, to the door with outstretched hands and friendly greetings. Gilchrist gladly took a seat in the corner of the settle, and the tin of foaming milk which Brigid made haste to offer.

"'Tis the fortunate man I am," he said contentedly, turning his boyish smile from one to the other, "to meet with such heartiness in a strange place. I was half afraid to come—indeed I was—lest I should be treated as a stranger, though my friend, Lynch, assured me I would not be. It was all because you have the name of being very clannish and reserved on the mainland beyond."

"That may be," replied Dara thoughtfully, running his fingers in a puzzled fashion through his thick grizzled hair, "but have you ever heard the name they do be putting on us in the other islands—the Passionate Hearts? That does not sound cold and reserved, now does it, Mac Giolla Chriost?"

Gilchrist leaned forward eagerly. "The Passionate Hearts! What a delightful idea. What does it mean? Does it mean that you are very fierce and dangerous, and to be avoided?"

Dara smiled and shook his head, but Brigid stopped in her work of piling fresh turf on the fire to answer.

"Ah no, gentleman"—her voice was full of a sweet gravity, "not now. It may have been so in the far-off times, but now we live in peace with all."

"The Passionate Hearts," Gilchrist repeated the name musingly when Sibeal had moved out of earshot, and Dara had gone to bring water from the well. "The Passionate Hearts. It may mean that if you are no longer dangerous in war you may yet be dangerous in peace."

Brigid paused. "How might that be, Mac Giolla Chriost?"

"Why in friendship—in love, for instance." She lifted her dreamy eyes and gazed at him doubtfully. There was no sign of amusement on his countenance and she believed he spoke in all seriousness. She knit her brows, perplexed.

"I do not know." She spoke shyly as if ashamed of her own ignorance. "I never heard that meaning given. Yet it may be so," and a sudden deep blush crept up from her neck to the golden glory of her hair.

Gilchrist soon made himself quite at home on the island. He became free of every house from end to end of it. Sometimes he might be found seated beside an old woman at her knitting, tossing the ball of wool idly from one hand to another, while she crooned for him the peasant ballads he loved; or perhaps it would be by a child's cradle, taking down from the mother's lips as she rocked, the sweet hushful lullaby with its swaying refrain. At Eamon's Corner, when the fisher-folk foregathered in the evenings, he heard tale after tale of the marvellous past of Eri, of giants, of wild witch-women, of the sea-people who dwell beneath the blue waves, and of the *Sidhe*—the fairies—hidden away in *lis* or in the heart of

lonely green hills. He heard, too, songs of battle, of love, of hate, songs which saddened or thrilled him as the theme changed with the mood of the singer, until his blood surged hotly, and he felt that those singing voices were so many cruel instruments tearing away the shrouding veil of his desires. From Dara, out fishing in his currach, he learned the names and habits of the fish darting like swift streaks of silver in the transparent depths. He would sit for hours watching him angle for the timid rock-fish, which is so delicate in flavor, and whose wonderfully speckled body has the grey-blue sheen of a spear. He joined too in the pursuit of the sunfish—*liabhan greine*—the natives call it, and when the elusive bright body disappeared into a sheltering whirl of foam he invariably breathed a sigh of relief, for he hated physical pain, and loathed to see the tortured fish dragging behind the currach. Only for the thought of those cruel hooks he would have taken more pleasure in the company of the fishermen, they were so calm and serious, and he could dream to his heart's content swayed in the brown boat on a softly wrinkling sea. He did not relish so much his one experience as a cragsman when he followed Peadar Bán at night down the beetling cliffs to the ledges where the puffin and gannet and scarlet-beaked chough lay in slumber, and while the islander tied the legs of the sleeping birds, his own brain grew dizzy in the star-lit dark, so that he would have fallen but for Peadar Bán's strong arm, which went around him in answer to his cry and dragged him to safety. Thereafter he preferred to study ornithology from a less perilous point of view.

With the island-women specially he quickly became a favorite. What mother's heart would not warm to him when he stooped so gently to kiss the child in her arms, praising its infant beauty, and whispering 'God bless it' to keep the evil spirits afar. He knew by instinct the direct way to a woman's good graces. Young as he was he had had experience, and the knowledge gained in the world he carried with him to the quiet island. In the world that audacious masterful air, with its unexpected phases of tenderness—which he could no more help than he could help breathing—was his most potent weapon with all the different women he wished to impress. The elder women forgave it as the affectation of a spoilt boy, and indulgently burnt their motherly incense at the shrine of his youthful vanity. To the young girls his talk and manner carried the conviction that he had gone through much; they had a vague idea from his occasional penitent poses that his wild days had been wild days indeed, and because of this, even in their flippant moods, they accorded a respectful attention to his opinions. Some women look with a certain terrified interest upon a brand snatched from the burning. And Gilchrist was a very attractive brand. As a conversationalist, a story-teller, a debater, he was unsurpassed. Then his eyes would flash—those indolent dark eyes—and his whole slight frame quiver with the feeling that failed to express itself in his most eloquent sentences. When he lounged by some homely hearthside, narrating tales of past heroism, and mournfully bewailing the lack of heroes in the less spiritually inclined today, he generally left his listeners under the impression, skilfully con-

veyed, that at least one man had inherited the bygone intellect and bravery and grandeur of character, although, so far, those gifts of the gods had not been stirred to the surface by opportunity.

These were his best moments. At other times he was a different being. He honestly meant to be true to the better part. Now and again he felt exalted and noble enough to die for a great cause, but in the revulsion he might as readily betray it. The forces of good and evil, which in some souls fight half-heartedly, in his waged battle all day long and with all their power. Often he would give way to an impulse of passionate praying, and rise from his knees to seek his boon companions, in whose excesses he would be the most boisterous and most daring. Yet withal, even those who knew him best and realized his failings bestowed upon him their pity rather than their blame.

To Brigid ni Briain the coming of Gilchirst to Inisgloir was as the advent of a light into a black desolation. Life the gray quiet life she had endured without deeming it endurance, was now a realm of radiance, full of warm color, of sweet sounds, of unutterable joyousness. She had not hitherto imagined that the hard work-a-day earth could so swiftly become a kingdom of enchantment, and solely because of one passing guest. All thought of Peadar Bân and his faithful love slipped away into the background of her memory. She felt like a dream moving through a dream in which the thin sallow face of the newcomer was ever before her, and the echoing halls of her fancy were filled with the melody of his voice. Her sympathies grew to quiver under his moods, so that she became dull or gay as he was either of these. When she sang him the ballads he had come in quest of, she knew it was her soul going forth to meet his on every wave of the sad exquisite music. The idea never entered her mind that he had set the snare of his experience to draw her heart out of her—to bruise or break. Even had she known that this was so, she would have loved him just the same, for her nature was such, that its surrender to its first strong passion must necessarily be complete. She could not understand half-measures in a case of life and death, and the love of Gilchrist meant the life or death of her happiness. One old song, Oganaigh an Chuil Cheangailte (Ringleted Youth of my Love), which was among his favorites, and which she never tired of singing, had a verse that seemed to her the personification of her own fancies concerning him. In the Gaelic it is many times more melodious and more passionate than in this cold speech of the Sassanach:—

"I thought, O my love, you were so—
As the moon is, or sun on a fountain,
And I thought after that you were snow,
The cold snow on top of a mountain;
And I thought after that you were more
Like God's lamp shining to find me,
Of the bright star of knowledge before,
And the star of knowledge behind me."

The discovery that Brigid had shed her love like soft rose petals about him caused Gilchrist little surprise. Sometimes, it is true, his conscience troubled him as he remembered the girl he had left behind with his kiss upon her lips —the girl to whom he had given his word, and whose fortune was to make his future. But then, "She will never know," his worst self whispered. "She is far away, and she is too wise to trouble her sensible head with doubts."

And with this assurance he lulled the unruly accusing voice to rest.

The superb unconsciousness of Peadar Bán gave a fresh impetus to his pursuit of Brigid. The young islander was proud to see his handsome girl so admired by the gentleman stranger, and it awakened no jealousy in him to find her time occupied by Gilchrist. It was no new thing for visitors to the island to seek her company on their wanderings over it; she knew more of its history than any of the other young people, and had all the old *ranns* to give for the asking. Even in Sibeal's motherly heart there was not a shade of suspicion, and Dara's keen eyes were never keen, but soft and lovingly blind when he looked upon his daughter.

Under their unseeing contentment Gilchrist wove the network of his snares around Brigid. He had many ways of torturing her now that he had grown certain of her love. Once he told her how he had permitted a man who had been his enemy to do a wrong deed, when a word from him would have prevented the doing. He told the story graphically, not sparing himself, solely for the pleasure of seeing the shocked misery on her face. She had a strange faculty of experiencing sensations in colors on her mental vision, and as he confessed this fault, lying back carelessly in his chair, she saw his words dancing before her mind in a fiery line of scarlet—the color of shame. Yet when he had ended and turned an interrogative glance on her he met only the piteous loving appeal of her blue tear-wet eyes. She would not believe his own accusations of himself, and sorrowfully wrought upon him, until to soothe her he took her into his arms and denied the truth.

For days at a time she walked on the borderland of paradise—he was so tender, so devoted. "My Passionate Heart," he called her, playfully taxing her with keeping the true meaning of the name a secret.

"Some day I shall waken to find out what it means and what lies behind your gentle smile, my Brigid, and the discovery may be a calamitous one for me": at which Brigid would shake her bright head gaily to reassure him. She was a radiant beam of happiness under the sweet words of his love.

Then his tactics would change and for days he would treat her with icy formality, avoiding the wistful questioning of her eyes. To Brigid this was the flaming sword of the angel at the gate. Often he carried his cruelty so far as to ignore the dainties she had made specially because he had hinted a desire for them, and tax both his teeth and his patience to the utmost over the tough bread that was the acme of Sibeal's culinary skill. Brigid would lie awake at night weeping, praying, tossing from side to side in an agonized wonder as to what her fault had been, to rise unrested with swollen eyes and pallid cheeks in the dawn. When he saw her thus he felt gratified enough to alter his humor, and perhaps the first sign of relenting would be his deliberate soft touch upon her hand as she moved the things to and fro upon the table. Then their eyes would meet and on poor Brigid's side all would be forgiven.

One day of days—the most blissful perhaps of all that wonderful time—she went across with Gilchrist in Peadar Bán's currach to the south Island. Gilchrist, in his usual fashion, fell a-dreaming to the rise and fall of the waves. He could watch Brigid

where she sat erect and slender in the stern, and he thought of her tenderly as his glance followed the steady sweep of the oars. Peadar Bán was a fine rower, for sure; see how carefully he could steer the boat in and out the snares of those twisting white foam wreaths. It was curious how indifferent Peadar was to Brigid's charms. He could never have loved her really or he would have been jealous many times of late. But then these islanders did not make any visible pretence of love in their matches; they rarely embraced one another; they seemed more engrossed in the practical consideration of providing for the future, and there was an unwritten law forbidding even the most trifling improvidence in the case of a young man seeking a wife; in fact no one of them would venture to ask a girl unless he had his home ready for her coming. Engagements, such as were the custom of the outer world, were unknown amongst them. "The 'Passionate Hearts!' Where does the passion come in, I wonder?" Gilchrist almost laughed aloud at this stage of his musings. Suddenly he caught sight of a name on the side of the currach, and leant over to read it. The spray beat up against it so that he spelt out the letters with some difficulty.

"Brigid!" he exclaimed.

"'Brigid' yes. That is the name she has for sure, Mac Giolla Chriost," said Peadar Bán, meeting his look.

"The dearest name in the world, it is then," said Gilchrist. "My favorite name."

Brigid blushed happily. "It was the name Peadar put upon it long ago, oh! so long ago, Mac Giolla Chriost—when we were but children," she hastened to add, noting a shade akin to displeasure on the other's face.

Peadar turned round to her at the words, his strong countenance suffused with feeling.

"Children, or man and woman, it is always the same, Brigid. And you know it, pulse of my heart." Then he bent again to his oars.

Gilchrist stirred restlessly in a whirl of emotion. The peace of his mind was gone. That unexpected remark of the young islander had been a revelation to him. It enraged him, it offended his refined susceptibilities, it fanned his vanity, and augmented his desire. "I shall not let him win her," he stormed inwardly. "She is mine. She must be mine." Then he reflected that there might easily be worse situations than existence with Brigid on Inisgloir. What if he determined there and then to make her his wife, and begin a new life with her on the lonely, little world of rocks. Would his wayward disposition settle down to the level of these serious fisher folk—he never asked himself if it could rise to their heights—and while his children grew up around him, would the monotonous slow-passing hours bring him no regrets. He pondered long over the question, until in the stress of answering it he forgot where he was, forgot sea and lowering sky and the heaving boat. A heavy rain-drop splashing on his cheek recalled him to actualities. He sat upright with a start, and crushed the hateful question into the far recesses of his brain, much as a murderous hand might press a drowning head deeper into the clutch of engulfing billows.

That night he spent several hours writing a letter. It was to his fiancée, and he purposely made it a very amusing letter—full of details and island gossip, for she enjoyed trivialities. Her name, given at the baptismal font,

was Brigid, but it had been refined into Bedelia during her school-days at a fashionable convent. Gilchrist made a jest of the absurd exchange and called her Brigid notwithstanding her protests. He now smiled grimly to himself as he wrote the objectionable name.

"Today I was out with a young fisherman for a row to another of the islands. He was the owner of our currach, and guess what he had called it? But you will never guess. 'Brigid' no less. Yes, indeed, *your dear name.* I spoke my thoughts aloud, forgetting. 'That is my favorite name,' I said, 'the name I love best in all the world.' There was a girl in the currach with us—an islander—going across for something or other. She blushed at my involuntary speech. It appears her name is also Brigid and she concluded I was paying her an indirect compliment. Poor silly creature! She did not understand that there was only *one* Brigid in the universe for me."

He nodded his head knowingly to himself and his smile deepened. "That will both gratify and pique her," he mused, "my lady has more than a fair share of the vanity and curiosity of her sex. How curious she will be." Then he laughed outright; sealed the letter with a heavy blow of his hand, and blew a kiss on his fingers gaily in the direction of an imaginary Bedelia.

Although the mellow haze of autumn had come to veil the grave of the dead summer, John Gilchrist still lingered upon Inisgloir. Somehow he could not comfortably face the idea of his departure. He was reasonably happy —the present contented him, the future—well, why cross one's bridges until necessity decrees. So he dallied with the soft, warm wind of Brigid's adoration and preened his vanity on the pedestal where she had elevated him. Occasionally he almost convinced himself that he was all she believed. If anything could have had the power to make him the ideal she fancied him it was the fidelity of her blind devotion, but—and here the truth stung him—the daily endeavor to appear at his best was well-nigh more than he could bear. At times he did not know whether to curse her transparent tenderness, or his own hypocrisy.

It was when he was in this wavering frame of mind that one morning the mail brought him a letter which caused him to knit his brows and bite his moustache in a manner he had when troubled. Brigid saw this with beating heart, and as he brooded over the closely written sheets, she went about her household duties in a fever of anxiety. When at last he lifted his gaze to hers, as he rose to go out, she knew intuitively that her fears were well founded. He was going away.

There was a quiet rock-sheltered cove on the western side of the island where Gilchrist often went to read and arrange the ballads he had collected. As he sat there now, staring blindly at a brassy sea, he heard Brigid's light step bounding from boulder to boulder. He stood up as she came near and took her into his arms.

"You have hurried, my share of the world," he said, striking her flushed cheek tenderly.

"There is always hurry on me, Mac Giolla Chriost, when you are needing me."

"And I need you now, Brigid, *a muirnan,** for I have had unwelcome news."

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*My darling.

"I know it, Mac Giolla Chriost. You are going away."

She tightened the clasp of her arms about him and threw back her ruddy head so that she could look into the depths of his eyes.

"You are going away, Mac Giolla Chriost—that is the news you have for me. I know it: I have felt it coming: I have seen its evil shadow in my dreams. You are going back to your own world, and you will kiss me now, and promise to return. But will you return, Mac Giolla Chriost? Answer me that—answer me."

She spoke in a quiet repressed way that startled him. He had bargained for tears and recriminations, but not for this subdued vehemence. He replied soothingly:

"I shall come back, girl of my heart; never doubt but I shall come back, and maybe sooner than you think. I do not want to go, but my work at home is being left undone while I am here and the fascination of your tales and songs can hardly make an excuse for me. And you would not have me termed an idler, now would you, Brigid, my dear?"

He did not tell her that the letter was from the other woman—and that the orders for his return were peremptory; couched in the tone of one who already anticipated a wife's privileges. In that instant his heart fluctuated in a choice between the gold of Bedelia's coffers and the living gold of Brigid's wind-blown hair. He sighed, even as his heart set the two in the balance, remembering how unequal the comparison was, and that his bonds were too securely wound about him by his own act for a loophole of escape. Brigid watched him with the hungry intentness of one who sees a hope trembling on unfolding wings.

"Now would you, Brigid?" he repeated.

She unloosed her clasp then and lifted his hands to her bosom, crushing them against her warm young body in a strong fierce pressure,

"There," she cried. "It is my heart you feel, Mac Giolla Chriost, and it is yours, all yours, yours and none other's. If you do not come back it will break, it will consume of its own fire —it will be drowned in a sea of sorrow. But you will come back. Swear it: Swear it before Christ and Mary and our Blessed Enda—swear that you will not leave my heart to break or burn or drown."

"My poor, sweet, frightened love," he cried, drawing her close until her pale cheek touched his own. "Have no fear. I swear it. I shall come back. You will find me coming perhaps, when you are not watching or thinking of me at all."

He smiled into her troubled eyes, and at the smile her fortitude gave way. A shudder stirred her from head to foot; she clung to him wildly, sobbing, lamenting. He said no word further, but waited until the storm of her grief ceased as abruptly as it had begun.

"When will you be going, Mac Giolla Chriost?" she asked at length striving for control, despite the trembling eloquence of her lips.

"This very day, when the steamer calls again," he answered, "give me the parting blessing now, Brigid, my dear, beautiful girl. Say it bravely, and remember that I shall return in a little while."

She said it bravely, as he bade her,

although the repression in her voice told how hard the effort was.

"To the White Lamb I commit you, O treasure,
To Mary, who turns the wheel of the stars,
To Brigid, that her mantle may cover you
In the dark, in the light, in your comings and goings.
To Patrick, shepherd of the fold,
And to Colum, the Dove of Christ's house,
I commit you with my prayers, my love, and my tears."

Then Gilchrist, with one last kiss, turned and left her.

(To be Continued.)

IN OLD MORAVIA.

BY W. THORNTON PARKER.

Few, indeed, of the vast army of American tourists, who visit the European countries, traveling over the "beaten tracks," turn aside to enjoy the attractions of the Austrian provinces. Old Moravia, interesting as it is, is a veritable "terra incognita" to most Americans. Occasionally we hear of tours through Ober-Oesterrlich and the Saltz-Kammergut, but Moravia is not on the list of the average traveler. The pleasure of visiting out-of-the-way places in an uncommon manner, and the enjoyment of unusual privileges, are delightful to most of us.

When a student in Vienna, in 187--, I made the acquaintance of Von K. We were members of the same "Corps," and both enjoyed the title of "doctorand"—which, for some reason unknown to me, is bestowed on all medical students in Austria a year before graduation. The postman hands you a letter with the cheerful greeting:—"I kiss your hand, Herr doctorand." and the title promises so well for future honors, that a cigar or drink-money is very likely to be offered the flatterer by the sensitive student. Von K. was a warm-hearted, gallant fellow, and enjoyed the fame of being one of the best swordsmen in Vienna. I well remember at a ball one night, after some little misunderstanding, Von K. was challenged to a duel, but an apology was offered very shortly when the bellicose stranger heard of Von K's. prowess with the sword! Generous to a fault, entertaining, accomplished, my friend won my affectionate regard. As the summer vacation approached I was invited to spend it at G——, the country estate of the Von K's.,—distant from Vienna about two or three hours by rail. It was unfortunate for me that I missed the train by which my friend expected me, so dark was it when I arrived at G——, and the little station seemed deserted. As there was no carriage, the stationmaster gave me an escort with a lantern. We passed some long low buildings, cow-stables, containing herds of choice cattle, then a large brick factory, where was every appliance for the manufacture of the

best bricks. On the left was a cluster of great buildings which in the darkness of evening I fancied must be the "Schloss," but my guide informed me that it was Von K's. sugar factory —the sugar being made from beet roots. After passing these buildings, we entered a little village, or "dorf," of neat houses occupied by the operatives and others, dependents of Von K's., and beyond we found the porter's lodge of the Castle grounds.

No drawbridge over a deep moat or threatening port-cullis marks this comparatively modern "Schloss." It is a castle of plenty, a gentleman's home of peace, and about it live the peasant *friends* though dependents of the noble family whose lives are spent in countless deeds of charity year in and year out. Yet life to me, an American in this Austrian Schloss, was like a pleasant dream, a veritable 'traum,' where one goes back to feudal times, and lives the life as it existed when Grussbach was the village of Hensowany on the river Jaespitz, in Austrian Moravia,—and nothing more. At the present time the 'old Schloss' on the mountain side is but an ancient ruin with a romantic history, and down on the fertile plains where feed the handsome cattle, a modern village has sprung up, with tall smoke-stacks and the rumble of machinery. Through the enterprise of Von K— employment is given to hundreds of people.

The present Schloss, old as it is, has taken on almost a modern appearance, and the park bears on its notice boards up-to-date regulations and printed rules unknown when knights and ladies lived in the old castle on the mountain side.

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To the large fine park which has its swan pond with boats, and shaded walks and drives, the public were admitted twice a week. Beyond the park, was a large swimming basin with its private bath-houses for the family. The family church, which the villagers attended, and the house for the Catholic priests were built and owned by the Von K's, who were faithful attendants at the services. The church is a comfortable building with good altar and organ loft. The family occupy a private gallery with glass partition at the left of the chancel. This recess was very comfortably furnished. The family arms, painted in bright colors, were displayed in the church.

The driveway from the lodge leads to what might seem the back of the Schloss, the main entrance in the rear, facing the stables where thoroughbreds are in waiting for the use and entertainment of the family and friends. The thick, grim walls of the Schloss, well-nigh artillery-proof, have their stern plain exterior in front broken by a huge porch to which ascend on either side long flights of steps. There is a large attractive garden with shrubs and flowers, and a fountain. It was here that I received a warm welcome the evening of my arrival. A liveried servant was placed under my special orders. I was told that it was the custom for the father, son, and daughter to take a horseback ride before breakfast every pleasant morning, and that I might consider myself a member of this party as long as I remained. On the ground

floor of this hospitable mansion, the basement, were the kitchens, store-rooms, servants' rooms, etc.

The first story contained, on the right of the main hall, the private apartments of Countess Von K— and her daughter, a very cultivated and agreeable young lady—and those of her companion; also two reception rooms for the ladies; to the left the apartments of Von K— and his sons. On this floor were the dining, coffee, billiard and smoking rooms. The music salon was finished in polished woods, without many rugs or draperies—rather bare,—except for the grand piano, violins, guitars, flutes, cornets and other musical instruments. In the immense halls were fine specimens of the chase, antlers, rusty swords, and ancient guns. In the second story were a large banquet hall, guest chambers, and the bridal apartments of the oldest son, now absent on his wedding journey. The rooms were handsomely furnished, but the passionate love of the family for hunting was evinced in every direction. Two qualified hunters, or retainers, assisted at all hunting parties, and had the care of the valuable hunting dogs. Fishing was another sport. The drives and walks were delightful and one could wander all day without setting foot on land owned by another.

The Austrian huntsman holds no second place. The short strong sword that he wears on his thigh may seem to the uninitiated a mere weapon of ornament; but when we see him in the exciting boar-hunt, deliberately kneel on his left knee placing the handle at his knee, with point lowered to receive the mad rush of the enraged boar, we give the Austrian the credit for nerve unsurpassed by the tiger-hunter of India. The broad fields of beet-tops furnish an admirable preserve for partridges, and the sport is largely enjoyed. The saddlers of Grussbach were worthy of English riders. Amongst them was one known as the "black devil," a superb cavalry horse, abandoned by the Prussians at Grussbach in the war of 1866. This horse had a record, and the stable grooms were not a little afraid of him. His reputation was such that he had been seldom used, but he proved to be an ideal cavalry horse. There was no better in the stable.

The days of the village fair were interesting. Peasants in curious quaint costumes came from every direction. It is rather embarrassing for an American to have men and women take his hand and kiss it. Nor did they seem one whit degraded thereby. All appeared to be happiness, comfort, and contentment. The hard grind of American farm life was nowhere visible, but laughter and song, beer and wine, made each day seem a fair day. Not once was any drunkenness observed or any quarrelling, or any loud profane talk. A simple God-fearing people, well-to-do, comfortable in their homes, happy in their occupations, respectful, yet self-respecting, their lives glided on, "darkened by shadows of earth, yet reflecting the image of heaven." Nowhere can you find a more ideal community than at Schloss Grussbach in old Moravia.

CHRISTMAS IN SOUTHERN ITALY.

BY H. P. FITZGERALD MARRIOTT.

The South of Italy as Christmas draws near has a peculiar attraction, or perhaps atmosphere is the better word, that is almost like that of Palestine in its effect. The Bible story of the world's regeneration seems intimately brought to our minds not so much by any vivid display, as by a subtle power of association suggested by the sounds and circumstances around. For several weeks before the eighth of December, the feast of the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady, and again for about a fortnight before Christmas Day, shepherds are heard playing their bagpipes. These men are rough and rustic; over their shoulders hangs loosely a long voluminous cloak, their legs are wrapped in dusty white swathes, their other garments are brown, with sometimes the jacket of a dark blue, and again their clothes may be entirely of one color or the other. They usually go about in couples, those strange men from the Abruzzi and the Calabrian mountains, and many of them show in their faces that they must fully believe in the story that they sing, and live daily as if they were the Bible shepherds themselves.

Zambogne or bagpipes are soft-toned instruments, not harsh and wild with the shriek of our Scotch pibroch or the shrillness of other northern bagpipes, but plaintive and rather weird and well adapted to the sweet, quaint, melancholy hymn that they have traveled all this way to perform before the shrines of private houses, before those in streets and market places, and at the corners of cross-roads where enameled tiles portray the sweet features of the Madonna, looking down in blessing on the traveler and pedestrian. There are generally two of those zambognieri, for while one blows the bagpipes, the other, when not playing on a shrill pipe called a ciaramella, sings; and it is always to the same quaint tune that they sing this ancient hymn every year before the shrines of the villages and towns through which they pass, or where they temporarily take up their abode. In this clear southern air, with olives and figtrees surrounding us, and the warm sunshine penetrating everything, these mountain shepherds bear us back to the first Advent, in distant Palestine, long, long ago.

On Christmas Eve they go round to each house in turn, and there play and sing the same strange old hymn before the little household oratory, a picture of the Madonna, or figure of the Child Christ, the whole family being assembled to assist at the little ceremony. Veriest doggerel are these verses, and the words used by different bagpipe minstrels vary but little.

For the Christmas Novella, glad tidings, as the word implies, an appropriate line is inserted, and the closing lines are adapted to the occasion. As the bagpipes reach the end of the hymn they become quicker and shriller and race the ciaramella into a rapid, jig-like tune. As we pass

steep flights of steps in Naples or through the narrow streets and up Amalfi, Capri, Sorrento, or any of the dark old towns with mysterious windings and arches and turnings, the bright lights within the doorways, the pleasurable excitement of the people, the tones of a voice praying in one house, or the chant arising from another, and from within the sound of the shepherds' bagpipes droning softly and sweetly—all are part of a Christmas Eve never to be looked back upon but with reverent pleasure and a feeling of deep peace.

It is thus that these rustic southern Italians keep their novenas and vigils before the two great festivals, The Immaculate Conception and Christmas, bringing before us in imagination the shepherds and the humble peasantry to whom the birth of Christ was first revealed.

These people are far more temperate at Christmas time than are we of cold and snowy northern lands. Naples, however, is in itself a gay sight. The Toledo street is lined on either side with little tables, bancorele, on which are seen for sale under flaring lamps various glittering tinsel objects, cheap things; cheap boots, cheap knives, looking glasses, sweets, writing paper, dolls, tin toys, sponges, whistles, books, bootblacking, walking sticks, almanacs and funny little nicknacks which serve as souvenirs of the festa. Crowds of people move slowly up and down the sides of the street and later on along its whole width, for even the cabmen take a holiday and leave the ways clear on the evening of the vigil of Christmas. Down the street of Santa Brigida, leading off the Toledo, is a crowd drawn by stalls that have been there for the greater part of the day. Here fish of every variety is sold, and in the evening, lit by lamps and candles, the effect is curious. Fish lie everywhere, in buckets and dishes and plates; fish of all sorts, and eels in abundance, some dead, some alive; strange long flat fish with pointed noses, called pesce sciabbe, because like sabres, or by others bandiere, because like flags; big red fish sitting up in a dish, holding a smaller relative in the mouth; and plates of shell fish worthy of the aquarium; even razor-shells are deemed fit to eat; besides octopus and polypus wriggling about with their long spotted arms and presenting a sufficiently untempting appearance to the more fastidious appetite of the northern European. The venders at these stalls seem to take amusement in answering foreigners' questions as to the names of the various fish. To them the northern races seem to have the peculiarity of always wishing to know the name of everything, and they laughingly give any witty reply that comes into their heads when they see people who are not likely to be customers looking at their market.

Occasionally some of the fish are revived or renewed by a bucket of water poured over them, and the street is slippery everywhere. All sorts of people are in the crowds, German tourists, residents taking their friends to see the sights, middle class and poor—all equally jovial and good-natured, for it is Christmas. At night the people go home and hold their fish dinner, the only meal allowed that day, for they have been fasting all the 24th, having perhaps taken only a cup of coffee or scrap of bread with a glass

of weak common wine. Of course all have not been doing that, certainly not the German tourists.

There have been many little processions carrying the Bambino or image of the Christ-Child from different houses that have had the honor of presenting such statues to the various churches, accompanied by the zambognieri and torches from house to church and from church to house. At twelve o'clock, the first hour of Christmas Day, in every parish church is celebrated High Mass. In many towns in this Neapolitan country the services are peculiarly beautiful. At Amalfi and several other places the organ of the cathedral produces not unpleasant notes, rather like these shepherds' instruments, even if the bagpipes themselves are not secreted somewhere up in the choir. Thus again that night in Palestine is brought to our minds with even greater force as the sounds swell out louder and fuller at the joyous moment of the Elevation of Him Who was born on that night nineteen centuries ago.

THE CITY OF ANGELS.

BY THOMAS A. WALSH.

There's a beautiful city of angels afar,
  Beyond the dark river of time,
Beyond the gray vapors and mists on its bar,
  And sinuous billows sublime.
Its palaces white are resplendent with light,
  Its domes are all burnished with gold,
And trumpets resound from its citadels crowned
  With banners of glory unrolled.

Its gateways of bliss are agleam on the shore,
  Agleam in the bright-setting sun,
And swing upon hinges of gold evermore,
  For mortals whose labors are done.
For mortals who toiled with the brave and the true,
  And Christ in His vineyards of light,
Who toiled for Him there with the faithful and few,
From dawn till the darkness of night.

THE QUEST OF THE SHEPHERDS.

BY SUSAN L. EMERY.

Seven hardy shepherd men were out
On those low hills that stand about
The little town of Bethlehem.
The radiant moon with curved, keen edge
Rose high above the hill's sharp ledge:—
What queen had ever such diadem?

Those dark hillsides with flocks were white,
In far-off skies the stars shone bright:—
The stars and sheep are flocks of God.
One of those shepherd men was I,
My line of David's ancestry;
We trace it back to the awful flood;

And thence, far back, to the garden fair,
The mystic, wonderful garden, where
The first, first shepherd named his sheep,

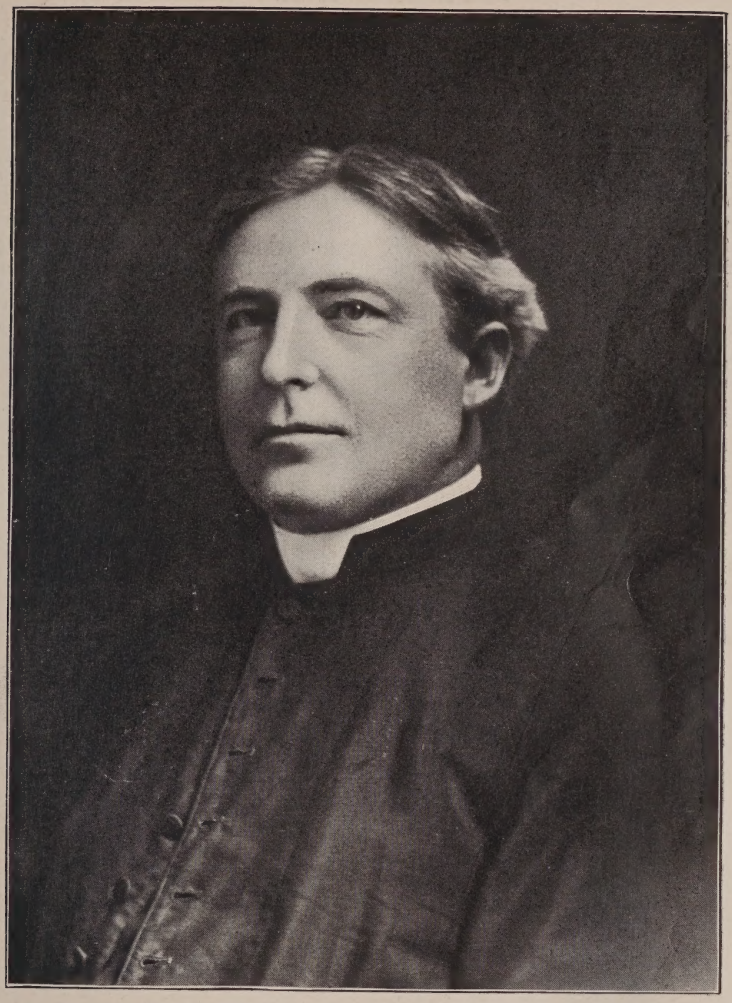
And over the little unweaned lambs
Hovered the seraphim's oriflammes,
And no one knew what it meant to weep.

But oh! our joy, that winter's night!
Never the stars had shone so bright,
I ne'er had known such perfect bliss,
And scarce I felt the ground I trod.
"My mates!" I cried, "the Lamb of God
Might come to earth on a night like this!"

Then lo! on a sudden the skies were rent,
And down from heaven's high battlement
  In floods of glory angels came,
While Gloria pealed from realms afar,
And rang from star to answering star,
  Through all those floods of living flame.

A flame that blinded not, but blessed!
Back to their scabbards that night were pressed
  The swords that guarded Eden long.
Oh! did I dream I saw those bowers,
All decked with never-fading flowers,
  The while I heard that sweetest song?

How swift to Bethlehem we sped!
There found a little kingly head
  Safe pillowed upon Mary's breast;
Found there the promised Lamb of God,
At His dear feet laid staff and rod.
  Who comes to Him finds perfect rest!



REV. D. F. McGILLICUDDY.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

Rev. D. F. McGillicuddy, pastor of St. Stephen's Church, Worcester, Mass., certainly deserves the high honors which have come to him as a result of his noble work in the cause of temperance. At the National Convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, held at Boston in 1898, he was chosen treasurer and re-elected to the office by the Chicago convention. The convention of 1900 in Philadelphia honored him with the office of President and confirmed that honor by unanimous vote of the Hartford convention, August, 1901.

Father McGillicuddy was born near the old St. John's church in Worcester, May 13, 1860. He received his early education in the public schools of that city, was

graduated from the Worcester High School in 1878, and received his degree from Holy Cross College in 1881. His theological studies were completed at Grand Seminary of Montreal, and he was ordained Dec. 20, 1884, by Archbishop Fabre. The first seven years of his priesthood were spent in Milford.

Father McGillicuddy was appointed pastor of St. Stephen's church in 1895, and the following year was elected president of the Springfield Diocesan Union, which position he held for four years. He is a scholarly priest, an eloquent pulpit orator, and wields a ready pen.

REV. MICHAEL SHEEHAN.

The degree of Doctor of Philosophy has been conferred at the University of Bonn on the Rev. Michael Sheehan of Maynooth College. At his examination the learned Dr. Sheehan presented the following subjects, Greek, Latin and Sanskrit. He likewise presented, and has since published, a Latin treatise on the authenticity of the "Techne," ascribed to Isocrates. The doctor is a native of the city of Waterford, but for years past his family has resided at Dungarvin.

Interest in Irish affairs has increased very greatly in America of late. Hence it is not unnatural that the victory of Edward Fitzgerald, the new Lord Mayor of Cork, should be hailed on this side of the Atlantic with considerable acclaim.

Mr. Fitzgerald is a man with rather an eventful career. He commenced life as a carpenter, but the rare gifts of head which he possessed were bound to bring him into public notice, and some sixteen years ago he consented, at the request of his friends, to stand for a position as Poor Law Guardian. Though perfectly unknown at the time to public life, and though having to face and wage a stiff fight with the established representatives of the Division which he contested, he was elected at the head of the poll.

Since that time he has been the man of all others in the public eye of his native city. Whatever position he sought he secured it. He was High Sheriff of the city some eleven years ago, and were it not for the unfortunate split which divided all Irishmen at that time, and which, not unnaturally, had its effect on the municipal life as well, he would have been elected Mayor of Cork the following year. Nine years ago he was elected Alderman for the ward he represented and has held that position since, and now he enjoys the distinction of being the first

Lord Mayor elected to that position by the popular vote, which is the predominant one in the Council of the Borough of Cork. He is the representative for the Borough of Agricultural Board in the Department of Technical Instruction for Ireland.

In the deliberations of the Corporation he had frequently to fight as one man against fifty, but he fought with a persistence that was bound to win, and he

RT. HON EDWARD FITZGERALD, LORD MAYOR OF CORK.

now stands in the position of being the first citizen of Cork, and high in the esteem of his fellow citizens of all classes who do him honor as the pioneer of a great movement for the industrial development of the country.

The Exhibition project was his idea alone, and in bringing it to a successful issue he has gathered around him a number of leading representative citizens to whom he has imparted much of his own tireless energy, with the result that wherever they go all over the country, from the southernmost part in Bantry or Skibbereen to the Maiden city in Londonderry, they have been received with a remarkable display of public enthusiasm.

This has been a great year for Irish Catholic mayors in Massachusetts.

First and most notable of all, is Hon. Patrick A. Collins, elected mayor of Boston by a majority of over 18,000—the largest majority ever given to a mayoralty candidate in the New England metropolis. The career of Gen. Collins is of national importance. He is, unquestionably, the foremost man of his race in America. Orator, statesman, patriot, his genius permeates the whole history of both his native land and the land of his

adoption, during the past generation. Boston honors herself in honoring Gen. Collins.

For the first time in 30 years the University City of Cambridge, Mass., has elected a Catholic mayor. John H. H. McNamee is a distinguished son of the classical community which harbors Harvard, and his promotion to his present high

Hon. Thomas B. Minal
elected President of the A
eration of Catholic Societi
nati, Ohio, is a strong belie
ficacy of work. "Work, pe
tained, is the only means th
results in anything," wrote
in his article on "The Fe
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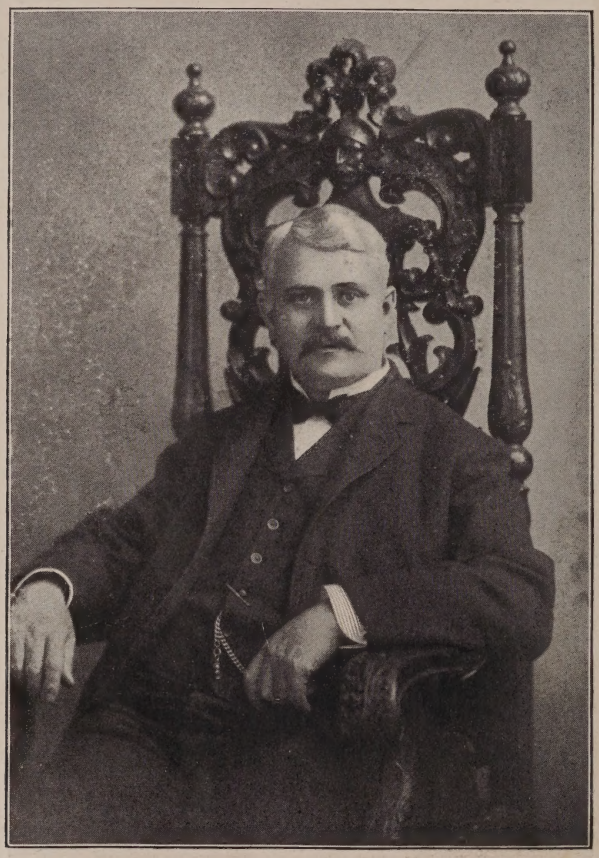


JOHN H. H. McNAMEE.

estate, though coming somewhat in the nature of a surprise, is, nevertheless, richly deserved. He has been one of the most active citizens in the development of Cambridge.

John F. Hurley has won a signal victory in Salem, Mass., where an aristocratic, ancestral community has chosen him again for chief executive.

and his national reputation as an energetic and successful worker in the field of organized lay effort in the Catholic Church proves that he lives up to his conviction.

Speaking at the Convention in regard to the misunderstanding of the aims of the assembly, Mr. Minahan said: "We have absolutely nothing to do with poli-

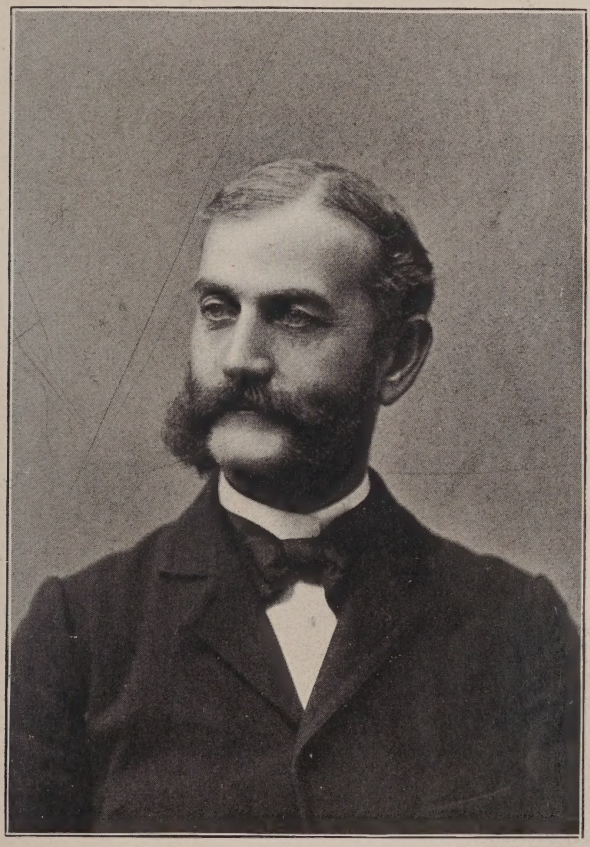
tics, good, bad or indifferent. Neither shall politicians of any persuasion ever share in these counsels.

"In the moral and intellectual field of activity about us, new instrumentalities suggest themselves for the accomplishment of broader aims. We are persuaded that greater good along social, educational, paternal and moral lines urgently invite the unity of action among the separate societies we represent.

"Call this gathering a federation, a league, a union, what you will, its real meaning is the strength of united purpose and endeavor; its single object that we may better the work for God, our country and truth.

"He utterly and absolutely mistakes who would construe this uniting of our societies to mean the stirring up of strife or the antagonizing of other citizens who differ from us in creed. The work we contemplate knows no other motto than charity and kindness.

"No one, more than we do, realizes that 'The edifice of moral and social improvement which we aim to build can never be erected on the ruins of charity.' We believe that intelligence, education, patriotism, Christianity, are all sufficient to adjust in the best and wisest possible way all our really unnecessary misunderstandings."



JOHN F. HURLEY

Mr. Minahan is especially interested in the temperance movement, and last summer originated the unique plan of pledg-

ing men not to abstain from drink, but to abstain from "treating" or buying stimulants for others. This idea has taken deep root, and, although not officially indorsed by the various Catholic societies, is still said to have become very popular since he first made the suggestion.

gates. Mr. Minahan is gifted with executive ability of a high order, is an orator of distinguished note, and a man of broad mind. He is possessed of rare tact and discretion, and of that quality of courage which is tempered and guided by prudence, and in all respects is admi-

HON. THOMAS B. MINAHAN.

The National President is a true exemplar of the highest type of Catholic manhood. The office came to him unsought, and he was the almost unanimous choice of the large body of delerably equipped to be a safe and conservative leader.

With such a President great things may be expected from The American Federation of Catholic Societies.

AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

BY LIDA N. DIEDERICH.

A waiting silence on the earth, it is the mystic hour,
When the folded bud of centuries bursts into perfect flower—
Across the pathway of the years falls a radiance clear and fine
And human life walks onward, hand in hand with Life Divine.

A light upon the mountain, a gleam across the plain;
A hymn of angel voices, with wondrous sweet refrain.
A carol of rejoicing o'er a tiny infant's birth,
For the angel choirs know full well, Heaven's Christmas gift to Earth.

Since the dawning of the morning of that first glad Christmas Day—
Months and years and centuries have come and passed away—
But down through all the ages, fed by pure springs from above,
Ever deepening, ever widening, flows the river of God's Love.

O'er the long, long night of ages, the morning dawns at last,
The doubts and fears of weary years, slip backward with the past—
The Star of Hope and Love appears, its shining will not cease,
Till every corner of the earth feels the benison of peace.

The clouds may lower darkly, the Star shines clear and strong,
Above the wailing of the storm, we hear the angels' song—
The peace of Heaven broods above the darkest of the way—
Earth has learned to say "Our Father," since that first glad Christmas Day.

MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES IN JAMAICA.

BY REV. PATRICK F. X. MULRY, S. J.

II.

The scenery, amidst which the lot of the Jamaica missionary is cast, yields to that of no other part of the world in beauty. Every variety of tropical plant is here to entice the gaze, to satisfy the fancy, and as he drives along well-kept government roads, he may see at one time perched high above him on some rock at the side the characteristic hut of the native, with a cocoanut-palm or mango tree standing near to sentinel it, or at another time groups of the graceful bamboo, like huge tufts of bright

green feathers, or again stretches of banana plantation or acres of sugar cane showing him whence the real development of wealth for Jamaica should come. Or it may be that in the wilder districts he picks his careful way along narrow bridle-paths, fords one mountain stream after another, pushes aside the masses of giant fern wet with the heavy morning dew, which meet from either side before him, struggles through the thick guinea grass which tops his own and his horse's head, looks down occasionally from his seat in the saddle into hundreds of feet of depth just beneath him, almost beguiled into forgetfulness of danger by the luxuriant splendor of verdure with which the abyss has clothed its precipitous sides. If mere landscape were to be considered, it would be hard to imagine a more delightful field of missionary labor.

The writer here recalls how on one occasion he set forth from Kingston—his first trip to Avocat, one of the most beautifully situated of our missions, but absolutely hidden away in a depression of the Portland hills. It was Monday morning and the Angelus sounding from Holy Trinity tower was like a "God-speed" for the journey, as he leaped into the saddle and dashed away in the brisk morning air. Before long his good steed had crossed the intervening plain and had commenced the continuous, winding ascent of about four hours' duration, which was to end in the chapel yard of the Avocat mission. Whether it was the magnificent vegetation of the way, or the prattle of mountain streams which reached him even when their surface was entirely concealed by dense masses of ferns, stretching from either bank, or the grand vistas which opened out now and then, disclosing combined effects of earth, sea and sky, which no artist has ever succeeded fully in transferring to his canvas, the fact is he took no heed of time or road until suddenly, his horse coming to a standstill, where the path diverged in two, he awoke from his reverie to find that in all likelihood he was lost. Urging his horse along the path which seemed the most traveled, he hoped to meet some one from whom he could make inquiries and thus be helped out of his difficulty. It was true that for two hours past no wayfarer had greeted him and he even fancied that once or twice he had distinguished in the distance the plaintive call of the solitaire, a bird never seen except in the most uninhabited portions of the Island. The rain now set in in real earnest; it had previously come down on him once or twice in a light, pleasant shower at some turn of the path and had left him at the next; but there was no mistaking it this time; it was tropical rain, emptying itself in tubs-ful from the clouds which touched the peaks above, and, trying, it would seem, to fill up the gorge, before he should be able to effect his escape from it. For over an hour more he struggled on, until unexpectedly he found himself alongside one of the huts of the natives, with Kingston visible miles off and at least three thousand feet below, just outside the reach of the great black cloud, which was pouring a veritable deluge on the upland. The horse was nothing loath to come to a halt; indeed, already he had more than once given evidence of discontent with the proceedings of his master, and force alone

had latterly kept him on the move. However, there was no sign of life from the hut; and it was only when a mighty shout that should have waked the dead had crashed upon the air, that there came in answer from a broken-down cook-shed the exclamation: "Lawk! French parson!" To understand the force of this, it may be necessary to explain that from the days of the old French Fathers in Jamaica, "French parson" is a term frequently used to designate a Catholic priest. The mystery to the writer is how the poor black woman of the cook-shed could have so quickly ascertained his character under the complete disguise which was his on the occasion. As he sat on horseback in the pouring rain, with trousers tucked inside boots, wrapped up in a huge rubber-coat, slouched hat pulled down over his eyes and whip in hand, he must have looked more like a drenched cow-boy than anything else in the world and yet Mistress Denis, for that was her name, knew him at once for what he was. Very little parleying was needed to induce her husband to extend the hospitality of his thatched palace to the belated traveler. His own donkey was turned out into the rain from an open shed at the rear in order to make room for the horse. It was clearly out of the question to continue the journey that day. The animal needed a rest, even if his rider had not been fatigued by nine hours on his back. Besides the latter had ascertained that he must return some miles in order to regain the lost track; darkness would surely have come upon him before he should be able to emerge from such dangerous surroundings, and to attempt at night what even in broad daylight had sufficient peril connected with it, would be nothing short of foolhardy. And so he decided to profit by the kind offer of a night's lodging which was then and there made to him.

The writer lives even yet to recall the experience of that night on Prospect Hill. The hut was divided into three apartments by partitions, mud-daubed, reaching about half way up to the roof. On one side was the room of Mr. and Mistress Denis; on the other a kind of store-room for wood, bits of harness, etc., while in the centre was parlor, dining-hall, work-room, all in one. No doubt had there been any children in the household, the store-room would have included them in the miscellaneous collection stowed away in it. A Church of England certificate of membership lay on a rough table in the centre-room a proof that the couple whose names were inscribed on it were not living, like so many of their fellows, in open sin. Of course the Bible—King James' version—was also in evidence and showed marks on its soiled cover and well thumbed pages of frequent use. There was even the "Weekly Gleaner" from Kingston on the table; and while the visitor read his office by the faint light of the tallow dip which was forthcoming, Denis ran through the columns of the paper in search of news of the great world outside his little mountain-home. Later on, as the rain ceased, one or two of the neighbors dropped in, attracted, no doubt, by curiosity to see the priestly stranger who had come among them. Naturally religious questions came to the front and they listened respectfully and even approvingly to the explanations of Catholic doctrine given them. Especially were they taken by what was

said of the devotion to the Sacred Heart; doubtless the picture which each took away as a parting gift would serve to keep the memory of it fresh within them.

At the proper time the writer was notified that the one bed of the establishment was at his disposal for the night. The offer was an exceedingly hospitable one on the part of his host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Denis; for the hard, damp floor would have been their resting place in case of acceptance; but he had his own reasons for refusal, and obvious reasons at that, apart from an unwillingness to incommode them; and so courteously thanking them, he asked leave to remain in the centre-room and put to use a steamer-chair which by some freak of fortune had found its way thus far into the hill-district of Jamaica. It may safely be asserted that no monarch in tapestried chamber and on downy couch ever experienced more restful slumber than that which fell that night to the lot of the tired missionary. Sleeping in one's clothes is seldom advisable, but it was in the present case, and although there were rats in the thatch above, although Denis' good-night—we beg pardon of the fastidious reader for inserting it in his own words—"Mind flea, sah! No put your foot 'pon floor, sah," led the stranger to expect something smaller, but quite as troublesome as rats below, for all that early morning found him a new man, thoroughly refreshed after a good sleep, and ready once more for the road. His beast had also been cared for, Denis having even cut guinea-grass for his benefit and brought it from a field no little distance away. Moreover Mistress Denis had provided a stirrup-cup of strong, hot coffee and was evidently disappointed when informed that as the priest had hopes of reaching Avocat in time to say Mass that morning, he would be unable to profit by her thoughtful hospitality. And the wonderful thing in Jamaica was that when it came to the question of settling up, Mr. Denis would on no account consent to be repaid for his trouble. On one head and only one he made an exception. Grass had been cut for the horse and as this implied labor, which was out of his general line, he would accept a moiety in consequence, but for nothing else.

With many a hearty "Ride good" from his host and hostess, the Father started back to the two diverging paths, where, on the preceding day, his troubles had begun. Somehow or other he had got into his head that the path to the left was the one he should have taken and so, when after a lively trot of a little less than an hour's duration, he reached it, at once he turned into it with the fullest confidence that now at least he was in a fair way of reaching his destination. But such a road! It was well for him that he had a trained mountain horse or he never would have emerged from it in safety. The tropical jungle for the most part concealed what was clearly a long disused bridle-path; the tall vegetation was dripping with the heavy rain that had fallen previously, and man and horse and accoutrements were soaked as effectually as if they had passed through the very centre of a cloud; here and there were fresh landslips, which necessitated the rider's dismounting and leading his steed cautiously over the loose earth and stones piled up before them. One false step would have sent both to cer-

tain death a thousand feet below. But the angels were there, busy with their protective power and no mishap occurred. On and on the traveler struggled, one hour—two hours—would ever a sight be vouchsafed of a human dwelling? Nothing but bush and precipice, precipice and bush. Meantime the sun had soaked up the moisture of the sodden earth and to the drenching process had succeeded the no less objectionable one of baking. The pitiless heat was pouring down on every open spot of the narrow road; there was a shimmering in the warm air; there was also a haze beginning in the mind of the horseman; hungry and miserable and altogether out of his bearings, he was wondering in a vague, indifferent sort of way, if the John Crow, soaring so gracefully far in the air above him, was looking down on him and his beast for the substantial dinner of the day. Suddenly the horse came to a stop, and as suddenly followed up with something that was not a stop,—with something, in fact, that had a distinct resemblance to a small earthquake. There was no haze in the equine mind, at any rate; he must put an end to this aimless, interminable up and down, which seemed to be the policy of his human rider. And for the next few moments that rider had to call upon other knowledge than that contained in the Summa of St. Thomas Aquinas. In the end he succeeded in sticking to his seat in the saddle; but very little more. The animal, however, was conquered for the time being and moved sullenly on—but whither?

Three hours and three-quarters from the start, when—was it possible?—just around a turn of the seemingly endless path, two negro huts came in view just ahead. The Father had now made up his mind that longer fasting was out of the question, if it could be avoided; it really looked to him as if Avocat had been blotted from the map; and so in a short time he had drawn rein at the first hut. Hailing a black fellow, who looked listlessly at him from his box-seat near the door, he asked: "Please, sir, how far is Avocat?" "Lawk, sah! Avocat!" and the big eyes opened out and rolled each in what was surely a world of wonderment, "Far enough, sah! You's long way out." Further inquiry, however, brought the consoling information, that there need be no retracing of the path, over which, he ascertained, he was the first horseman to journey for fully three years past. Hardware Gap was two or three miles ahead higher up and thence a narrow road led straight down through Chiga Foot Market and on to Avocat, in all some eight or ten miles yet of travel.

Two or three women had appeared during the dialogue and another male representative of the African species, the latter with a Scotch cap, a relic most likely of military service in the West India Regiment, surmounting his wool-stack. On the writer questioning the women as to whether they could get him a cup of coffee or not, they replied that there was no coffee to be had, but they would be pleased to make tea for him, if he so wished. Inwardly surprised that tea should ever have found its way into such a locality and blessing his good fortune that it had, he thanked them and dismounted to wait for the beverage and some cooked plaintains which had been promised as its accompaniment. While waiting he of the Scotch cap started a theological discussion with the

"French parson" as to the use of incense and of statues, of both of which practices of the Romish Church he declared at the outset his unqualified disapproval. The priest ought perhaps to have hesitated to face the opposition of such a mighty intellect, but hunger begets recklessness, especially when the means of satisfying that hunger are not under the control of those opposed to us. As a result the black fellow got a dose of sane theology which seemed to have somewhat the effect on him of a dose of grapeshot. The tardy appearance of the tea was the signal for a hasty disappearance on the part of the semi-military heretic.

But how describe that tea! In anticipation, it was to the thirsty priest as the very nectar of the gods; in reality it was what its true name indicated, "bush-tea." Have you ever, sympathizing reader, for the betterment of bodily ailments, resorted heroically to a giant dose of castor-oil? if so, you have some idea of the taste of bush-tea. In his worriment the writer had forgotten that tea was not tea in many of the country parts of Jamaica; for a decoction of various plants known to the natives usurps there the name and office of its distant—very distant—and respectable relative. However there was no help for it; although, if he had only thought, an aceptable substitute in the shape of Mass-wine was stowed away snugly in his saddle-bags; not remembering this, he closed his eyes and swallowed the draught. But his courage was unequal to the demolition of the two pieces of plaintain, baked to the consistency of stone. Nowhere in the annals of civilized gastrology had he read of the performance of such a feat, and he wisely desisted from the attempt.

At 11.30 A.M., after toiling up a hill of about 45 degrees incline, and with all his energy oozing out in the copious perspiration which bedewed him, dispirited, and fagged out, in a word, dead-beat, all at once an unexpected gleam of joy shot into his soul; before him realized was the will-'o-the-wisp vision which from yester-morn had lured him on from Kingston Town; Avocat Chapel and School had been found. And out from the latter tumbled a troop of ebon "pickneys," of all eyes and sizes, shouting at the top of their voices: "Fadder come! Fadder come!" Here at least was a welcome, and so thought the writer, as leaping to the ground, he gave his long-suffering horse into the charge of smiling Archibald Josiah Rodney Williams.

In reading the account of the labors of St. Francis Xavier in the East Indies, we are introduced to a certain class amongst the white settlers who lived in open immorality and were accountable for much of the wickedness about them. Jamaica is not without a representation of this kind. An official in one of the parishes, who had a companion of sin under the same roof and an unlawful brood of brown children as the result, was asked by one of the missionaries why he did not end the scandal and enter the married state. "Well, you see, Father," was his reply, "I'm a very tender-hearted man, and if I were to marry and the wife should die, I don't think I could survive her." The supernatural has evidently no great hold on a person of this stamp. And yet the strange thing is that professing, as he does, a dislike for the clergymen of his own church, he never fails to show the highest respect for the Catholic priests. "You're a puzzle to me," he said once

to one of the latter whose little chapel and school were not far from his plantation. "It beats me how you can prefer that old rat-stable of a place where you stop at night, when you're welcome any time to a room with me and the best my house affords." On another occasion while the priest was calling upon him, a second visitor was announced in the person of a neighboring Protestant clergyman, anxious to obtain his leave for the presence at a coming harvest festival of the crowd of laborers in his employ. The leave was accorded readily enough, but with a constraint of manner which lasted during the whole interview and did not disappear until the parson had made his exit from the outer gate. Then suddenly dashing at the astonished priest, he grabbed him by the arm exclaiming: "Come, Father, let's have something to eat. You're my Father. I want no long-coat parson prowling about my place." It would be interesting to know just how far the good Father took pride in the rather doubtful paternity thus thrust upon him.

We must now call a halt to these somewhat rambling memories of the Jamaica mission field. As is apparent, there has been no attempt to give a complete sketch of what is being done, but perhaps, here and there, a hint has been thrown out of results which more than repay all the toil bestowed in bringing them forth. Did time allow and were the reader's patience equal to still greater call upon it, we might single out amongst other works that of St. Claver's Orphanage, outside Spanish Town where forty or fifty negro boys are being trained on a banana plantation, according to an original plan of Bishop Gordon, to those habits of industry which are a need throughout the Island. However, we believe that the subjoined summary, with which we close, of the labors of the Jesuit Fathers here for twelve months, will give a clearer idea of the status of the Church in Jamaica, than any further particularizing on our part. From the first of July, 1899, to the first of July, 1900, there were 1,986 baptisms on the Jamaica mission; and 610 converts were made to the faith. During the same period, 36,769 confessions were heard and 43,100 Communions administered; 380 received first Communion, 519 were confirmed and 123 couples were joined in marriage. The fact that 10,050 visits were paid to the sick is proof that a most important duty has not been neglected, while a sodality membership of 570 and the number 3,810 of associates in the Apostleship of Prayer furnish an assured hope of still greater progress for God's cause and that of His holy Church. May the Sacred Heart of Jesus crown that hope with a blessed civilization.

WHAT BECOMES OF PRESTON MARTINS?

On the 20th day of December, the contest for the Ten Dollar Gold Piece for the correct answer to the question, "What becomes of Preston Martins?" closed, as announced. Numerous packages of letters were distributed among the examiners, and the work of examination progressed steadily until every answer had been considered. It was then made known that out of eight hundred replies only three correct ones were received. Of these three, one was so singularly keen in divining not only the end, but also the place where Preston met his death, that beyond question the ten dollar prize was won by Sister Antonia. We may say here that the most gratifying features of the contest were the kindly interest of the clergy, and the activity displayed by numerous convents, teachers and pupils alike showing their interest in the young graduate of Loretto. The winning letter will convince all readers of the fairness of the decision, though the prize winner is not correct in minor details, such as assuming that Preston was on his way from church. But this, of course, is outside the important issue.

Convent of Mercy,
Fulton St.,
Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 15, 1901.

What becomes of Preston Martins? My guess is: That Preston Martins becomes a Catholic, receives his First Communion, and while on his way from church visits the grave of "little Amy," where he encounters the Indian who injures him in an attempt to take his life. The Indian flees, leaving Preston in a dying condition beside the grave.

SISTER M. ANTONIA.

There was only one prize offered, but the two contestants who reached the right conclusion on the main point were considered by the judges entitled to an award, and therefore two more prizes of five dollars each were voted to them. One of these two prizes goes to Miss Alice Murphy, South Boston, Mass., whose letter was the second best in the unravelling of the plot.

South Boston,
574 East Eighth St.,
13th December.

To the Editor:

I think in regard to the fate of Preston Martins, in "Borrowed from the Night," that he will be killed by George Martins' Indian son. For I think that he supposed "Signor Martinez" loves Teresa with all the strength of his savage nature, and seeing in Preston Martins his supposed rival for the affection of Theresa, will take his life for revenge.

Yours respectfully,
MISS ALICE MURPHY.

The third prize goes to Matthew C. Agnew, of Westphalia, Kansas, whose answer was: "Preston's life is taken by his half-brother."

Several other contestants hazarded the guess that Preston would die, but did not state in what manner; a Springfield, Mo., correspondent also thought that Preston would be killed by his Indian brother or die young of some fever—thus offering two solutions to the difficulty. And still another correspondent from Sandy Hill, N. Y., thought that Preston would fall in a duel with the Indian brother. The great majority arrived at the conclusion that Preston would become a priest or enter the Trappist monastery; some thought that he would engage in public life and marry Teresa; others were of the opinion that he would devote his talents to the service of the Indians, and a few readers decided that he would retire to private life.

Though there were only three prize winners, there are hundreds of kindly correspondents whose appreciative interest in the serial is an inspiration to both author and editor. "I should like to be near when the letters are opened," wrote a friend, and knowing that this wish is shared by many, we will try to give you a glimpse at their contents; gleaning here and there from the messages of good-will and outspoken admiration that came to us through the channel of communication opened by the contest.

Though the opinions on Preston's fate were very varied, there was but one thought as to the character of the story. "The best story I've ever read"; "Most beautiful story, though sad"; "It was read with great interest by our family"; "It greatly interested me"; "Sorry the story is drawing to an end"; "The finest I ever read"; "Can't say enough in praise of it"; "Look forward with pleasure to the coming of each number"; "A wonderful story, full of mystery"; "The best in years"; "A marvellous plot"; "Read the story with interest and anxiety for Preston's fate." Such expressions as

these were found in so many replies that we wish we could quote at greater length. It was a most gratifying discovery to learn that the serial was so widely read. The following paragraphs serve to show in part the extent of territory covered.

Lowell, Mass.: Well, I know that Miss A. C. Minogue's fertile brain holds poor Preston's destiny, but I may venture to think so beautiful a soul will give all to its Creator.

I think he will become a monk, and meet his half-breed brother, more sinned against than sinning, raise him to a higher, holier sphere. I draw this conclusion from reading Navery's works, with whom I place side by side Miss Minogue in power, conception and pathos. The passionate eloquence of her half-breed in that touching scene with his father is marvellously beautiful, while her heroes are men of sublime character.

May I ask why the author gave the title, "Borrowed from the Night"? Is it because she wrote far into the night, and borrowed the thoughts from its silence?

Ashland, Penn.: I have read all of Miss Minogue's stories. Her characters are always interesting and make you anxious to read the story again. I hope the readers of your magazine will have the pleasure of more serials from her pen, and that she will soon be in the foremost ranks of our literary people. Even if my solution of the question is not the correct one, it may be pleasant to the editor of the magazine, and also to Miss Minogue, to know that DONAHOE'S readers have made the effort of writing pleasant letters to them.

St. Louis, Mo.: While my name may not be on your books, I have been a constant reader for over a year, buying it from a news dealer near me. Our whole family watch anxiously for it, and while we take four others, none of them satisfy the mind and heart like yours. The pictures are exquisite, the poems elevating, the prose original and interesting, and a decided contrast to secular magazines (especially for women), with their nonsensical talks on Deportment, Beauty and Fashions, all for the body, while the Soul starves. I have read with great interest the serial, and think that Preston Martins becomes a monk of the Order which has been for years in Kentucky. Could you not publish sketches from Lelia Hardin Bugg's "People of Our Parish"? (We Catholics need just such scorching once in a while), also some of Father Faber's beautiful Hymns. Pardon me for writing so much, but I am a great admirer of your work.

West Newton, Mass.: The story shows great strength, and I think an author who can depict such beautiful thought and action will not disappoint us by bringing about the marriage of Teresa and Preston Martins. Even a more distant relationship would prevent that in a Catholic story.

I have always been anxious to have some good author write a story in which the heroine remains single, neither dying young, nor entering a convent, nor joining a Red Cross movement. Single women are no inconsiderable factor in modern civilization, yet they have been sadly neglected in the fiction of all ages.

Pomona: Miss Minogue's stories are as typical of Kentucky life as C. E. Craddock's of Tennessee, or Cable's of Louisiana. We trust that both the "Plaything of Fate," and "Borrowed from the Night" will be published in book form. We thank you for the magazine, which each month is a source not only of pleasure, but of much profit as well.

Omaha, Neb.: It is a good story, well written, and I congratulate Anna C. Minogue on her splendid representation of the various characters in "Borrowed from the Night."

Fort Smith, Ark.: Although on the boundary line of civilization, the "Yankee" will win out, and I venture to amuse you with my opinion of Preston Martins. We have followed the story with much interest, and I am presumptuous enough to retain a latent hope of being a good prophetess.

Moncton, N. B.: It's the best serial I have seen in any magazine for years. Would that more of the contributors to magazines were inspired to write such serials, which in my opinion have a great tendency to purify and elevate the minds of the readers.

Lack of space compels us to defer further mention until the February number. We are proud and glad to have our estimate of Miss Minogue's work so heartily endorsed, and we return our grateful thanks to our subscribers for their warm approval. It is everything to know that our friends are with us. It gives us heart and courage to enter on the new volume with hopes and plans for greater achievements. With this grateful acknowledgment we tender to our readers our heartfelt wishes for a happy, prosperous New Year.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Special Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures. Part I. The Historical Books, by Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S.S.

The activity of our non-Catholic students with regard to the Holy Scriptures during the past twenty or thirty years has been very remarkable. Not to mention many others, all Biblical scholars are familiar with the works of Ellicott, Wright, Bennett and Driver. We Catholics had immense treasures of learning stored away in the Latin, French and German languages, but there were few works upon the subject in the English tongue. The energetic, painstaking and scholarly Father Gigot has undertaken the task of supplying this want. The foundation was laid in that excellent manual, "General Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures," and the work so happily therein commenced has been continued in the work before us. Within the dimensions of less than four hundred pages, we are given a clear and comprehensive account of the historical books of Holy Writ. The author studiously avoids everything that savors of stilted style or pretentious scholarship. In language easily grasped, the important problems connected with the Authorship, Purpose, Date, Sources and Historical Value of the different records are treated as fully and as deeply as the general student needs. The moderate price of the work places it within the reach of every ecclesiastical student, and we can conceive of no better gift for a seminarian than Fr. Gigot's helpful books. The Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch is established both from *internal* and *external* evidence. Concerning the interpretation of the word "day" in the first chapter of Genesis, Fr. Gigot says: "The tendency in the present day among Catholic scholars, is to adopt a theory intermediate between *Concordism* and *Idealism*. They admit, on the one hand, that the Biblical account agrees in many striking points with the real development of the universe, and, on the other hand, that it deviates from it in many others, because its chief purpose was to convey religious truth under the popular picture of six working days, followed by a day of rest." Does this statement fully cover the general views of modern Catholic *savants* upon this knotty question? We should, moreover, like to see a more extended account of the creation of Eve. With regard to the Flood, the author writes: "We would be inclined to admit (1) that, despite all affirmations to the contrary, the obvious and apparently true meaning of the Biblical writer implies a belief in a universal Deluge entailing the death of all living beings ouside those in Noah's ark; (2) that this universality was one commensurate with the limited horizon which bounded the world at the time when the primitive traditions of the Deluge originated or even was embodied in the sacred narrative; and (3) that the teachings of physical and geological sciences have entirely done away with the conception of an actual Flood which would, at any time since the creation of man, have covered the entire globe." These few points will show how Fr. Gigot meets the burning questions of the day. We wish the book a wide and appreciative circle of friends.

Benziger Bros., New York. $1.50.

The Destruction of Ancient Rome. By Rodolfo Lanciani.

The student of history is under a debt of deep gratitude to Professor Lanciani for his valuable works upon Rome, the queen-city of the ancient civilization. His unflagging industry and careful investigations have dispelled many doubts and cleared many obscurities. With the aid of his books we can look upon that city of opulence, of regal splendor and of magnificent buildings, not as a vague, indeterminate outline, but as a clear, well-defined scene, with the details exactly drawn and scrupulously described. How delightful it is to wander through the city, so skilfully reconstructed by his intelligent labors, and gaze upon the network of palaces and the temples which greeted Nero as he drove to the games, and Augustus as he visited his literary friends.

In this latest work, Prof. Lanciani sketches for us the history of the monuments. Like a well-trained guide who knows every inch of the ground to be traversed, he shows us the wondrous transformation wrought in the Rome of the Republic by the Emperors. We see how the huge blocks of marbles with their quaint inscriptions, the delicately chiselled statues and other ornaments, were all pressed into service for the palatial dwellings of an imperial city. With singular precision and vividness the au-

thor depicts the havoc wrought to the architectural treasures of Rome by the Goths in 410, by the Vandals in 455, by the Saracens in 846, in the outbreak of 1084, and by the army of Charles of Bourbon in 1527. He is not at all in sympathy with the movement which seeks to make a modern city out of the ancient capital, and which has turned to strange service some of the treasures of the past. "We cannot follow the record of this practice without a feeling of melancholy as we reflect upon the irreparable loss to culture and progress which the modern world has experienced in the disappearance of so many masterpieces in which were embodied the highest ideals of antiquity."

We regret that in a work which displays so much scholarship the rulers of the Church should fail at times to receive fair treatment. The general tenor of the fourteenth chapter will produce an impression that cannot be substantiated by fact. Dark as were many of the days between the years 872 and 1085, there were yet many bright periods, and there were many saintly workers for the cause of religion. Solitary instances should not be quoted as general methods of procedure.

The Macmillan Co., New York. $1.50.

The Feast of Thalarchus. By Condé Benoist Pallen.

We welcome warmly this latest production of Mr. Pallen's deft pen. It is a highly-wrought dramatic poem, full of rich imagery and bright with poetic expression. The substance of the poem is as follows: Thalarchus, a wealthy citizen of Antioch, prepares a banquet so splendid "that the gorgeous riot of Nero's groaning board would seem a peasant's fare in meanness." To this luxurious repast the noble lords and rich ladies of Antioch are summoned. Thalarchus presides, clad in richest attire. With lute and mellow reed, with clash of cymbal and with beat of drum, with song of tender love and of earth's fairness, the banquet hall is one continued scene of merriment and of revelry. The wild excitement of the feasters is suddenly stopped by a shadow which falls across the master of the feast. In the midst of this outburst of gaiety and splendor he is vouchsafed a vision of Simeon, the Stylite, who, on a lonely pillar, like loyal sentinel, ceased not "to batter the gates of heaven with storms of prayer" for himself and his own dear city. Thalarchus sees the combats of this saintly man with demoniac marauders, who would fain wrest from him the prize for which he struggles. Simeon's unflinching courage, his burning words, his absolute self-sacrifice, touch the heart of Thalarchus, whose lofty soul is already weary of a lustful world and of selfish sycophants. He resolves to follow the example of the austere anchorite, and hence disposing of his wealth and bidding farewell to the swelling pride, to the pomp and strutting pageantry of the world, he learns the wisdom taught by Christ,

"The deep philosophy of poverty,
The wealth of having naught, the precious gain
Of self surrender, riches infinite,
Out of the nothingness of this base earth
Transmuted in th' alembic of God's love."

Such the story of the poem, a story told in magic style, in rich language, and showing that fine literary workmanship which places the author among the leading writers and singers of the day. It is a book well-fitted to serve as a dainty gift at Yule-tide for those choice friends who love high thoughts and finished expression.

Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $1.00.

God the Holy Ghost. By Rev. Henry A. Barry.

It is no easy task to write an acceptable volume on the Holy Ghost. The subject bristles with difficulties. It is so encompassed by mysteries that only an author of deep erudition, wide reading and theological acumen would voluntarily undertake such an arduous labor. We must, however, remember that although the Holy Trinity is a mystery, it is a mystery that reveals as well as conceals. These mysteries are to us just what the shadow on the face of the sun is, in the hour of eclipse, to the astronomer—a dark shadow, and yet a shadow around the margin of which science is ever making discoveries that teach us the immensity of the system in which we live, and tell us that the life which is here and the life which is there are the same.

We have indeed been fascinated by Father Barry's book on the Holy Ghost. The author deserves the warmest congratulations on the completion of this monumental work of Christian theology, —a work which betrays marvelous industry and the moral conclusions of which

are clothed in such brilliant English. The whole work breathes an atmosphere of high aspiration and deep thought and when its true value is realized, it shall take its place as a classic in the temple of religious literature.

The doctrinal portion of the work is lucid and exhaustive. The nature of the Holy Spirit, the sins against the Holy Spirit, the Greeks and their heresy, the Greek Fathers and the "Filioque," the Latin Fathers on the Procession of the Holy Spirit, are among the topics treated, but we may add that every question of importance pertaining to this vast subject has been given due consideration by the author. But it is not only a presentation, by a distinguished theologian, of a dogmatic theme. Each chapter has its moral lesson and its application to the Christian life of the twentieth century. The author teaches us that there is no sex, no age, no condition, no life which the divine spirit will not enlighten and guide. There is no part of the world where a prayer offered to Him will not reach his ears. There is no soul created by God to reign with him that this divine Paraclete does not find out and enrich with sufficient graces. The influence of the Holy Spirit is breathed throughout the whole world, shedding blessings everywhere and leading men to truth and sanctification.

An exquisite garland of the fairest flowers of religious thought could be culled from the pages of this volume. Father Barry has been endowed with a rare gift of imagination, and in certain passages he soars to luminous heights of poetic fancy. His power over the English language will bear favorable comparison with names now immortal in the realms of authorship.

The volume is dedicated to Cardinal Francis Satolli, and a fac-simile of his Eminence's autograph acceptance adorns the pages. The binding, the print and paper reflect great credit on the publishers.

Angel Guardian Press, Boston. $2.00.

"Joy and Strength for the Pilgrim's Day," by Mary Wilder Tileston, is a good companion for all the year round. The selections it contains have been taken from the works of writers of all countries and centuries, and much care has been exercised to present thoughts appropriate to each day of the year. Thus for January 1st, St. Theresa bids us "walk cheerfully and freely in God's service." Catholic sources have been drawn from freely as shown by the Index of Authors, a valuable feature, and many are the thoughts of courage, faith, hope and love inspired by this little volume. Its compilation is the work of a pure and devotional mind.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 50 cents.

That the cat is an animal of parts is established beyond question, by Miss Agnes Repplier in her delightful history of "The Fireside Sphinx," a book that not only honors the memory of Agrippina, but vindicates the character of all her race. Miss Repplier, while admitting that the Arabic chronicles deny the existence of a cat in the Garden of Eden, evidently finds solace in the statement that puss led the procession from the Ark, where she rendered valiant service in the destruction of mice and rats. Having thus proved the ancient and honorable lineage of the fireside pet, this biased historian cites numerous instances to show that the cat was the intimate of kings, queens, statesmen and churchmen, and may have exerted much influence on their deliberations. That superstition degraded her to the service of witches and warlocks is sorrowfully recorded, and that she rose superior to the powers of cruelty and ignorance is fully demonstrated. There is certainly "no chilliness of comment" in Miss Repplier's opinion of cats, nor is she sparing of gentle censure for such evident lack of appreciation as marked Shakespeare's tepid phrase, "a harmless, necessary cat,"—the kindest word he vouchsafed. Very different are the words of Catherine the Great, whose cat was "witty, gay, and not obstinate."

The reader is indebted to the author for much information regarding feline ways that hitherto were dark. Thus we learn that when the cat sits motionless before a hole or crevice, waiting patiently, she is waiting for two mice that escaped from the hermitage of St. Francis de Paula, whom Satan persecuted by sending hundreds of mice to torment him. They swarmed in his narrow cell and wrought upon him the fell purpose of their diabolic origin, till suddenly, a cat sprang from his sleeve, and made such a vigorous onslaught that only two mice escaped by hiding in a crack in the wall. To find these fugitives is the task every descendant of St. Francis' cat sets herself.

If the ghost of Agrippina be responsible for this volume of cat lore, punctuated with classic references, and instinct

with wit and sprightly narrative, few will wish that "The Fireside Sphinx" may haunt a certain desk no more.

Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston. $2.00.

Andrew Lang's "Fairy Books" represent the luxury of juvenile literature. It is a positive pleasure to even handle one of these dainty volumes, so exquisitely made up with cover design stamped in gold, gold edges, colored page plates, innumerable drawings, and bright, clear type. To the series has been added recently "The Violet Fairy Book," a collection of fairy lore so fascinating that even grown up folks may be pardoned for wanting a copy. And why not? Just to contrast it with the flat, thin pamphlets in dull red and green paper covers that represented fairy literature in by-gone days is a lesson in progress. Mr. Lang seems aggrieved that people will think of him as the author of those stories, and in his preface is at much trouble to disclaim writing them "out of his own head." He says some of them are so old that Eve might have told them to the little Cain and Abel, and that the first of those tales actually written down were written in Egyptian hieroglyphs, or on Babylonian cakes of clay, three or four thousand years before our time. Despite this the children will pay admiring tribute to Mr. Lang, and will always associate his name with the doings of the little people who hold high revel in fairy realms and work their spells on mortals. Some of the stories are "Creepier than creepy," some are "bludgy" very,—but all teach in the good old way the lesson of vice punished and virtue rewarded, even "The Finest Liar in the World" pointing a moral.

Longmans, Green & Company, New York. $1.60.

A pleasant novel with Irish scenery as its setting, and Irish characters in the majority, is "The Old Knowledge," by Stephen Gwynn. The girl who supplies the motive for the story is an English maiden, an artist, led by her inclinations to Donegal, there to fish, and to study scenery. Frank Norman, a young Irishman, gallantly helps her to catch her first salmon, exultingly disclosing to her later on that she has trespassed on his uncle's domain, and is open to prosecution for violation of the fishing laws. This leads to a very pleasant meeting with his uncle, the colonel, and to the forming of a lasting friendship. The young Irishman proves himself to be an agreeable and helpful companion, one of his accommodating acts being to introduce, to Millicent, Owen Conroy, an educated peasant, who is a mystic and a painter of imaginary subjects. The English girl's student training enables her to help him, and her sympathetic nature draws her into situations from which even the novelist finds it difficult to extricate her. Finally, however, he succeeds to the satisfaction of all—and particularly of Frank Norman and the girl artist. The story is full of the color of Irish life and scenery and the talk of the people, the gentry as well as the peasants. It strongly depicts the passion of the people for the country itself. The plot is a very simple one, turning chiefly on the workings of one woman's mind, and the wavering of her inclination towards the man whose need she thinks the greater.

The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

Under the title "Maids and Matrons of New France," Miss Mary Sifton Pepper publishes a number of sketches dealing with "The Pioneer Women of Acadia," "The Pioneer Women of Quebec," "Maids of Montreal," and "The Advent of the Carignan Regiment." The suggestion of getting out such a work came to Miss Pepper while she was employed as a translator of "The Jesuit Relations," and with the laudable purpose in view of fittingly qualifying herself to write of "these few heroic souls, the pioneer women of Canada," she consulted numerous authorities.

That this writer wishes to be fair in her treatment of her theme is evident, but there is abundant proof that she writes from the outside when she takes up the lives of the Catholic women of New France, and that she is not in sympathy with the religious convictions that impelled these delicately-nurtured ladies to brave the privations of life in the new world. Thus, when comparing them with the Pilgrim mothers Miss Pepper accords due praise to the French gentlewomen because they never became slaves to witchcraft, "although they were dominated by strange superstitions and frequently inspired by supernatural visions." And again when Madame de la Peltrie is being considered, her motives are thus interpreted: "Young, rich and pious, she began to long for some outlet for her energy, for some means of doing great good and laying up treasures for herself

in heaven, but at the same time to become the object of wonder and admiration while she still remained on earth."

Such passages serve to show how difficult it is for a non-Catholic writer to write of Catholic colonization and Catholic missionary work.

Little, Brown & Company, Boston. $1.50.

If the spirit of worldliness hadn't entered into Lalor's Maples when the family took possession, Miss Katherine E. Conway would have had no motive for her new novel, and the story might not have been written. For this reason readers will readily condone even the ambitious designs of Mrs. Lalor and the able efforts of Margaret, her eldest daughter, to forward them. In the soft May days John Lalor laid the foundations of the new house, and all through the long vacation the little Lalors watched the brick walls rise, and at last the hour came when the Lalors, big and little, followed the new furniture into the new house. Mildred, small and dark, and shy in disposition, speaks out her grateful heart in a rapturous "Oh, papa, I'm so proud of you!" and he, strangely moved, reminds her, "We mustn't forget to thank God, little girl." But as the years pass, mention of God becomes less frequent, ambition grows apace, and happiness gives way before it. There is sore trouble at The Maples and whispers of disgrace, and Mildred, pure, holy young creature as she is, is to be sacrificed to save the family. Her father and mother are ready to give her young life into the keeping of a scoundrel, and the dutiful child sorrowfully accepts their decision. Of course there is a high-minded, noble lover in the story, and equally, of course, the author guards his interests, and so directs events that in the end the young people are made happy, and through them some old folks who do not deserve such luck. But before that interesting chapter in the story is reached, so much happens that it would be impossible here to refer even briefly to the doings at The Maples. And perhaps it is as well, for every reader will want to read this book for herself or himself and become acquainted with the Lalor family, a family, by the way, that may be found in real life only too often. In her latest novel, Miss Conway has given to the public not merely a story, but a study of a certain kind of social growth, and its demoralizing influence on character.

Pilot Publishing Company, Boston. $1.25.

Reviewers who concern themselves more with form than substance are loud in praise of "A Serious Wooing," Mrs. Craigie's latest novel. One critic, analyzing the character of the heroine, asks: "Since Mrs. Craigie makes her so altogether enchanting, what are we to do but take her joyously?" Catholic readers may be trusted to take her in any mood other than a joyous one. The wonder is that a writer who is a Catholic should be responsible for thrusting such a creation into the foreground and claiming for her the role of heroine. There is little choice among the people who figure in this society novel. Judged fairly and charitably they are a "bad lot," and there is little to gain by making their acquaintance. To be sure a priest comes on the scene,—merely to heighten the spectacular effect by raising his hands and exclaiming, "Some are prisoners of God, and some are prisoners of men. Our work is among the prisoners of men. Let us work—not judging." This when he hears of Rosabel's second elopement with Luttrell, who is a noble character devoid of any regard for the laws of marriage or the rights of husbands. He is a socialist, and has as a working companion a woman socialist, who smokes cigarettes and shows a nice choice in the use of words, as when she calls their leader "a divine mastiff," because "he had the animal attractiveness of some fine dog." With Luttrell her manner was at once "charming, sexless, and authoritative." That he appreciated her is evinced by these commendatory words: "Amelie is a resolute woman, and her whole life has been—as mine is—a protest against marriage laws and home tyranny."

Now such stuff as this may be high art, it may be full of "atmosphere," and faithful in its reproduction of certain drawing room accessories, but it isn't wholesome, nor even entertaining for readers who choose their books for intrinsic worth.

Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

If Mr. Clifton Johnson took the photographs that illustrate "The Isle of the Shamrock," he is certainly an excellent photographer, and from this part of his book the reading public will receive many pleasant and truthful impressions of Irish life. We would suggest that the next edition be made up of the pictures only, for the writer hasn't it in him to write sympathetically of what he saw during his recent travels through Ireland. There is something positively revolting in the thought of a

novelty seeker in literary wares turning into copy such a sacred scene as that presented by a devout people receiving Holy Communion, and accompanying his description by irreverent comment and ignorant conclusions as to the faith of the communicants. "Sunday is a Holy Day only during Mass" says this shocked intruder on services beyond his spiritual grasp, who also finds the Catholic clergy and Catholic schools not at all to his liking. Deploring the liquor evil he says, "this is to be expected when nearly all the clergy are themselves drinkers, and many of them are the sons of liquor dealers. Indeed it is something of a custom among Catholic dram-sellers, where there are a number of sons in the family, to educate one of them for the priesthood."

Mr. Johnson tries to be pleasantly entertaining, and pays due tribute to the hospitality of the people, but the impression he leaves on his reader is that the pleasant bits are forced, and that he is himself only when peering in doorways in search of dirt or straining his olfactory sense for odors of liquor,—an occupation he more eloquently classifies in his introduction as "recording the first flush of the traveller's thought and feeling before his perceptions and sensibilities become cloyed or stunted." After reading page 88 we can't imagine that even the fist of Finn MacCoul (who receives honorable mention from this tourist), could blunt the sensibilities of Mr. Johnson.

The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.00.

A thoughtful brochure indicative of its author's earnestness and love of truth, is "Life Questions," by John Henry Francis, evidently an appreciative student of Cardinal Newman's writings. Among the essays included in this little book are, Does God Exist? God a Perfect Being; God Our Father; and The Human Soul. Evidently Mr. Francis is one of those yet outside the Church, but "welcoming light from whatever direction it may come," and expressing opinions with becoming modesty and discretion.

Mountel Press, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A Christmas gift that will give lasting pleasure to the boy or girl lucky enough to get a copy, is "A Juvenile Round Table," a collection of twenty stories by twenty of the foremost Catholic writers. Only the most desirable young people are introduced in this pretty holiday volume, but the authors are wisely careful not to make them too perfect. As Father Finn's boys have a way of getting to the front every time, one is not surprised to meet two of them on the very first page. When misunderstandings are cleared away, they prove to be very agreeable youngsters, faulty in temper, grammar, and Latin, it is true, yet very good company for the other boys who will enjoy their society in the long winter evenings. A captious critic might complain that the Round Table authors are partial to boys, and have assigned them the most important parts in various adventures, but there are heroines also to be met with here and there through the pages, and one of the pleasantest impressions remaining with us as we close the book is the scene described by Margaret E. Jordan, in her story "Among the Cliffs," where Katherine sewed and read, and dreamed, or "even wrote imaginary tales about children of the sea and shore."

Benziger Brothers, New York. $1.00.

Another book with the cat as its subject is "Pussy Meow," by S. Louise Paterson. Here the cat tells his own story and indirectly gives practical suggestions about the care, the food, the comfort, and the needs of the animal world, blended so pleasantly with the story that both young people and adults will find it charming and helpful.

The author of this story has exemplified in her own everyday life lessons of kindness to dumb animals, and through this book must help forward the good work of teaching children to be kind to every living creature.

George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 60 cents.

"Some years ago my friend, Mr. Alden, at whose house I was staying for the night, said that I ought to write a book telling reminiscences of myself and others, whom I had known," says Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston in his "Autobiography," which carries out most happily Mr. Alden's suggestion.

It is a book for all readers. The mature will take pleasure in memories of the times and scenes it recalls, and the young will learn from it invaluable lessons in upright living. Mr. Johnston's home-life, his school-life as pupil and teacher, the literary career on which he entered after his conversion to the Church, and finally his experiences in the Bureau of Education, are presented in captivating style.

The Neale Company, Washington.

Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly in the recently published book, "Miss Varney's Experience," introduces "My literary heiress, god-child, niece," making triple claim to the favor of a public long indebted to the gifted author of so many truly Catholic books. The five stories comprising this volume were written by Miss Donnelly and Miss Mary Genevieve Kilpatrick, and readers are invited to answer the question "Which the Débutantes and which the Chaperones"? Are we correct in supposing that the former has been given the place of honor and also that "The Wolf Gatherers" is from her pen?

H. L. Kilner & Co. Philadelphia. $1.00.

A book that every one interested in the Gaelic Movement will welcome is the new edition of "St. Patrick's Prayer-Book." Apart from its value as a devotional work, it is to be commended as an efficient aid in the study of Gaelic, the prayers for Mass, and devotional exercises being given in both Irish and English. The Celtic cross embossed in gold gives artistic effect to the cover of green morocco.

Benziger Bros. New York. 75 cents.

The Little Folks' Annual for 1901 has an excellent table of literary contents supplementing the usual amount of instructive matter.

Benziger Bros. New York. 5 cents.

Mr. George Augustus Heaton, with a reputation in the world of art as a painter, has brought out a volume of blank verse, "The Heart of David." It is a drama-story with its many characters vividly sketched. The book is in four parts, so connected as a whole that in the private reading for which it is intended, not only the sentiments, but the principal associations, surrounding circumstances and leading events of David's entire life are offered to fuller view.

The Neale Company, Washington, D. C. $2.00.

"The Crown of Thorns," by Paul Carus, is a little volume faultless in mechanical make-up, and rich in illustrative features calculated to catch the eye and arrest attention—more's the pity, for the author of this story of the time of Christ gives ample evidence of holding unsound views in matters of faith. The closing paragraph is in itself conclusive proof that Mr. Carus is himself an innovator and false teacher. He says:

"The hope of St. Paul that he should see the Lord come in the clouds of heaven, has not been fulfilled, and many doctrines which he deemed essential have since then been abandoned as unessential. But Christianity spread and took a firm hold on mankind. It became universal in its aspirations, incorporating at the same time, thoughts, institutions, and festivals from other religions,—from Greek philosophy, from Egyptian hermeneutics, from the Syrian Gnosis, from Mithras worship, from Buddhist ethics, and even from prehistoric traditions. In its spread westward and northward it underwent changes in different countries and at various epochs now promoting progress, now serving as a brake on the wheel of time. It passed through ages of darkness and superstition, of fanaticism and dogmatic literalism, working its way out again sporadically, and by degrees to clearness and moral purity, and vindicating its claim to truth, if not always in the letter, yet certainly in the spirit, by proving to the world the power of loving kindness and charity, and justifying the hope of a life beyond the grave in some form or other."

Open Court Publishing Co. Chicago.

The McBride Elementary Geography is attractive enough to be placed among the holiday books for juveniles. It is an ideal text-book. Geography, history and composition are entertainingly combined, and through all the lessons there is in view the purpose of not only informing the child's mind, but also of filling his heart with love for God, and leading him to a reverent recognition of the Creator's power.

The maps, rather limited in number, are admirably clear, though lacking that brilliancy of coloring so attractive to young eyes.

D. H. McBride & Company, New York.

From the same publishing house come "Johann Georg Meyer," and "Millet," two more numbers of the Art Series, intended to make children conversant with the works of great artists. Educators will recognize the importance of this systematic method of studying the thoughts expressed by art.

$10.00 per 100.

"Christmas Eve at Roxbury Crossing," by Kathryn Wallace, tells the edifying story of a little boy's unselfish life. The book is one of a series dedicated to the Children of Mary," and will give much pleasure to young readers.

The Abbey Press, New York. 50 cents.

"Progress in Education," the address delivered by Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D.D., has been brought out in pamphlet form by the Ave Maria press, Notre Dame, Indiana. Bishop Spalding gives his readers such food for thought that every educator and every one interested in education should possess a copy of this pamphlet.

Price, 6 cents.

"A Course of Study in Christian Doctrine, for Parish and Sunday Schools," by Rev. Thos. J. O'Brien, will prove a valuable aid to teachers, removing many of their difficulties by instructing them in the methods that will make their work most effective.

In formulating this "Course of Study," Father O'Brien seems to have succeeded in solving the chief problem, which is to determine the best order in which to introduce and arrange the studies, so as to present Christian Doctrine as a rational system of knowledge, and at the same time to enable the pupils to advance easily and speedily in the knowledge of the Christian truths, and with ever-increasing devotion to their holy religion and its practices.

D. H. McBride & Co., New York. 10 cents.

"Vain repetitions on the Protestant Meaning of Batta" is a book of ninety-three pages, written by the Rev. Joseph F. Sheehan and published by The Cathedral Library Association, New York City. It is the only exhaustive treatment of this knotty subject by a Catholic writer in English or in any other language.

Many lawyers, philologists and Scripture scholars who have read it have been unable to find any flaw in the arguments given. This book may be safely called the best treatise on "Batta" ever written. 20 cents.

The Catholic Truth Society, with its characteristic energy and well directed purpose, has issued the following: "Pope Leo XIII., a Character Study," by Vicomte E. M. De Vogue, member of the French Academy; "Cardinal Newman," by Rev. William Barry, D.D.; "Father Damien, the Martyr of Molokai," by Charles Warren Stoddard; "Christian Civilization," by Rt. Rev. P. J. Ryan; and "Catholic Missionaries in the Philippines." These are pamphlets of from 16 to 32 pages; price, 5 cents each.

Catholic Truth Society, 87 Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Among the recently published books is the first American edition of "The Holy Mountain of La Salette," by the Rt. Rev. W. B. Ullathorne, D.D., Bishop of Birmingham. That seven editions of this history of the Apparition of Our Blessed Lady at La Salette have been issued is in itself proof of the appreciation of the public. Impressed with what he had read of an event which had been the cause of the conversion of many, and a source of consolation to thousands, the Bishop visited the Holy Mountain, and there conversed with most of the persons who from the beginning had been concerned with the subject, its history, and the investigation. He had interviews with the children to whom the apparition appeared, and also with the people who had care of them. Urged by a strong desire to impart to others more detailed information Bishop Birmingham published the result of his enquiries, telling in simple, direct language the story of the children, and giving in full the interesting conversation that took place when the Abbe Lagier and others investigated their report. This little volume must increase devotion to Our Lady.

Published by the Fathers of La Salette, Hartford, Conn. Cloth, 50 cents.

Aladdin, Cinderella, The Three Bears, and many other favorites of nursery days have found in Carolyn Wells a most sympathetic chronicler of their remarkable experiences. That she admires them goes without saying, for she must admire them very much indeed to write of them as she does in "Folly in Fairyland," one of the gayest juvenile books of the season. The pictures, stories, and jingly rhymes will enchant many a round-eyed credulous reader and keep parents busy for weeks to come answering the puzzling questions they suggest.

From the same publishing house, Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia, Pa., we have received "Tommy Foster's Adventures," a breezy out-door story, full of exciting happenings, and sure to interest boys; "Caps and Capers," by Gabrielle E. Jackson, the story of an ideal school where there are no rules and no punishments, and plenty of fun in every chapter; "Galopeff, The Talking Pony," whose wonderful doings are narrated by Tudor Jenks, one of the most amusing of present-day writers; "The Little Lady and Her Book," by Albert Bigelow Paine, who tells of the House of Many Windows and of the little lady who hears such good stories and has such good times that she is happy every day of the year. These

little volumes are very daintily made up, beautifully illustrated, and will be most acceptable holiday presents. Their price is one dollar each.

"French Life in Town and Country," by Hannah Lynch, is, we understand, the first of a series of books "that are to be descriptive of the homes and social life of Continental peoples, by authors whose long residence enables them to write with fullness of knowledge and with impartiality." An excellent example of the quality of this impartiality is furnished in the initial volume, in the chapter on "Secular and Religious Education." It is difficult even here to take the writer seriously, she is so evidently a woman with a grievance, or rather many grievances. And to make them known is her chief concern. She was robbed by landladies, compelled to dodge automobiles erratically propelled by unskilled drivers, went over to Ireland to write her book, but was driven away by the discourtesy of the shopkeepers, and compelled to take refuge in Paris. But even then she was not left in peace. A young Irish girl inflicted her company on her, and consumed a pound of sugar a day at her hostess' expense. Incidents like this divert one, but do not serve to impress on the mind French customs in town or country. "My Own Opinion," and "I think," punctuate the text, and prompt the wish that this student of France and its people had been more frequently driven to take refuge in what she so paradoxically describes as "the more peopled solitude of my own thoughts."

As an atonement for the error of judgment by which this monologue of petty complaints and offensively prejudiced impressions became print the publishers should see to it that the other Continental peoples are studied by friendly eyes and their educational systems, etc., described by truthful pens.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"Sylvia, The Story of an American Countess," by Evalyn Emerson, is a remarkable tale concerning itself with the career of a young woman whose "glorious" hair tumbles down in the good old-fashioned way when she meets the hero, who, in this case, is already engaged—a victim of false ideas of chivalry. There is quite a tangle of misunderstandings, but the action of the story is all too rapid to permit of stopping to unravel it. The reader must hurry on with the people in the book, rushing with them from continent to continent, and like them reaching the end without being rewarded. It is a story of cross purposes, and though the close is reached with the suggestion of a possibly happy future for Eric and the Countess, one can't help saying with the heroine, "I would like to be the rain and melt like tears"—for the time wasted.

There are twelve pictures of Sylvia by different artists, and every reader has the privilege of recording his or her choice of the most beautiful woman, on a coupon bound in each copy.

Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

Among the first to arrive of the dainty booklets and Christmas cards that emphasize the nearness of the season is a very artistic booklet, "Christmas Bells," by Mary Allegra Gallagher. The pretty musical composition is fittingly presented between daintily illuminated covers, and a chime of real bells carries out the Christmas thought most acceptably.

"A Friend with the Countersign," by B. K. Benson, is a story of desperate personal adventure, political plot and counterplot, villiany, and of a devoted woman's love, all interwoven with the Virginia campaigns of Grant and Lee detailed with historic accuracy. The hero, after escaping from the Confederates, whom he has been serving while suffering from loss of his identity, becomes a spy for Generals Meade and Grant. Later, during a scout, he is forced to endure battle in the ranks of his enemies, for whom he feigns to fight; but above the personal interest there come a political intrigue which Berwick discovers and counteracts—an intrigue which has for its end the success of the Southern Confederacy through adequate means. His capture and loss of the plotters, his own capture while a spy in Richmond, his court martial and death sentence give the main plan of the story. The illustrations are by Louis Betts and are very spirited. In the closing scenes General Lee himself becomes prominent, and the book ends with the fall of the Confederate Capital.

The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

A valuable handbook for housekeepers is "365 Breakfast Dishes," a dish for every day in the year. The selections are taken from such well-known authorities on cooking as Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Lemcke, Table Talk, Boston Cooking School Magazine, and others.

George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 40 cents.

QUESTION BOX.

Q. Is there any special reason why the late Father Hogan, President of the Boston Seminary, had the title of Abbe? or is there any special signification to this title?

A. In France the custom has sprung up of addressing all clerics as Monsieur l'Abbe. It is a general word, and is applied indifferently to any cleric, to him who has received tonsure as to the deacon or priest. Father Hogan came from France to the United States, and some one in ignorance gave him as a mark of honor what for many years of his life he had heard as the mere salutation of all people to nearly all the inmates of seminaries. It had no more distinction in itself than to apply to him the term "Reverend," a word which in this country we apply to all who are in sacred orders.

Q. Is Immanuel Kant a safe guide in philosophy?

A. No. He succeeded in destroying the faith of many of his scholars, while he was professor in the University of Konigsberg, Germany. His system is unsound and unsafe. It is irrational, contrary to the experience of daily life, and could not have been intelligible, even to its author. The Scotchman's definition of metaphysics has no better application than to Kant's philosophy: "When a mon dinna know what anither mon says, and anither mon dinna know what himself says," that's Kantism.

Q. Recently I heard a priest say in an instruction, that a priest even when he has to say Mass outside the Church, as in a hall or a private house, must have an altar-stone, and that the relics of some saint must be in the altar-stone. Why are the relics required?

A. The history of the Church shows us how she was persecuted even from the beginning. Many of the faithful were put to death because they would not deny and abandon their belief in Jesus Christ. In honor of these martyrs, Mass was frequently offered on their tombs. And from this practice came the custom of taking portions of their bodies—relics—and enclosing them in the altar-stone. The altar-stone is consecrated by the bishop, and during the Mass, the celebrant places on it the host and the chalice. And even when the priest goes away to say Mass outside the Church, he carries the altar-stone. He is not allowed to say Mass without it. He places it to his own convenience as best he can, often under circumstances of difficulty.

Q. Why is the Brown Scapular called the Scapular of our Lady of Mount Carmel?

A. Carmel is a mountain famous in Old Testament history. It is especially associated with great deeds of the mighty prophets of Israel, Elias and Eliseus. In its many caves, hermits dwelt from the earliest days of Christianity. In 1156, Berthold of Calabria, a crusader, became a hermit of Carmel. Some of his companions retired with him into this solitude. But soon the number of solitaries was so great, that it was found desirable that they should live in community. So a monastery was built, and a rule established. Later on this rule had the approbation of Pope Honorius III. When it was impossible for the monks to live in peace on Mount Carmel, owing to the possessing of the whole country by the Saracens, they did as the religious orders of France are doing today, they walked away from the infidel. So the Carmelites came into Europe. Here they were confirmed by the Pope as the "Order of Friars of our Lady of Mount Carmel." They were also called the "White Friars," from their white cloak. St. Simon Stock, their sixth general, spread the devotion of the scapular.

Q. Were bells used in the church from the beginning?

A. They could not have been used during the first three centuries of Christianity. These were centuries of persecution, when the faithful were obliged to observe secrecy and silence to conceal the sacred mysteries of religion from its enemies, and to worship even underground in the dark catacombs. But when the Emperor Constantine became a Christian and a protector of the Church, fear vanished, and there was no need to call to prayer with whisperings and suspicion of enemies. And so the use of bells was speedily introduced, as the Churches were builded, and services given in the broad light of day.

Q. What is the condition of the Catholic Church today in Scotland, in South Africa, in Spain?

A. Since Leo XIII., in 1878, restored the ancient hierarchy to Scotland, there are now two archbishoprics, of St. Andrews and of Glasgow, and four suffra-

gan sees, Aberdeen, Argyll, Dunkeld, and Galloway. There are about 350 priests caring for nearly 400,000 Catholics. In view of all the Church has had to suffer in Scotland, there is great satisfaction in its present condition and outlook.

In South Africa, the Catholics, who were Portuguese, were persecuted at the advent of the Dutch Calvinists. Catholicity was proscribed under Dutch, and later under English rule, until 1810. But since 1837 and since 1850, a great change has taken place. In 1886, the Orange Free State and the Transvaal received especial recognition from Rome,, owing to the spread of Catholicity in these regions. While the number of Catholics is relatively small in Natal, Basutoland, the Orange Free State and the Transvaal, religion was rapidly spreading until the war began. The priests, the sisters, the churches, the schools and the hospitals bespeak the presence of the Catholic Church. And the influence of that Church was triumphing even over the vast prejudices of the Boers, whose hatred and bigotry were yielding so far to Catholic influences, that before the present unhappy war, they were sending their children to Catholic schools.

In Spain, the population is overwhelmingly Catholic. There are 8 archbishops, 51 bishops, and some 70,000 priests. The Catholics number nearly seventeen millions (census of 1890), leaving less than 20,000 outside the Church. But here, as in France and Italy, the forces of evil, working through the secret societies, are mighty. The children of this world arouse themselves to persecution of hatred against Christ and His Church, while too often apathy marks the Catholic, who should awake to the defence of his faith.

HELP SAVE THE INDIAN CHILDREN.

A "Society for the Preservation of the Faith Among Indian Children," approved and recommended by His Eminence, James Cardinal Gibbons, the Most Rev. M. A. Corrigan, D.D., and the Most Rev. P. J. Ryan, D.D.. has been established for the support of the Catholic Indian Mission Schools. The conditions of membership in the Society are two:

First. An annual subscription of twenty-five cents.

Second. To pray for the success of the Society.

This Society will endeavor to secure a membership of four hundred thousand as soon as possible, which should not be a difficult task since there are in the United States more than ten millions of Catholics. To insure success promoters are needed in every parish. We urge our readers to assist in this most necessary and meritorious work, and to apply for information and blank certificates of membership to—

REV. WM. H. KETCHAM,
941 F street northwest, Washington, D.C.

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of 90 per cent. permanently cured) and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers of Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis and nervous diseases, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

JAMAICA — A WINTER RESORT.

To really get a vacation one must go to sea. Everyone knows that Jamaica is an island, but its exact location is never known until the distance has been travelled. Four days and a half off,—that is the best way to locate Jamaica. With old Neptune in his usual mood, the first day at sea is like the last, and all are restful and refreshing. As the boat goes South, the air grows perceptibly warmer, heavy wraps are one by one discarded, till you can sit on deck under the awning, in the steamer chairs, without even rugs about you. The ship passes within one hundred yards of the eastern end of Cuba.

The best months to go to Jamaica are between December 1 and May 1, although many tourists visit the island during the summer. The unrivalled facilities for transportation afforded by the United Fruit Company ensure a delightful trip at any time of the year. The even temperature and the cool sea breezes make Jamaica a summer resort as well as a winter one.

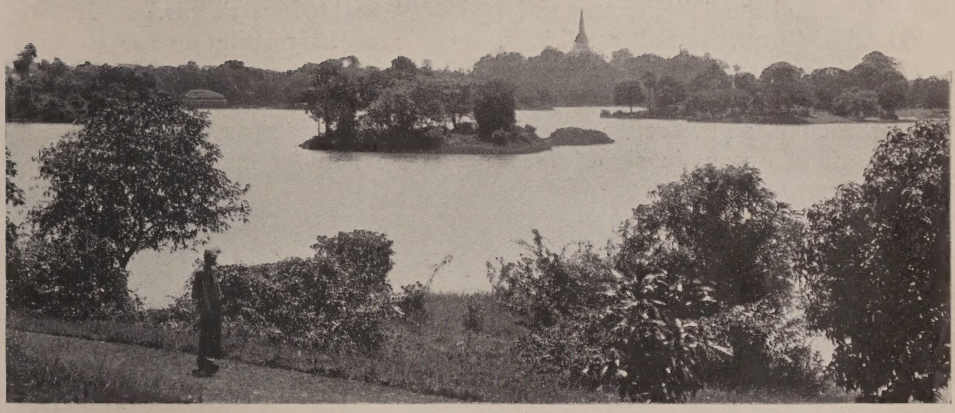
The discomfort produced by over eating or drinking, is at once relieved by MURRAY'S CHARCOAL TABLETS. They promote digestion, sweeten the stomach and purify the breath.

IN THE SHAN STATES.

PHONGYI KYANNG.

Donahoe's Magazine.

Vol. XLVII. FEBRUARY, 1902. No. 2



ROYAL LAKES. SHWE DAGON PAGODA, RANGOON.

AN AMERICAN PRIEST IN BURMA.*

BY REV. JOSEPH M. GLEASON, MADRAS, INDIA.

I.

The march of conquest has forced upon the attention of the world at large that corner of Asia that was considered adequately designated twenty-five years ago by the name of Farther India. Excepting a part of the buffer state of Siam, England and France have long since divided that vast territory between them, and today the general reader has at hand detailed knowledge of its subdivisions that was formerly the privileged possession of missionaries and pioneers of the ivory and teak trade. It was my good fortune to wander leisurely over a great part of this extensive track and though Siam with its pomp of independent royalty, white elephants, and transparent masquerade of European officialdom, has a charm peculiarly its own for the American sojourning there; I must confess that I found more interesting still the sister

* A second paper on the Church in India will appear in the March number.

Buddhist stronghold of Burma, even though its independence has become a memory, and the tinsel of its royal house is laid aside.

I came to the country from Calcutta on a coasting vessel, of which I was registered the only European passenger. After a stay among the noisy and quarrelsome Mohammedans of Chittagong, the next eight days were spent in turning the nose of the *Kapurthala* into the many palm-lined indentations of Arracan, and thus, with visits to Akyab, Kyouk Phyoo, Sandoway and minor places, and the daily presence of a deckload of Burmans of all conditions, my introduction to Burma, its laughing people, and strange customs, was gradually accomplished before we came to anchor off Rangoon, in sight of the golden spire of the famous Shwe Dagon pagoda, the meeting place of Burmese fashion, and the great centre and favorite shrine of Southern Buddhism.

Ten years ago, in Washington, on the suggestion of the late Abbe Hogan, I read Bishop Bigandet's "Legend of Gaudhama," andI yearned to see some day the country round which his scholarship had thrown such a glamor. The fortune of war brought me to the Far East, and proximity lent zest to my desire. I read with the greatest interest, Shway Yoe's "The Burman," Fielding's "Soul of a People," and other classic works relating to the country and its religion, and longed for my opportunity. At last it came. Buddhism as a study in comparative religion had a fascination for me for a long time,

WORSHIPPERS AT SHWE DAGON PAGODA, RANGOON.

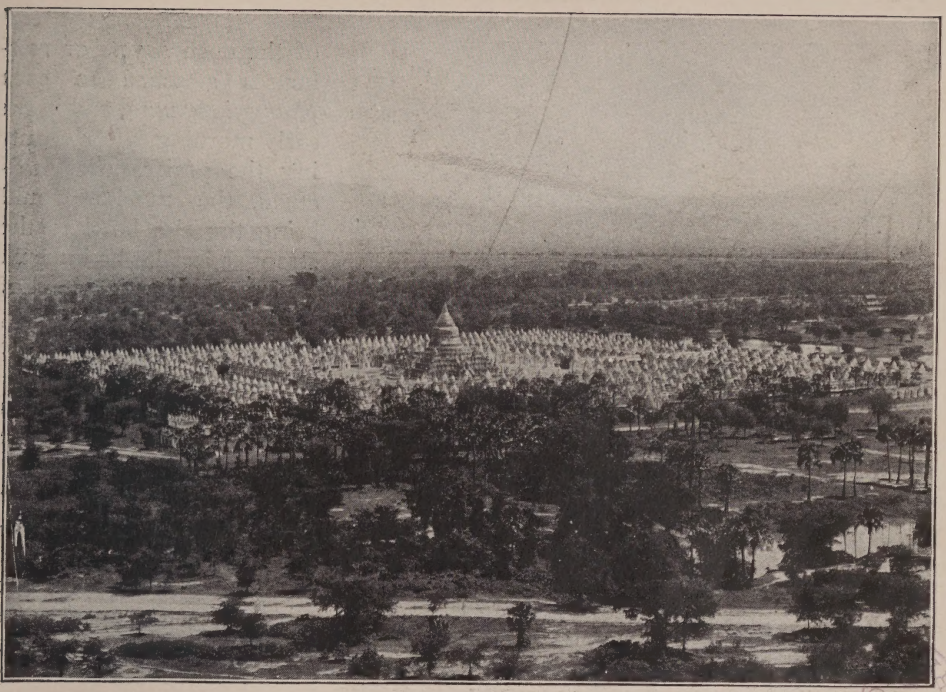
THE SOUTH GATE, SHWE DAGON PAGODA, RANGOON.

and through good luck I have had the chance of seeing its many different phases. Of the great northern division of Buddhism I saw the picturesque ceremonial of the Japanese orthodox body patronized by the late Shoguns and distinguished by its penchant for *daibutsu* or gigantic metal images; and the rich temples and gorgeous fittings of the Hongwanji sect, the Protestants of Japanese Buddhism. In Southern China I saw the Buddhist fanes with their Tavist trappings and emblems indicating the intermixture of two systems. In Pekin, and again among the Ladakhies and on the borders of Thibet, I was thrown in contact with the red lamas of the Llhassa jurisdiction with their endless praying wheels, their phallic chortens and mystic spheres of existence. One in Siam, the distinctive features of the Southern Buddhist school presented themselves: the pagoda, very different in architectural conception from that of the Chinese, was everywhere, and by it the *wat* with its yellow-robed monks. In Ceylon it was likewise. But in Burma alone was to be found the real beauty of Buddhism, its pagodas, its monasteries, its hierarchy, its ceremonials, and its wealth of religious literature in time-stained palm leaf manuscripts written in the old Pali language. Burma is the perpetual focus of Buddhistic revival. Here have come students from all parts to revel among the manuscripts of the *Kyaungs:* here have come kingly commissions from Siam and Japan to copy certain priceless treasures of commentary: here a nineteenth century monarch to gain *Karma* and thus hasten his entrance into *Nirvana,* caused the whole Buddhist

SACRED PAGODA HILL, MONG HENG, SHAN STATES (GUARDIAN BELOO) AT GATE.) SNAKE PAGODA ON LEFT.

law to be cut in Pali characters on both sides of large tables of alabaster, and these seven hundred and twenty-nine upright tablets, equal to more than one thousand pages of fine print, are today in their seven hundred and twenty-nine sheltering pagodas, one of the wonders of Mandalay.

To Burma accordingly I came with happy anticipations of seeing everything possible, and thus began a wandering that carried me all over Lower and Upper Burma, from the Gulf of Martaban to the frontiers of Yunnan. Rangoon, Moulmein, Mandalay, and other places of importance are still the great centres, but they are fast losing their distinctively Burmese character. Chinese, Moslems and Hindus, more adept in trade than the easy-going Burman, are crowding the towns and forcing him to the background, and one who wishes to go to the heart of the people and learn their thought in this hospitable "land of pagodas and fair ladies," must needs break with cities, and while away his leisure among the unspoilt residents of the jungle. I went by train, steamers of the Irrawaddy Flotilla, government launches, and native craft, by elephant, tough little Shan ponies or Burmese tats, on mules, in Chinese caravans—any way in order to cover the ground. When unable to get an animal, accompanied only by a coolie with my blanket, etc., and a native camp cook at $4.00 per month, I tramped a few hundred miles through the mountain jungle. Each day was one of interest. The country, picturesque by nature, has grown more beautiful through centuries of Buddhism. Pagodas of all sizes, shapes and cost are everywhere, even in solitary wastes and on the very crests of the mountains. The faith of Gaudhama is the badge of nationality, and the laughing, jolly crowd in blossom-decked hair, and bright silk *tamehu* and *pasoh* at the great shrines on the sacred days of the moon leaves an impression of country and people that can never be forgotten. I had exceptional opportunities for observation, and I tried to make use of them. I was tendered ev-



PAGODAS CONTAINING ALABASTER COPY OF ENTIRE BUDDHIST LAW, MANDALAY.

BURMESE PWE.

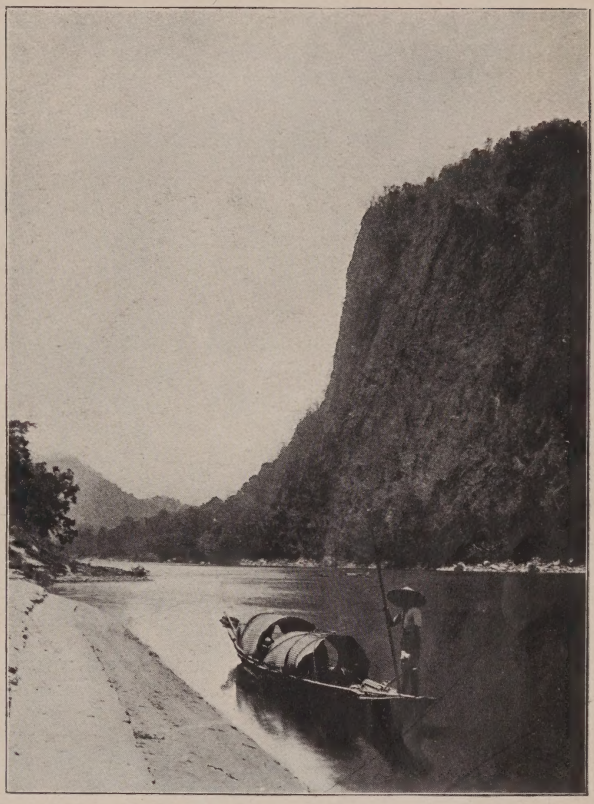
GOKTEIK GORGE AND BRIDGE, 300 FEET ABOVE NATURAL BRIDGE AND 830 FEET ABOVE WATER. (AMERICAN CONSTRUCTION.) SHAN STATES BEYOND MAYMO.

ery courtesy by government officials, the Civil Service, the Public Works and Forestry departments. The British army officers at the frontier posts, and the military police among the Hill Tribes could not do enough for me. In the great plumbago and ruby mines districts I was received kindly. All were glad to meet a strange white face, even though it does happen to be severely tanned from a few years of tropical exposure. The *myookes*, or native petty magistrates, and the *thoogyies*, or village headmen, were not behind their European masters: and when hard pressed for the night in roving about, it was only necessary to turn into one of the open *zayats* or rest-houses attached to each *phongyi Kyaung*, and in the early morning, after chanting the praises of *Gaudhama*, the monks would bring the rice bowl to the stranger lest he be hungry. In truth, Burma is a land of lavish Irish hospitality, kindness on the part of the European, a means of earning merit and obtaining a better reincarnation on the part of the Buddhist.

But if others gave me a warm welcome, the hard-working missionary priests, scattered here and there at wide distances apart, and often in jungle solitudes, gave me the still warmer welcome of a brother priest. To them my visit was like a bolt from the blue, the unexpected advent of one who could understand the spirit of their work. Never can I forget the fervor of their reception, nor the insistence with which in every instance they pressed me to share, if only for a day, their frugal fare, which, with the exception of the glass of watered claret as a reminder of a past cuisine, was no better than that of the native races among whom they so zealously labored.

It would be easy to write at length a conscientious account of the marvelous scenery of the country, its superb rivers and grand forests—the picturesque customs of the people—the few strong and the many weak points of their national faith, whose operation on the Burmese mind I came to the country to study,—a faith that recognizes

no God, and in its selfishness never prescribes good for its own sake, but only for gain, *Karma*, by which one may better his successive reincarnations until finally he reaches the absolutely joyless and painless static condition called *Nirvana*—the superstition prevailing everywhere, that recognizes innumerable *nats* or malevolent spirits who must be propitiated, and allows the presence and constant patronage of soothsayers and fortune tellers even in the sanctuaries of the temples. The inconsistencies of a beautiful moral code and the everyday practice of monks and people regarding its main prohibition, the taking of life, forbidden even in the case of the most insignificant insect, — these and many other matters could be made into an interesting article for American readers, but though I acquired many ideas concerning them, I was far more deeply impressed by the romantic history and the present condition of active Catholic work in that strange land, and of this I feel myself bound to speak to the exclusion of things extraneous.



ANGEL ROCK, SECOND DEFILE, IRRAWADDY RIVER.

Long before Vasco de Gama rounded the Cape of Good Hope, European adventurers had made their way overland to what is now called Burma, and in those days the Kingdoms of Arracan, Pegu, and Martaban along the coast, and Ava towards the North. But in the 16th and 17th centuries, ambitious rovers in large numbers, anxious to aggrandize themselves or their respective monarchs, joined their ships and men in the quarrels of Oriental kings, and by their helpful knowledge of artillery, demanded and obtained land and concessions for themselves and their trading compatriots. Philip de Britto in this manner made an extensive Portuguese settlement at Syriam, a good port, a few miles below the present town of Rangoon, on land given him by the King of Arracan. It prospered until De Britto's arrogant conduct so provoked the King of Ava that he retaliated by taking Syriam, in 1614, after a desperate resistance. De Britto alone was put to death. His

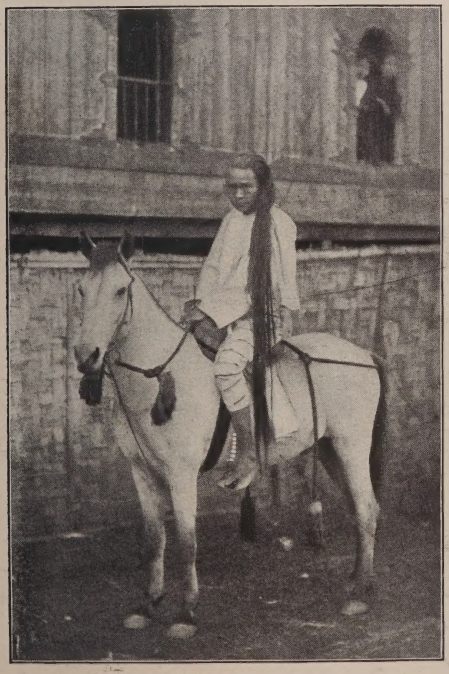
BUDDHIST FESTIVAL.

CHIN LOHN (RUGBY FOOTBALL) THE NATIONAL GAME.

wife and the other colonists, European and mestizo, were led away as useful captives. Some were kept in Ava as gunners, and actually saved the capital during the Chinese invasion of 1658. The remainder were sent away to the tract between the Chindonin and the Mu rivers, where they settled in villages and were held as a military reserve.

The small communities thus transplanted continue to this day to maintain their identity. It is true that they wear the Burmese costume, speak only the Burmese language, have absolutely lost their family names, and by intermarriages have really more Burmese than other blood in their veins, but through a strange law of nature their brown features are Caucasian and not of the marked Mongoloid type of the

BURMESE LADY IN HER BEST ATTIRE.



BURMAN SHOWING LONG HAIR AND NATIONAL HORSE TRAPPING.

Burman. They preserve a prized tradition, fixing the date of the arrival of their ancestors under De Britto in the year 999 of the Burmese era, and mixed race though they be, they are still called *Kalas,* or foreigners, by the Burmese. This is the origin of the little Christian villages of the Upper Country that were such a puzzle to the first missionaries: for, notwithstanding the lack of priests, a great percentage had held firm to their faith. This element was added to at different times. Some English, French and Dutch prisoners were brought from Cheung Mai in 1720 during the campaign in North Siam, and Europeans who were trustful enough to open trading posts at Prome, Ava and Bhamo were forcibly detained in the country. Aloungpra, who seized the throne of Ava, crushed

PHONZYIES STUDYING THEIR PALM LEAF PALI MSS.

LIBRARY

PHONZYIES MAKING THEIR MORNING ROUNDS BEGGING THEIR FOOD.

the Peguans forever and united all Burma in one Kingdom, took Syriam in 1756, and led away the French and Dutch prisoners as the Portuguese were taken a century and a half earlier. And, lastly, on the sack of *Ayuthia,* the then capital of Siam, towards the end of the 18th century, many Christians, with their aged vicar apostolic at their head, were carried away to Ava.

There is a cave on the Chindouin, unfortunately blocked a few decades ago by the whirling rapids, where the Burmese claim to have found the skeleton of a foreign priest in his robe, and beside him his prayer book and his cross. They buried him and honor him as a saint to this day. Who he was is a puzzle. Maybe he was one of the old historians from the Malabar coast or Persia, from whom authorities generally agree the Buddhists copied much of the precept and ritual found in their sacred books, none of which antidate the 5th century of our era; maybe a missionary of more modern times who crawled into the cave to die and left his bones to the Buddhists and his mystery to later missionaries. Exploration of the cave, if it were now possible, and the recovery of the old parchment and cross, if they still exist, might reveal much. Through journals published by old voyagers, one or two priests on the way to other missions are known to have passed through Burma in the early 17th century. Fathers Genoud and Joiret of the *Missions Etrangers* were martyred at Pegu in 1687, and their apostolic labor of seven years brought to naught. In 1721 Mezzabarba, returning from a rather unsuccessful mission as Apostolic Delegate to the Court of China, dropped two priests of his great retinue, a Barnabite Fr. Calchi, and Fr. Vittoni, to work on this neglected mission. Though undoubtedly there were priests at times with the early Portuguese adventurers, in the utter absence of records nothing is known for certain until the arrival of Fr. Calchi. At that time there was a Goanese priest at Syriam and one at Ava, under the Portuguese bishop of Mylapore in India. These men seemed to have been satisfied with ministering to those who spoke Portuguese, and through not deigning to learn the language of the country, allowed many of the old Christians to lapse from the faith. They never made any attempt at converting the pagans. Yet they interfered seriously with the real missionaries on the grounds of the Portuguese royal patronage of the Church, just as every Catholic diocese from Bombay to Hong Kong is blocked or throttled even today by Portuguese ecclesiastical jurisdiction, in addition to that of the local bishop. Still we are accustomed to speak of Portugal's dominant power as a thing of the past.

The story of the vicissitudes of the Barnabite mission in Burma is a sad one. Calchi worked himself to death in a few years and only received the sacraments his last day on earth, through the providential visit of a missionary on his way to China. Fr. Gallizia, who arrived a month later, seeing the futility of his individual efforts in this large field, after some years made the long journey to Rome to bring about the thorough organization of the mission. He was made first Vicar-apostolic of Pegu and Ava, and three priests were sent back with him. The unfortunate arrival of a Danish squadron shortly after, led to the treacherous murder by the Peguans of many Europeans, among them the

bishop and two of the priests. All church property was destroyed, and Fr. Nerini fled for his life. Returning when prudent, he made Syriam for seven years his headquarters, from which, as the only missionary in the country, he radiated in all directions, making many converts among the pagans and the Armenians. He commenced a brick church of magnificent proportions for those days, though in reality less than 100 feet in length, but it was never finished. Aloungpra declared war against the Peguans, destroyed Syriam in 1756, decapitated the heroic Fr. Nerini, and today the jungle-covered walls of his roofless church, still standing amid the desolate ruins of Syriam, are the sole reminder of his apostolic labors. By a strange coincidence, a few days before his death, a vessel foundered off the very shores of Pegu, and with it went down the few priests who were to help him, and the documents appointing him Vicar Apostolic. Four years later more Barnabites arrived, of whom three died in a short while, leaving Fr. Percotto alone in Burma for five years. Others came in 1767, and with them the Bull appointing him to the vicarate. Where in the world he was to be consecrated was a mystery. The Vicar Apostolic of Siam, coming over among the captives from Ayuthia in 1768, was, as it were, the solution of Providence, for though he was kept prisoner a short while only, and then allowed to go to Pondicherry, he in the meantime elevated Fr. Percotto to the episcopate. Eight years afterward he died from overwork, and his successor returning from India, where he had to go to be consecrated, was drowned off the Nicobars. And so the dismal story goes on to the end. The Barnabites did their best for Christianity in Burma. The cleverest members of the Order were sent there, but their austere life, continual exposure, and poor diet, decimated the ranks of those spared from other misfortunes. The French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars in Italy ruined the Order and its novitiates, and left Rome absolutely without resources for the mission, and later everything was destroyed during the war between England and Burma, in 1824.

If there is such a thing as fate, surely a strange fatality pursued these valiant workers during their century of labor. And it did not leave them with their death. Numerous works regarding everything Burmese, were written by the Barnabites, the country, its inhabitants, the national religion, etc. A great polyglot dictionary was composed in Burmese, Latin, and the European languages, and almost the entire Bible was rendered into Burmese. All these manuscripts impossible to value or to duplicate, and the published vernacular works of Nerini, Percotto, Montegazza, Grondono and San Germano, all men of great scholarly attainments, most of them linguistic giants, and recognized Burmese savants, were stored in Khiansarma. Together with the previous archives of the mission, the intellectual output of more than a century was consumed by fire in 1840. A few printed works only were saved, and with them, by a strange irony of fate, the catalogue of the collection. Bishop Bigandet, himself an extraordinary savant, is said to have wept on seeing it, and said that he felt worse than a merchant feels in perusing a bill of freight after he has lost his ship.

For years, Fr. D'Amato, the sole survivor of his glorious Order, with his headquarters in Amarapura, the

new capital, and a native priest in the south, had to divide the work of the whole country between them, until in 1830 the Propaganda was able to send a few men. The last of these Fr. Domingo Tarolly, in whose arms the last Barnabite passed away, bridged as it were the past and the present work of the Church in Burma, for he died himself only a few years ago, almost ninety years of age, a vigorous apostle to the last. Mgr. Ceretti of the Italian Oblates, with a few members of his Order, took up the work of spreading the gospel in this country in 1842. But, unfortunately for the mission, the bishop never mastered the language or the real character of the people, and all his grand theoretical schemes for the quick conversion of the country failed egregiously. His successor came in for fresh misfortune. War broke out between England and Burma in 1851-1852, and as usual in such cases the Church reaped the benefit. Those natives who became Christians were always ostracized as disloyal to their nation, and were branded by the proud Burmans, *Kalas,* just as much as the real foreigners and the old Christians mentioned above. Unable to make any headway against the victorious British, the population took its vengeance on the small Christian body. Churches were wrecked everywhere, and the priests, European and native, were led away in chains to the upper country, where the tortures to which they were subjected, led to the death of certain priests, and drove one mad. Heartbroken and hopeless, bereft of most of his priests, his faithful scattered to the four winds, his chapels and schools gone, a century and a half of zealous evangelization, in the face of great difficulties, amid a most volatile population, undone, it might be said, in a day, the bishop begged Rome to take the mission off his hands.

RESIGNATION.

BY AMADEUS.

I question not the Wisdom
That makes me suffer so;
I bow my head in silence
To Him Whose love I know
Doth will for me the sorrow
That fills my nights and days;
And breathe a low thanksgiving
For all His wondrous ways.

The secret of my grieving
Is held by me alone;
The world may never read it;
Its weight is all my own;
But, still the weary burden
I would not leave or shun;
I take my cross and bear it,
And say: "Thy Will be done!"

The tendrils strong that bind me
Unto my lot are set
Where flow'rets may not blossom, —
In soil of life-regret;—
Yet, voice I no complaining;
I close my eyes and say,
With heartfelt love and trusting:
God's Will be done alway!

THE PASSIONATE HEARTS OF INISGLOIR.

BY ETHNA CARBERY.

(Concluded.)

It was a chance word that, shortly after Gilchrist's departure, aroused the serpent of jealousy in Peadar Ban. The men were grouped at Eamon's Corner in the September dusk for their accustomed gossip; the glow of their pipes made small points of light in the gloom; their voluble Gælic speech flowed in a stream of friendly argument over this and that. Only Barty Dall, Blind Barty, the fiddler, sat silent, contrary to his usual wont.

"Now why is there no talk from you, Barty?" queried Ulic Mor, a big, brown cattle-dealer from the South Island. "What are you thinking of?"

"It is of a woman I am thinking," replied the blind man.

"Like enough!" Their deep laughter rang out suddenly, but there was no answering smile on Barty's old white face.

"Yes, of a woman," he repeated. "It is sad to hear the young go past with lagging footsteps and a sigh. Brigid ni Briain went by to-day slowly, and I heard the dropping of her tears. There has been no gladness with her since the strange gentleman, Mac Giolla Chriost, went from Inisgloir."

Every eye fastened in consternation upon Peadar Ban. He was gazing at the old man petrified, his hands clenched, his teeth set. Then he turned his bewildered face to the watchers. They looked at him blankly without a word.

"There is no truth in it," he said stupidly. The remark was half an interrogation. No one answered.

"There is no truth in it," he continued in a strangled voice, rising and clutching at his throat with one hand. "No truth in it at all, God, He sees." He shook the other hand at the star-flecked sky in denial to God and man. What was this sudden disaster—did he dream, was he awake at all? The silence of his comrades gave him the feeling of being alone in space, cut adrift from love and hope and the warm clasp of friendship. Dazed and ashamed to the heart, he stood searching their dimly seen faces for some sign that the ominous sentences had rung only in his imagination. Still the silence remained unbroken, save for the long-drawn wail of belated sea-birds faring homeward, and the ceaseless boom of the now darkening breakers against the cliffs. "Oh God!" he cried frantically and abruptly, "Oh God!" Then, throwing a farewell gesture round the staring circle, he hurriedly disappeared into the shadows.

He went straight to Brigid. When he left her the blight of a love thrust back upon itself lay over him, and his heart quivered—a tortured thing—in a furnace of pain.

Work. That was the panacea heaven had generously granted him for his misery. He sent his earnest gratitude up night and morning to the King of Glory for the blessing of a strong, untiring body which knew not fatigue. The fishing prospered more than ever before with him, and his little bit of land bore evidence of his unceasing industry. A whisper went round the

island that Peadar Ban must surely be making ready for a wife. The name of Brigid ni Briain was never mentioned now in connection with him—but what other girl could it be? That was the puzzle. He had sat as a suitor at no man's hearth during the winter months, nor had he left the island to seek a stranger. The handsomest of all the young men of Inisgloir and the best-gathered. Surely he did not mean to live and die a bachelor.

Meanwhile, the object of their speculations, toiling strenuously to lull tormenting memories, was not blind to the change taking place in Brigid. The girl had grown subdued and listless; her blue eyes gleamed hollowly out of a face that had lost its lovely curves, and her lips had the piteous droop of stifled sighs. Curses, the stronger for being silent, welled up in Peadar's heart against Gilchrist. "Can I endure to watch her suffer—I, who would give my life for her sake? What good is my strength and my courage since it cannot spare her this woe?" Question after question glided through his brain, leaving nothing behind save a baffling sense of impotence. He beat helplessly against the hemming walls of difficulty, to retreat again and again, dejected and dismayed.

At last a light dawned in the chaos of his mind. What if Gilchrist had no intention of returning at any time? What if he had merely given the promise to soothe Brigid at parting? She firmly believed he would return, and the longing was consuming her very existence. If he had forgotten her, or dwelt upon the recollection of his summer on Inisgloir as a pleasant interlude in a busy barrister's existence, would it not be possible to have the intimation conveyed, some way or other, to the girl, that she might at least learn the truth, and after a time come to forget? Yet how could the knowledge be imparted to her? Gilchrist had sent neither message nor sign since his departure, but the school master had his address in B'la 'Cliath, and Peadar could obtain it easily. But then, how was he with his imperfect English, to write down all he had to say to Mac Giolla Chriost? He had never been taught to write in the Gælic, which was his native speech, and in which his thoughts moved most freely. He could fancy the supercilious air of the other when unfolding and perusing the ill-spelt, ill-written appeal to his honor from his humble rival. No, no, that would never do, some other way must be found.

When the daring thought sprang into being, he shook his head in horrified dissent. Oh, for sure it would not be possible! What! go, go all the way to B'la 'Cliath and ask Mac Giolla Chriost to come again to Inisgloir and bring back the happy shine to Brigid's eyes, or if that could not be, to confess that he had never cared for her, that he had merely amused himself as any young man of the world might with a pretty girl. If he, Peadar Ban, dared take such a liberty, how Mac Giolla Chriost would smile and shrug his shoulders at a peasant's ignorance of a gentleman's feelings. It would be terrible to have those disdainful eyes moving slowly over one from head to foot. Ah no, that way would not be wise—it would do more harm than good, maybe—and yet, and yet—

What other way was there but this—this desperate and awkward one? And Brigid would certainly wither away unless her starved heart was satisfied. Perhaps if Mac Giolla Chriost heard how thin and white she had become of

late, with the blue-black shadows under her tired eyes, he would be sorry. Yes, God and Mary might touch him with pity, so that he would do this merciful thing, if Peadar could only find the right words to use when he pleaded Brigid's cause and his own. Surely, he would not refuse to come, or if he did, and gave no satisfactory explanation, well, there might be some other alternative offered him less welcome than a few hours' journey, or the trifling labor of writing a letter to Brigid of Inisgloir.

* * * *

Gilchrist turned round lazily as the door of his study opened. His eyes first contracted at sight of the stranger on his threshold, then widened in astonished recognition. He sprang to his feet with hand outstretched.

"For sure this is the great surprise, Peadar Ban." He spoke in Gælic. "What has brought you to B'la 'Cliath? Have you been over to sell your cattle, and taken a fancy to see the city? Well, we must give you a good time, now that you are here."

The islander ignored the welcoming hand. He closed the door behind him and placed his back against it.

"I will be for taking none of your welcome now, Mac Giolla Chriost," he said, "and maybe you will not be for offering it when you hear what I am come to say."

Gilchrist stared at him. "What is wrong with you, man?" he cried. "Come, and sit down. Tell me all about Inisgloir, and Dara and Sibeal—and Brigid."

"It is to tell you about Brigid that I am here, gentleman."

"Has anything happened her? Is she ill? *Is she dead?*" The questions came hurriedly.

Peadar Ban gazed down from his great height into the blanched face.

"No, she is not dead, but she will die, Mac Giolla Chriost, and her death will be at your door unless you spare her."

"I?"

"Yes, you." Then, man to man, Peadar told the other the cause of his coming. He found, thanks to God and Mary, whom he had invoked, the fitting words, and they rushed in a torrent from his over-charged heart.

After the first start of surprise his listener did not stir, but sat with downcast lids and flushed countenance. When the islander had ceased he raised his head.

"Is this all you have to say?" he asked quietly.

"All, Mac Giolla Chriost, except, maybe, one other thing."

Gilchrist rose, and walked to a bookcase at the end of the room. He picked out a book at random, and stood turning over the leaves with fingers that trembled.

"I have only one answer to give you," he said, and had the grace not to lift his eyes. "I cannot and will not go. Your suggestion is preposterous. It is insulting. I never injured the girl. I admired her beauty, without doubt, and what harm is there in that? Most women are willing enough to be admired."

"Brigid was never that sort, gentleman, and you know it."

"She is a woman."

"Will you write to her then and say what you have just said to me?"

"No, I shall not write."

"Then I shall be telling you the other thing. If you do not come or write, Mac Giolla Chriost, it is killing you I will be."

On Gilchrist's lips dawned the ghost

of a smile as he looked around the well-appointed, cheerful room in which this tragical utterance seemed so out of place, and then glanced at his visitor. But the glance assured him that the threat was no idle one. Peadar still stood against the door, his fair head leaned back, and the firm, handsome outline of his features thrown up like a bas-relief from the wine-dark polished wood. There was no weakness in that face. Gilchrist tossed the book away, and stood biting his moustache silently and viciously.

"It is true, Mac Giolla Chriost," repeated Peadar gravely. "I mean it."

He spread out his freckled, shapely hands.

"My God, do you know what you are saying?" cried Gilchrist, turning like an animal at bay. "You would kill me? What good would that do Brigid? And what good would my going to Inisgloir do her in any case, since I am to be married within the month?"

"Married?" Peadar gasped the word, "married?"

"Yes, married. Go back and break the news to Brigid. She will forget me readily enough then, I warrant."

The blood rushed madly into Peadar's face, dying it from the tanned neck to the roots of his hair. "You will come and tell her with your own lips," he said sternly. "She would not believe otherwise—not if all the world was your messenger."

"Have done with this nonsense," Gilchrist exclaimed angrily. "Am I to suffer your insolence in my own house?"

He approached the door to open it, but Peadar dropped his hand quickly to the knob.

"No, Mac Giolla Chriost, you must come with me; or as I have said, I shall be killing you."

Anger, shame, helplessness, drew tears almost to Gilchrist's eyes. He stood before the young islander, like a prisoner in presence of a judge, seeing no avenue of escape, but one that was objectionable to every fibre of his pride. It meant humiliation, deep and lasting, and doubly painful in that a woman, who had esteemed and loved him, must know him at last for the man he really was.

"It is simply ridiculous," he burst forth again vehemently, "this melodrama. In a story, it might be all right, but in real life, and with these surroundings, it is laughable." The jarring nervousness of his merriment brought a heavy frown to Peadar's brow.

"You forget, Mac Giolla Chriost, the reason of my coming here; not to amuse myself or you, but for Brigid's sake."

"For Brigid's sake." Suddenly across Gilchrist's memory flashed the picture of the girl as he had first beheld her that summer afternoon. The purple eyes were then unclouded, grief had not carved furrows on the young, round cheeks. Poor, beautiful Brigid. She had loved him well, and he? God help him. What was this pain as of a knife sheathing in his heart? Had she been able to wound him after all—else why should he dread the scorn that would reward the story he must tell her—although he had blindly imagined that his wary wings had kept safely beyond reach of the flame. He had cared for her—he could not deny it—and out of pity—nay, was not pity akin to love?—he would go and see her idol of him shattered at his feet. He was not afraid of those brawny hands of

Peadar Ban—even were they around his throat—there was something worse than such a death; it was to see love and trust killed in another's soul. The shudder and chill that ran through him at the thought were an actual agony. It was his better self in the ascendant once more. That instant he made up his mind to go through the ordeal without flinching.

"When did you intend returning?" he inquired in a low voice, covering his face with one hand wearily.

"By the night train," answered Peadar. "It is at six o'clock the steamer will be leaving: at the turn of the tide."

"Then we have little time to spare," replied Gilchrist. He went into his bedroom and came out again, bearing a small travelling bag.

"I want to say," he began abruptly, "that I am not taking this step through fear of your threats. I am going for—well, call it justice's sake, and because—because—Oh man, I know now why you are called the Passionate Hearts! It is a true name. You are deadly—every one of you—for all your calm and kindly ways. Brigid too—she will never forgive me; I feel it. It is she I fear—not you. I have gone through worse than death since you entered this room, through shame and regret and bitter humiliation. And now I go to greater abasement — perhaps, God knows—to the end of all things. The Passionate Hearts! Oh why, in my foolishness did I play with leaping fire?

* * * *

When Brigid saw him entering the doorway once again, she rose from her chair, and stood grasping it tightly, for her limbs had grown weak and were like to fail her. Sibeal's shrill volley of welcome rang in her ears without meaning, and she could not comprehend the greetings uttered in her father's deep accents. Oh, something wonderful had occurred, something that made her heart bound and grow glad as in the old days. What was it? Who was speaking now? Surely, that was a dear and long desired voice. She was beginning to comprehend at last.

It was Gilchrist who was speaking. He had seated himself in the familiar settle-corner and was lighting a cigar just as she had seen him doing many and many a time before.

"Yes," he was saying. "I met Peadar Ban beyond there unexpectedly, and thought I would take advantage of the opportunity to see you all before I became tied down for life." He smiled significantly, took out his cigar, and scrutinized the lighted point.

"Tied down for life," echoed Sibeal. "Now, Mac Giolla Chriost, what may that mean?"

"It means that I am nearing my marriage day and I came across to hear you put the good wish upon me, O woman of the house!"

"Listen to that now!" Husband and wife laughed sympathetically, turning to each other. "It is a wife he is going to take."

"Yes, a wife, Sibeal, no less. It is an old story now. She is a rich girl and handsome, and I may tell you it is she who was the impatient woman because I spent so much of the summer away from her on Inisgloir. But I was so enchanted with your island and its charming legends and songs that I really think"—his attempt at facetiousness was a miserable failure—"I would have been here yet only for the letter she sent me that last day, ordering—yes, ordering—my return at once. It was her right, you see—and I obeyed, as I should."

"Well, Mac Giolla Chriost, that is what happens to most of us, and I put the good wish upon you from my heart," said Dara, almost crushing the young man's hand in his.

"And I put the good wish upon you too, gentleman," said motherly Sibeal, her pleasant rosy face beaming with interest at the news, "that the King of Glory may shower blessings and prosperity on your life and hers, and make your path easy to heaven."

"Is there no good wish for me with you, Brigid?"

She opened her lips to speak, but no sound issued. Her eyes glittered, and on her cheeks two bright red spots burned feverishly.

"Ah, then, Brigid, am I to go away without the wish from you?"

All at once some vital force seemed to become galvanized into action in her rigid body. She took a step nearer him, glowing with life from head to foot, radiant, beautiful as he had never seen her even in her most beautiful moments.

"Yes, Mac Giolla Chriost," her voice vibrated through the kitchen, clear, strong, relentless. "I put the good wish on you—that the woman who will be your wife shall ever know you for the man you are."

As Gilchrist turned to go from her scornful eyes and Peadar's stern aloofness, his stripped soul shivered. The time might come when the recollection of this night's virtue would be its own reward, but now, as he stepped down from the pillory of self-condemnation, the virtue of his action was the last thing he thought of. He only knew that the world was cold and lonely, and that he was like a solitary reed shaken too cruelly by the wind of his destiny.

III.

On a night in early winter, some months after Brigid's marriage to Peadar Ban, a fierce gale arose—the fiercest that had been known in the island for many years. All day the sun had hung low, blood-red and awesome, with wisps of clouds floating away from it like torn fires. It was an unmistakeable sign of coming danger, and the islanders, seeing it, one and all, crossed themselves piously, "May God put his girdle of safety round all wanderers on the ocean," they prayed softly.

The dark hours, full of wild sounds of sea and wind, passed over them without sleep. Accustomed as they were to violent storms through which they lay undisturbed and dreamless, on this occasion some premonition of disaster kept them awake, except the very young who knew not fear.

It was near the breaking of dawn when a shrill whistle sounded above the storm.

"A steamer! She has struck on Carrigdubh!" was the cry that went from mouth to mouth. Then every man made ready to do his part, if needful. They came together on the western shore where the shrill appeal rang clearest, peering seaward into the blackness through lashing spray.

"It is on Carrigdubh she is for sure," said one. "She must be the big steamer from Derry gone out of her course. There will be hundreds on board; and maybe drowning, with none to help. Who will go? The risk is great, but—"

"I will go," said Peadar Ban. Other voices gave the same response, and speedily into the restless, mad whirl of foam the currachs were launched. The watching women on the beach made no lamentations as they saw them depart;

they were wives and daughters of fishermen, and knew full well what meant the summons of the sea.

Peadar rowed off, straining every muscle against the shore-sweep of the blast. He was alone in his boat, for a huge wave had lifted it out of reach before his comrade could leap aboard. He could perceive nothing in the obscurity, but the insistent scream of the whistle rang out on his left and he headed towards the sound. After a time he heard what seemed the beating of the steamer's screw as it swished uselessly through the water. He dared not go nearer; it would be certain death. His boat was tossed hither and thither like a worthless thing; the foam blinded him. He could only wait there, baffling death, until the dawn came.

It came at last in pale streaks of grayness. He could see now a few yards on either side of him. A log went drifting by in the trough of a wave. Something else rose on the crest of the following one, was it, too, a log? He shipped his oars, put out his hand as it went by, and caught it. Another hand clutched his tightly.

"He is alive!" Peadar's heart gave a big leap as he drew the drowning body nearer. He reached over and slipped his disengaged arm under that of the other, carefully balancing the currach by thrusting his feet wide apart. He had almost dragged his burden over the side before he saw the face half-veiled by its dripping hair. He bent closer for an instant in horrified recognition; then withdrew his arms with a cry.

"Mac Giolla Chriost!"

The other had grasped the side as Peadar loosed his grip and clung there swaying helplessly in the rush of hurrying waves. The white crests jerked him upward with the currach, beat the breath almost out of him, tore at those desperate fingers holding to life. Every second it seemed as if he must disappear into a great, unending gulf. Peadar watched him broodingly; his whole mind in a tumult of indecision. Here was his enemy, the man who had stolen Brigid's heart from him, who stood between them even yet. Let him drown. He could do no further harm then; he would be spindrift of the ocean, endlessly sliding from peace to turbulence, from turbulence to peace, in the calm world of under-waters or on the peaks of storm-whipped billows. Yes, let him drown.

The brine-scourged eyes opened and gazed at him entreatingly, then closed again tiredly.

"Where is your wife?" cried Peadar hoarsely, bending his mouth down to Gilchrist's ear. "Was she on board?"

"No, we go different ways." The remoteness in the husky whisper hinted at death.

The islander had dropped his hands again on the clinging hands. Would he obey his first revengeful impulse and deny life to this man who had wronged him? He would be a murderer, then, yes, that was the word. How Brigid would shrink from him if she knew. She had loved Gilchrist—she still loved him, for her heart had never opened to the knocking of Peadar's devotion. If he brought Gilchrist to her safely would the sad, unfamiliar Brigid disappear, and the song return to her lips. Gilchrist had once done a good deed—a hard thing in the doing—for Brigid's sake. Could, or would he, too, overcome this temptation—for the same dear sake?

With great difficulty, straining his strength to the utmost, he drew the

limp form into the boat. Gilchrist was almost unconscious by this time, and lay huddled up where Peadar placed him. A thick rope to which usually the *cloch bhuadhai*—the anchor—was attached, was coiled in the bottom of the boat, one end fastened to the bow. Peadar now gave a twist of it round Gilchrist's waist, tying it as tightly as he could with his benumbed fingers.

"Should we be upset that will keep him afloat," he murmured, as he tried to make the position of the senseless man easier. One strong sweep of the right oar sent the prow of the currach shoreward, but in the act of turning completely round, an enormous, unbroken wave—a very wall of deadly water—struck her full on the side. She filled to the brim and keeled over, while the mighty wave went on its way.

Brigid waited restlessly on the shore for the re-appearance of her husband. The cliffs rose tall and gloomy behind her, each scarp darkly outlined against the lesser dark of the dawning. The salt spray drenched her, the fierce wind buffeted her, so that she could scarcely keep her foothold on the slippery rocks of the little cove where she had taken her stand, away from the rest of the women. This cove was where Peadar usually landed, as it lay below their home, and she felt instinctively that here he would strive to put in on his return.

"Oh, sorrow of sorrows! What if he never returned! What if he went down to death not understanding—unknowing that her coldness and silence was but the anguish of an ever-present shame, because he had seen her pride trodden under the feet of a man who had found her but too credulous. It was shame that had stilled her singing—it was shame that had built this barrier of reserve between them. Oh, why had she been so senseless a woman? Why had she not opened her heart to the faithful heart that had chosen her for its star? The fragrance of Peadar's love lingered about her there in the dark with a sweetness that hurt her, until the tardy tears obscured her vision, and she pushed back the ruddy hair from her blinded eyes.

A large object, riding on a high incoming breaker, attracted her attention. She waded into the surf, up to her waist, to meet it. As it approached she saw it was an upturned currach.

"Mother of Mercy, grant it be not his," she sobbed, struggling with the forceful surge. Something smaller bobbed up and down in the wake of the currach; something on which her eyes concentrated in dread. The breaker crashed in upon her, and threw her back breathless on the shore among the shingle.

She rose dazed, and crawled over to where the currach lay half in, half out of the water. She stumbled over something else hurled up among the little pools. With a cry she fell upon her knees. Who were these two locked in each other's arms? She bent lower and turned their faces up to the light.

"Merciful God!" her misery rang above shriek of storm and boom of billows, as she saw what the sea had swept to her feet—"Merciful God!"

Very gently, and trembling in every limb, she unwound Peadar's arms from Gilchrist. Both were senseless, and on Peadar's forehead was a jagged cut where some wreckage had struck him. Her hand groped inside his vest until she found a slight stir at his heart. "He has come back to me," she cried aloud,

an indescribable flutter of joy tingling through every nerve.

There was a slight tug at her dress and she twisted round to see Gilchrist's weak hand groping at the folds. He was gazing up at her with filmy, unseeing eyes. She drew her skirt away impatiently, oblivious of his necessity, heeding, or thinking of naught save the passive figure of her husband.

Slowly and tenderly she strove to raise him until his fair head rested on her shoulder, then thanking Heaven for her splendid strength, she drew his arms around her neck and shifted her position until his weight rested on her back. With teeth set, face gleaming sharp in her sore stress, she crept from her knees to her feet, holding to the slimy boulders. Cautiously and steadily, panting until her heart seemed like to burst in two, she made her way up the rocky slope to their cabin, and laid her beloved burden on the bed.

And down on the shingly beach, towards which she cast not one backward glance, the other man lay helpless, watching with fascinated eyes, growing dimmer every moment, for the Ninth Wave—the drowning wave—that would sweep him away into eternity.

A SINGER AND HIS SONG.

BY E. P. STANTON.

Hearing recently "The Ould Plaid Shawl" sung, and sung with a simplicity and meaning which, arising from the very power of art, brought out all its sweet force and native tenderness, the thoughts of the writer of of this paper were brought back over many years to the author of the song and to the place where, "Not far from ould Kinvara in the merry month of May," the vision of "that little Irish colleen in her ould plaid shawl," evoked from the poet one of the most exquisite of Irish love songs. The local color of it is as true as its melody. Kinvara, in winter, is a bleak and cold market town, at the southern extremity of Galway Bay, between the granite hills of Burren in Clare and the limestone fields of Galway. But in May it takes on a winsomeness of aspect and a garniture of foliage and vegetation, which absorb the harsh features of landscape and throw out into bright prominence its rugged beauty. Then and there, indeed, do the birds sing cheerily, all the more so, it would seem, because of the sharp contrast presented by the seasons in that locality.

As the name implies (Kinvara, *anglice,* Head of the Sea), this Irish townlet is a sea-port, small, it is true, but at its quay might occasionally have been seen some fair-sized schooners from British ports, unloading coal or timber and taking on for their return cargo grain and potatoes, in both of which the light though fertile soil of the surrounding country is prolific. The smaller craft of Connemara, the hooker and *pookhaun,* freighted with turf or other product of extreme western Connaught, used to contribute its quota, as it possibly does still, to the business of the little port.

On high ground, which slopes somewhat abruptly to the sea, a roofless

Anglo-Norman castle stands, overlooking the small harbor, and suggesting by its position and stout old walls, of which a goodly remnant is still extant, what a menace or protection it must have proved in the stirring days when it was used rather for a fortress than for a residence. Running by it is the highway which, following the windings of the rock-bound coast, makes its way ultimately into the heart of west Clare, not, however, before its sinuosities culminate in a spiral figure, by which it ascends that toilsome hill between Ballyvaughan and the famous spa of Lisdoonvarna, and which has earned for the eminence the not inappropriate name of "Corkscrew Hill." This highway, even as it runs through Kinvara, has many twists and turns, and doubtless it was around one of its angles that the poet saw disappear that fair nymph who bore away his heart "imprisoned in a corner of her ould plaid shawl."

Kinvara was, and probably is yet, an Irish-speaking district; for, although the national school has been an institution there ever since the planting of that intellectual exotic in Irish soil, the old ways and the old ideals, have, nevertheless, held their own. The Celtic spirit breathes in "ould Kinvara" still, as why should it not? Within sight of what have, not inaptly, been called "The Last Fortress of the Celt,"—the Islands of Arran, and almost within sound of the league-long breakers that encircle them with a belt of foam, it is not to be wondered at that the principles that made those islands saintly and storied should linger in the vicinity. Of Kinvara, therefore, it is safe to assume that it is as Celtic and Catholic today as it ever was. There are two fairs held there yearly, and there is the weekly market. At these the business used to be conducted principally in the old tongue; this is possibly the case to this day. The religion of the community being what it is, the "God save you kindly, sir," of the ballad is the well-known and, there, the universal salutation, turned in the present instance into English for the purpose of the rhythm. The *braedheen* (frieze) cloak and the plaid shawl, the former for matrons and the latter for young women, are yet characteristic articles of female attire, and a picturesque garb they make in that quaint town and neighborhood.

The author of "The Ould Plaid Shawl," Francis Arthur Fahy, is a native of Kinvara, having been born there on the 29th of September, 1854. When nineteen years of age, he left home for London, where he had obtained a position in the Board of Trade Department of the Civil Service. In the literary activities of the Irish colony of the big city, where he has resided since his appointment to the Civil Service, he has taken, and continues to take, a leading part. His name in this connection has been associated, particularly, with the Southwark Irish Literary Club, of which he is an active and well-known member. As the lines of the song, which has suggested this paper, plainly enough indicate, he is genuinely Catholic and Irish. What literary work he has already accomplished has been supplemented by lectures and papers on the now burning question of the revival of the Irish language. He has recently lectured in Dublin on the subject, and has given valued aid to the movement. From what has been said of his native Kinvara, it may readily be judged what a fine opportunity he had of acquiring a knowledge, at any rate, of

spoken Irish; and here it may not be amiss to mention a special advantage he must have enjoyed in this regard. As a youth, he no doubt was frequently called upon by certain of the patrons of the Kinvara postoffice, of which his father was postmaster, to act as their amanuensis and interpreter when the letter from America and its welcome accompaniment, the needed remittance, reached their destination. Such requests, of course, would be made only by those living along the coast in the more remote districts, to whom the badge of illiteracy yet clung, but who spoke Irish with a purity of accent and a correctness of idiom that would be the despair of many modern scholars in that language. It is, indeed, probable that to the experience thus gained may be attributed the fine national flavor of the productions of his pen in both prose and verse, for what pathos and humor are not blended in that feature of the life of the Irish peasant to which reference has just been made,—the relations existing between the emigrant and those he has left behind him in the old home. Who that has ever watched the varying expression on the face of father or mother as the American or Australian letter was read out can ever forget it;—that sudden look into the past and its softening recollections—the pang of parting when the grown child left for the strange and distant land beyond the seas, struggling with the impulse of joy and gratitude at the proof of filial remembrance in this "bit of writin'" from the absent one on the other side of the ocean?

In Mr. Fahy, Ireland has a son of whom she may be proud. Thrown into the uncongenial life of London nearly thirty years ago when the Irish colony, as it has since come to be called, was much weaker than it is at present, he has yet kept his faith and nationality unsullied by much that was strange and antagonistic to both. This is a fact worth noting, for it means more than the mere statement of it implies. To have kept unspoiled the Celtic imagination and the Celtic heart which could give us in mature manhood such an unforced poetical utterance as "The Ould Plaid Shawl," after an extended residence in the capital of the British empire, and, despite an environment so calculated to weaken if not to destory the ideals of a true Celt, is a pretty conclusive test of their reality and endurance. To his credit also be it said that whilst undeviating in his devotion to national standards he has nevertheless, discharged his duties towards his adopted country with fidelity and efficiency. That this is the case may fairly be inferred from the honorable place he has won in the Civil Service, as a result no doubt of faithful and efficient work, and the distinction he has achieved in the world of letters. That his life has been a busy one goes without saying.

Before leaving home, his literary talent had manifested itself in a dramatic composition, which was introduced on the boards of the local theatre,—a building which, by the way, was made on occasion, to serve that and a variety of other purposes. This was in 1870, when he was a mere boy. Distinctly does the present writer remember the garish placards on the dead-walls of Kinvara, which announced the performance at the town-hall of "The Last of the O'Learys" (the title given to the play). This first public evidence of Mr. Fahy's literary promise was immediately followed by a poetical contribution to the Dublin "Nation," which appeared in

its issue of Christmas eve, 1870, when the youthful author had only completed his sixteenth year. This was the forerunner of a series of poems which, under the *nom de plume* of *Dreoilin* (The Wren), found their way into print and favor in the columns of the paper mentioned and other publications of the national press,—generally, "The Weekly News," "The Shamrock" and "The Weekly Freeman." Those who knew him or of him watched for the periodical appearance of *Dreoilin* with unusual interest, for there was a fresh, true note in his verse, which easily picked him out from the ordinary occupants of the Poets' Corner. In 1887, he published a small volume of his collected poems, which was well received. The old familiar pen-name (*Dreoilin*) on the title page recalled to his early readers long-past and pleasant days.

Verse was not the only form in which Mr. Fahy's gifts were to find expression. In collaboration with another writer, he wrote a work entitled "Ireland in London," which was published in Dublin in 1889, and which of the numerous works on that subject is considered to be not only one of the most reliable, but one of the most interesting,—qualities which, unfortunately, are not inseparable in such productions. A short history of Ireland in rhyme and the compilation of a popular song book for children, further attest the versatility of his powers.

"The Ould Plaid Shawl," which is unquestionably the happiest effusion of his muse, is not of Mr. Fahy's early work, judging from the fact that it was not included in his published volume of verse. We may, therefore regard it as a mature instance of his poetic gift. The ballad or song quality of this effort, shown in its simplicity, directness and spontaneity, is rich and pure. It has several felicitous touches, notably that, setting forth the lover's modest expectations,

"My aims are not ambitious, and my wishes are but small,
You might wrap them altogether in an ould plaid shawl,"—

which is Irish to the life, and Irish as presented us only in the people's ballads, when these are at their best. Yet let not that be taken as detracting from the literary value of this natural and tender love song, but rather as one of its charms, for it is, obviously, the product of the art that conceals art.

How natural, also, and how true to the subject is the poet's way of putting the determination of the disappointed lover to seek the object of his affection, when she has so abruptly vanished from his sight "round an angle of the road." The surprise and regret caused by this mischance are shot through with the characteristic optimism of the race,—an optimism which animates the Celt and nerves him in the most difficult of situations and the most forlorn of hopes. With this note pervading their melody and pathos, like that of a bird at an unexpected sunbeam on a rainy day, the closing lines of the song flow into one's sense of harmony as naturally as does music itself:

"I'll seek her all through Galway, and I'll seek her all through Clare.
I'll search for tale or tidings of my trav'ler everywhere,
For peace of mind I'll never find until my own I call,
That little Irish colleen in her ould plaid shawl."

When locality and the fact that, in the quatrain just quoted, as is, indeed, the case with the rest of the poem, the

language, though in English, is a close translation of Gaelic thought and idiom, are borne in mind, it will be seen how faithfully subject and treatment here agree. Whilst the sentiment is as "old as the hills," it is yet tersely and happily expressed, and one is apt to find the words recurring to him because of their insistent melody.

Taking it, as a whole, it must be conceded that the high place which "The Ould Plaid Shawl" has won among the heart-songs of the English-speaking world, and which it seems destined to retain, has been well deserved. With its dramatic vigor, clearness and simplicity, it gives us in a modern form the spirit of the old ballad, whilst its melody imparts to it a quality which ancient rhyme did not always possess. Of late years, it has grown in general favor, being heard at the most ambitious of musical events, as well as at the most unpretentious. It has delighted all audiences, which would go to show that the measure of its popularity is not circumscribed by national bias or taste.

THE TIDES.

BY ROSE C. CONLEY.

The tide comes in—its deep-voiced passion tolling
The sad keynote of our humanity,
For thou, great sea, hear'st all the nations' grieving—
And all the waters bring their plaint to thee!
The longings and the hopes that man has buried
Deep in his heart as in the deepest sea,
And finds no voice to utter, thou art telling
In organ tones of grandest majesty!

The tide comes in—Hark! hear above the tolling,
The glad clear ripples singing joyously;
That Grief and Pain are but Time's minions only,
But Love and Joy serve an Eternity—
For psalms of hope a world is ever singing
Though sorrow's seas are rolling inward fast,
Joy shall prevail and hopes once deeply buried
Shall rise and triumph in man's soul at last!

The tide goes out—and bears the self-same message
Back again across the sobbing sea;
To stranger-people vainly waiting yonder,
For a new note in Ocean's symphony.
But nay! the tides of human passion ever
Are like the ebb and flow of the vast sea.
"One heart, one soul," hath the great Master given
To all the children of humanity.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

BY REV. THOMAS I. GASSON, S.J.

Many decades of years ago, a sweet-voiced singer sang the lament of the little ones in the following pathetic lines:

"Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young hearts against their mothers,
And *that* cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing toward the west—
But the *young, young children*, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their looks are sad to see,
For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses
Down the cheeks of infancy.
"Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary;
Our young feet," they say, "are very weak!"
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—
Our grave-rest is very far to seek.
Ask the aged why they weep, and not the children;
For the outside earth is cold;
And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,
And the graves are for the old."

Gazing out upon the shifting scenes of modern civilization, with its garish colors here, its deep shadows there, with its bright sunshine in one land, and its lowering clouds in another, we must be struck at the sadness which surrounds the lives of many children. The days of childhood should be days overhung by bright colors, sweetened by fragrant flowers, and made cheery by blithesome music; yet for how many little ones these are days of dreary blackness, of

horrible discord, and of heart-rending grief. Even here in Boston, the acknowledged home of enlightenment and progress, we meet scenes that sicken the heart and bring tears to the eyes. Journey through any of the congested districts of the city, and you will be startled at the squalor, filth and repulsiveness that environ the children of the poorer classes.

Look into some of their homes, miserable hovels, with begrimed walls, dirt-covered floors, creaking doors, unwashed windows, broken window-panes and no matter how small or how trifling the treasure, it will be divided among friends and companions. Is it any wonder that the girls are slovenly and that the little fellows swear and use vulgar language with a readiness and a proficiency perfectly appalling? How difficult for Christian virtue to flourish in a soil so unsuited for it!

By the side of these woeful scenes we shall notice much that is pathetic, much even that is humorous. It is touching, for example, to note the affection which will be almost ceaselessly lav-

THE COMING MERCHANT

PLAYING THE GENTLEMAN.

stuffed with rags, rickety chairs and tables, mouldy beds and tattered bed-covering, and you will not be surprised at the diseased, pale, gaunt children who seem to spring out from every corner, and who crowd the stairways and the hallways. In summer it is still more saddening to watch these misshapen masses of humanity, scurrying around to catch a breath of fresh air, or rushing after a lumbering ice-cart to snatch furtively a small piece of the cooling mass which will be generously divided among several claimants. For these little people are extremely generous,

ished upon wrecks of toys, upon dolls crumbling away, upon stray fragments of carts and of tops, upon a sad-looking kitten, a lean, wild-appearing cur, or a feeble, dyspeptic canary. The wealth of love, the extravagant expressions of attachment showered upon these relics of bygone glories, convey a clear proof of the depths of feeling locked up, for the most part, in these tiny hearts.

It is doubly pathetic to watch the elder sisters as they act the part of nurse to the younger members of the family, and strive either to amuse the wayward, restless babies, or to keep the

scalding tears away from the eyes of those whose tender frames are racked by pain and disease.

There are humorous sides also to the picture. The important swagger of the boot-black, who is, for the time being, playing the gentleman, while his companion blackens his decrepit foot-covering, the earnest attempt to acquire the latest curve in ball throwing, the desire to win supremacy in clever boxing, the intensity displayed in feats of balancing, all these are pleasant traits which bring a smile to the face.

But even when all the pleasing incidents have been enumerated, we are forced to confess that the outlook is dreary indeed, and that the problem of uplifting these neglected children is one that calls for united action on the part of all to whom religion is something more than a day-dream or emotional poetry. That all those who profess the saving religion of Christianity have serious duties in the matter—duties above and beyond mere philanthropy—is a truth that admits of no controversy. Even reason requires that we love all members of the human family without distinction as to age, sex, rank, or nationality, but Christian charity demands that we love ourselves and neighbor in view of our coming from God and going to God. "Charity differs from philanthropy in looking

PLEASANTRIES

BABY'S SUNBATH.

NOBODY'S LOOKING.

LOYAL FRIENDS

beyond the present life, and above creatures. A materialist and atheist may possess philanthropy, but not charity." Our duty, therefore, is to help those struggling children to better themselves, to rise above their conditions, and to become sound, upright, religious men and women.

How can this be accomplished? Only by securing the assistance and the personal service of those who have had the advantages of excellent home training and of a thoroughly Catholic education, and who know, consequently, how to give practical advice upon the important duties of life. The workers must be intelligent, devoted, and unreservedly zealous for the welfare of children. The girls must be taught the useful arts of sewing, cooking, and of house-keeping; the boys, the rudiments of the trades. It is astonishing how deficient many of the little folks are in the most elementary branches. Many of the boys do not know how to drive a nail into a wall, many of the girls are unable to thread a needle properly, while as to the patching of a rent, their clumsiness is frequently most distressing. With these facts confronting us, there is no time for the dreams of poetry, we need the prose of action. Guilds and similar societies for the industrial training of children are *an indispensable need of the day*. All the girls should be thoroughly drilled in plain, substantial cooking by

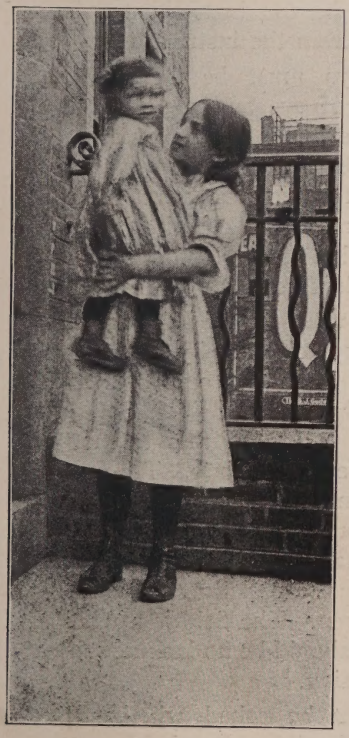
THE UNTRAINED NURSE.

a person thoroughly competent to teach this important art. How many men are driven to the saloons and to pool-rooms by the unsavory, unpalatable messes served up to them at home!

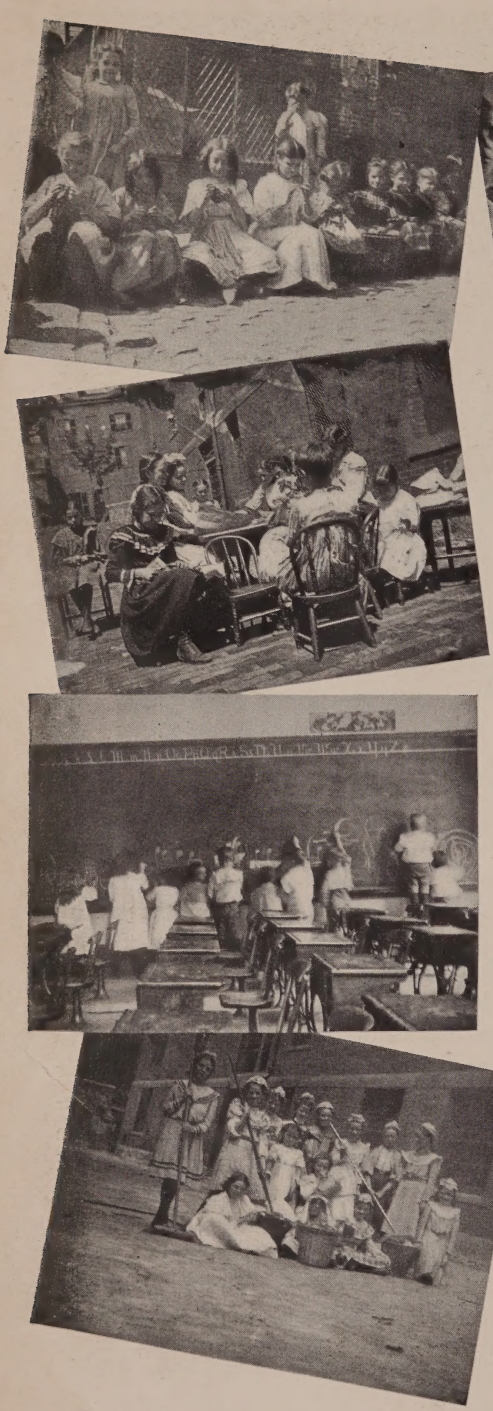
Then, too, it is essential to instruct the little ones in the details of house-keeping. There are many modern methods by which this knowledge can be communicated both pleasantly and profitably. Here, again, is a point where-

SITTING FOR A PICTURE.

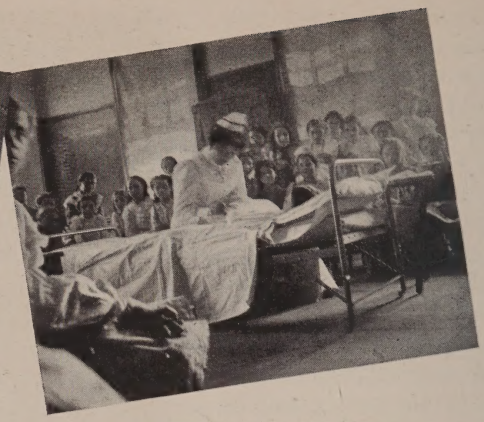
in much misery is caused to the working classes. Money is frequently squandered on useless articles, which, if wisely spent, would render the home attractive and useful. Sometimes an expensive piano is purchased, where not one member of the family can play; at another time, a dozen tea-kettles will be bought, because they can be had *cheap;* while the flamboyant advertisements of the bargain-stores lure unwise housekeepers to empty their purses for no possible advantage, either to themselves or to their families. If the children are schooled in the wise and thrifty management of a household there will be fewer homes wrecked by extravagant and bargain-seeking wives. Practical lessons must also be given in needlework, millinery and dress-making, and for these branches nothing can be accomplished if the classes are large. The pupils of each division must



MOTHERING.



SCENES OF GUILD WORK.



THE CARE OF THE SICK.

be few in number so as to insure individual supervision and co-operation ; otherwise the teacher will spend all her energy in keeping order, and the individual child will be too inattentive to reap any fruit from the instruction.

The boys must be habituated to quickness of eye and to readiness of hand in the varied forms of mechanical labor. For this purpose it is likewise necessary to have the services of an experienced mechanic, even if his charges are somewhat high. Nothing is gained by imprudent economy in this regard.

But the work will be incomplete, unless it is supplemented by "Talks to the Mothers," somewhat on the lines laid down by the apostolic Dr. Dolan of the Cathedral in his address to mothers, spoken a few weeks ago. The mothers could be invited to the Guild or Association House, where a pleasant and instructive talk could be given them on home-topics, especially on the care of sick children. The field is a wide one and there should be no lack of subjects for discussion.

It might be asked whether these plans are feasible or not? Most assuredly they are. The good results accomplished by the various Sewing Societies, by the Italian Society, by St.

Elizabeth's Guild, and by kindred associations are an unanswerable proof that these ideas are not the phantom ravings of a visionary. By way of illustration of the work actually accomplished, let me refer to the following extracts from the second report of St. Elizabeth's Guild: "

BALANCING FEATS.

THE SEWING-SCHOOL.

The second term of the Saturday morning sewing school has been even more successful than the first, the average attendance being 134, making the aggregate attendance, since 1899, 5,400.

The drudgery of samplers is confined to the lower grades only, the elder girls making clothing for themselves.

Classes in dressmaking and millinery have proved very popular.

THE KINDERGARTEN.

A Saturday morning kindergarten, in charge of a professional teacher, relieves the mothers of the younger children during part of their busiest day, besides making possible the attendance of many of the girls in the sewing classes.

The pictures which illustrate this article were taken by members of the Guild, the subjects being "our" children.

"MY OWN DEAR KITTY."

THE COOKING COURSE.

Through the generosity of a student from the School of Domestic Science, the Guild has been enabled to open a course in cooking. A dozen little girls meet once a week to be instructed in the art of preparing nutritious food from economical materials.

LIBRARY OF THE GUILD OF ST. ELIZABETH.

One of the most important and interesting features in connection with the Guild is the Library, which was opened in September.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Langdon L. Ward, of the Boston Public Library,

WHO MINDS THE RAIN?

ON EXHIBITION.

two hundred books were secured for us, thus establishing a branch of the Public Library at the Guild house. All children whose names are on the Roll of the Guild have the privilege of withdrawing these books. One hundred and fifty cards have already been applied for, and the number increases each week. On presentation of her card any child is allowed to take home a book to be kept one week. This system has proved to be very popular, and the children show their appreciation by the enthusiasm with which they embrace the opportunity. In two months five hundred and three books have been withdrawn.

In addition to these there are about seventy-five books of various kinds for children, and about two hundred magazines, which have been sent by interested friends. To these books, and to all the magazines, the children have daily access.

The advantages of having a branch so near to the homes of the children are obvious. It relieves them of the necessity of traversing such a distance to the main library, and encourages them to become better acquainted with some of our good books.

The reading-room is open every afternoon from half-past three to six o'clock, when all children may come and read to their heart's content, and something may be found to amuse or entertain all, from the tiny tot of the kindergarten, who cares only to look at the pictures, to the young lady of fourteen who prefers Dickens or Scott.

SHUT OUT OF THE SUMMER PARADISE.

REPORT OF THE GUILD BRANCH OF THE STAMP-SAVING SOCIETY.

When the idea of saving their money was first suggested to the children of the Guild, it met with almost unanimous approval. A few announced that they never had any money to save, but these, being very often the possessors of large stores of chewing-gum and candy, were not entirely to be believed.

On the first day twenty-eight children applied for cards, and deposited from one to fifty-five cents apiece. The number steadily increased, until now there are sixty-six, and new ones are being added each week. In some cases the children have taken out cards for their mothers or brothers and sisters at home.

The deposits average about ten cents, a few children bringing in twenty or twenty-five each week, but these are, of course, exceptions. The branch was opened on the sixth of October, and so far no child has drawn out her money.

THE CLUBS.

Almost every afternoon, from four until six, several clubs hold their weekly meetings in the Guild House. Each club is in charge of a Guild member with whom the children take up embroidery, lace-making, painting, dramatic art (!), and literature. Game clubs have been formed especially for the little ones, and the Guild hopes to be able soon to provide a toy-room for their pleasure.

DISTRIBUTING STATION.

Through the co-operation of the Helping Hand Society and the generosity of friends the Guild House has become a distributing station for fruit and vegetables. The possibilities of this department are practically unlimited, and the pleasure of the small recipients out of all proportion to the slight trouble involved.

MOTHERS' MEETINGS.

A new and most important form of Guild work is shortly to be taken up by inaugurating a series of monthly mothers' meetings. Several of the children's mothers have been invited to bring their needlework and their babies to the mothers' club. While a Guild member amuses the babies, the mothers will have an opportunity to talk with each other, and with the City Hospital nurse, who has kindly volunteered to give a course of demonstration lectures on the care of children.

THE FLOWER MISSION.

Through the generous co-operation of the *Mutual Helpers' Flower Mission* the Guild was enabled to establish a distributing station at its rooms during July and August. Here large baskets of flowers were received twice a week, and were given to the children for distribution amongst their friends and neighbors. In this way fifteen hundred bouquets were distributed.

THE HOSPITAL WORK.

Members of the Guild visit the hospital and almshouse on Long Island, bringing with them books and flowers, and a corps of volunteer musicians who give an attractive entertainment for the two hundred aged women in the dormitory.

THE PLAY SCHOOL.

Early in the history of the Guild the subject of summer work among the children was taken up. The play school was the result of much theorizing.

. . . . . .

With the closing of the city's schools for the long vacation, thousands of children, whose interests centre largely about the schoolhouse, are forced to make a playground of the streets. It is hard for outsiders to realize that through whole wards of the crowded quarter the coming of the ambulance or police patrol is a welcome break in the day's monotony. Under such conditions it is to be expected that the heat, improper food, and unsanitary surroundings unite to cause a dangerous lassitude in the children. The moral tonic of a healthy interest is too little considered, although it has passed into proverb: Who it is finds work for idle hands to do. From statistics furnished the Guild by the Police Commission, it was found that the arrests of minors increased almost fifty per cent during the quarter (June 15 to September 15) which includes the school vacation. It must be also remembered that every arrest entails a loss of self-respect out of all proportion to the gravity of the offence.

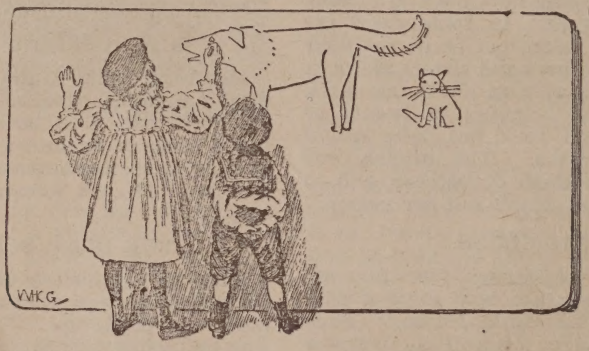
For years various philanthropic as-

sociations have conducted vacation schools, and their work is deserving of all praise. But the fluctuating attendance at the sand gardens seems to prove that unadulterated play fails to hold the interest of the older children. On the other hand, manual training presupposes both an establishment and an endowment.

. . . . . .

Some of the pictures which accompany this article were taken by a Guild member while the children were at work.

We shall never succeed in banishing poverty and misery entirely from the world, but we can do much to better existing conditions, and we can, in many instances, break through the clouds hanging over the little ones of to-day, thus bringing the cheery sunlight of heaven and the brightness of Christian charity into the lives of those who are the special care of the Christ-Child.



THE CUB REPORTER.

SUSAN KEATING GLASPELL.

Nine o'clock can never be counted a time of play in the local room, but to-night the tension seemed unusually strong. The clink of the typewriters rang monotonously in the city editor's ear as he relaxed long enough to run his nervous fingers through his hair and tell himself the morning issue ought to be a good one. Not for a long time had the seething mass of comedy and tragedy aggregated by the humanity of the big city been as varied or as lurid. It was gratifying, as well as a little refreshing, at this hour of night to think it all over and tell himself he had covered everything well. The usual run of stuff, another fight in the council, a hot political story, and then the best story of the day, best story of many a day, that unexpected and altogether sensational Kingsley affair.

"That's what they'll want in the morning," he murmured soothingly to the fierce Indian head that always stood guard in front of him, "that's what they'll go after like hot cakes. One of the star family of the town arrested for forgery, those don't come our way every day."

And then with a small grunt of satisfaction he confided to the barbaric but sympathetic chief that he was'nt

afraid to match his story against any the town could put out. "They can't beat it," he said with an assuring nod, "not one of them."

For all that he was not just satisfied with the story. It was a good straight story, as good straight stories go, but it might have been made more human. To make it just right the boys should have gotten it out at the house and colored it up with a little of the inside atmosphere. As he saw it now that should have been made the feature of the story. He was so sure of it that he hated to give it up even at this late day. It was one of those rare opportunities, and he had men who could write it too.

Then he brought his fist down on the table in a way that made the red chief tremble. "That's just it," he said, "ought to have thought of it before."

He beckoned sharply to a small boy who was deeply engaged in constructing a domicile of copy paper. "You run over to the Masonic Temple banquet room," he jerked out, "and tell McMasters to come here on the jump."

The boy grinned appreciatively and made his exit with more speed than grace. The city editor made another attack upon his hair and stared fiercely at the unoffending chief. McMasters was the cub reporter of the shop. He had only been there a couple of months and so far had not done anything sufficient to raise himself from cubhood. Before he was reduced to a newspaper office he had been the pampered son of a millionaire. The millionaire father went down one day and the reporters said McMasters then entered the "journalistic field" looking for an easy and elegant life. They snubbed him accordingly, but the city editor thought he saw something in him, and so let him stay on.

He had it pretty well thought out when McMasters arrived, looking breathless but important. He swung round in his chair and looked him all over.

"You have a pull with the Kingsleys, havn't you?" he asked.

"I have an acquaintance with them," said McMasters with some surprise.

"About the same thing. You know Margaret Kingsley pretty well, I suppose?"

"I used to, fairly well."

"Well then I've got an assignment for you that will give you the best chance you've had yet. I want you to go out to Kingsley Place and have a talk with Miss Kingsley. You can tell her you come as an old friend to get the story as they want it printed, and I am inclined to think that will make her talk all right. It's the personal side you want you know, we have all the rest. I've been reading the story over and I see we want more of the human in it, I believe we ought to have a new lead. It will be sombre out there at the house and you ought to be able to picture that up a little, and then anything Miss Kingsley may do or say can be used as good stuff. They tell me she's the society girl of the town right now is to hurry for your life, better take may be I do too, but it's what will be wanted just the same. The great thing now is to hurry for your life, better take a cab. If you can get just what I want it will be a mighty good thing for you."

McMasters had learned that cub reporters are not supposed to enter demurs to their city editors, but while he was being driven at a reckless rate to Kingsley Place he fell to thinking of how he liked his assignment. He saw

vaguely there was a good story in it, and he half believed he could get it, but underneath it all he was uncomfortable about the position in which it placed him personally. There was a time, and not long ago either, when Margaret Kingsley and he had known each other as persons of the same set. She would remember that, and probably receive him although refusing all other newspaper men of the city. He then, availing himself of the confidence reposed in him as a gentleman born and bred in her world, would lay before a hundred thousand or more people what emotion she might display in speaking, to an old friend, of her brother's downfall. It sounded ugly that way, it seeemd like resigning everything he used to think was best in life just because he had been forced to resign money and position. He tapped nervously on the window-pane—it was making capital of an old friend, and a girl at that. He was still Fred McMasters if he was a newspaper cub trying to earn a living, and he half rose to order the driver back. But he did not; he only sank back into his seat and told himself this was a poor time to begin playing the baby. He tried to face the other side of it and to contend he should have shaken off his highly-developed notions when his father went to the wall.

In the days when he drew a bigger allowance than any fellow in college it was all well enough to look out for the finer side of situations. But he was not a college man, or a swell, just now. He was a newspaper reporter with a duty before him, and Margaret Kingsley's feelings were nothing with which he need especially concern himself. She and her kind belonged to the very much dead and buried past. Frequently he saw her riding down the avenue, looking like a young queen in her dashing trap, and several of the old boys he kept in touch with a little gave him glowing accounts of how she shone at dinner parties, but other than that her brilliant light had passed clear out of his busy life.

The cab stopped and he ran hurriedly up the stone steps. As he stood there awaiting the answer to his ring he thought of the times in the old days, the good, happy-go-lucky old days, when he had stood before that magnificent entrance. Life was a queer sort of a twist, and it was not easy, he thought, to foresee situations. He remembered Margaret's coming out party. It was in holiday week of his sophomore year, but it all came before him as something that had happened but yesterday. Then there were the dozens and dozens of times he had come home with Bob. He had always been treated well at Kingsley Place. As he thought of it now it seemed he had been treated unusually well. He rather wished the idea had not occurred to him so forcibly just at that moment.

The door opened; the lights in the great hall were dim, and there were shadows everywhere.

"Miss Kingsley is not receiving this evening," said the servant taking the card doubtfully.

"I wish to see her on a special matter," McMasters answered quietly, and then he stepped into a little reception room on the right that he knew of old. The air seemed heavy and he walked restlessly about while he waited. In a moment the man returned. "Miss Kingsley asks to be excused, she is not seeing anyone today."

"Just one moment," said McMasters. Quickly taking a card from his pocket

he wrote upon it, "It will be better for your brother that you see me," and handed it to the servant, saying. "Now if you will take this please."

The man hesitated. "Miss Kingsley does not wish to be disturbed again," he said uncompromisingly.

"The matter is important. You take it and I'll answer for results," said McMasters, and his easy assurance prevailed.

Again he waited nervously, but when the man appeared the second time it was to say, "I will show you up now." And so he followed down the sombre hall and up the imposing stairway. It was all so quiet and depressing, so sadly different from the other times he remembered when music and flowers and richly-dressed women made it aglow with life and beauty. A large chrysanthemum in a jardiniere on the stairway was hanging its regal head in a suggestive human fashion, and the first thing he saw upon reaching the upper hall was Miss Kingsley's much petted poodle crouched drearily beneath a cold looking statue.

The man led him to the extreme end of the hall and when the door opened he found he was standing in Bob's den. Things were scattered about, in Bob's characteristic disorder, and it brought the old days back so strongly that he was half-surprised when he saw it was Miss Kingsley instead of her haphazard brother who was coming toward him.

He had never seen Margaret Kingsley look like that before. She was trying hard to hold her head high and seem composed, but instead of the girl of the world he had known, she looked like a broken-hearted child that had been sobbing its heart out all by itself. McMasters felt something coming up in his throat as he took her hand impulsively in his, and said in what could not be called a business-like voice:

"I'm so sorry, Miss Kingsley, so very, very sorry.

"I know you are Mr. McMasters," she said, and the big tears were running down her cheeks now, "I know you liked him and I know how much he always liked you. I didn't want to see you at first, I haven't seen any one today, but I am glad now that you came. You were always a good friend to Bob, I haven't forgotten that. There's nothing you can do now though, it's too late for any of us to help Bob now."

She stood there for a minute, her whole face quivering. Then she turned with a heavy sob to the couch behind her and McMasters saw she had buried her head in the big bear-skin that had always been Bob's special pride, and was crying as he had never supposed a girl like Margaret Kingsley could cry. McMasters sat there looking silently about the room and thinking of the things that had come to both of them, and above all to Bob, since he had been there before. He was not sure that he was not crying a little himself; it was awful to see a girl like Bob's beautiful sister broken down that way. It was she who spoke first.

"It's all my fault and not his, Mr. McMasters," she said, her face wet and her voice trembling." You know him so well, and you know how it is here at home, can't you understand how it happened, and how it's my fault instead of Bob's?"

He did not answer and she went on in a voice so low he could barely hear; "My mother died eight years ago this month, Mr. McMasters. The last thing she said in this world was to ask

me to be good to Bob. She told me to take care of him just as she would and not let anything happen to him. I told her I would, but you see I haven't done it; Mother told me to, but I didn't do it. I meant to, I did try to, but I've been too busy since I've been going out. I left Bob to take care of himself, and —and, this is the end of it."

She was crying again and McMasters said as soothingly as he could: "Don't talk like that, Miss Kingsley, it would make Bob feel awful. I have never seen a brother think as much of a sister as he does of you. He wouldn't let you blame yourself if he was here. I have heard him say a hundred times that you were both mother and sister to him."

But he could not comfort her. "I have not been enough," she moaned, "or he would have come to me. I know he would have gone to mother if she had been alive. I would have done anything in the world for him, but I guess Bob didn't know it."

It had been a long time since McMasters had seen such suffering as this, and he had little thought to see it in Margaret Kingsley. He had come as a newspaper man and she was pouring her heart out to him as Bob's friend. He could not bear to let her see. She had no mother and her father was worse than stone. She had to tell it to some one, and so she was telling it to her brother's old friend.

She had pulled a bit of paper from her belt and was holding it in her hand. "He sent me this this morning, Mr. McMasters, this was the first I knew. I am going to let you read it because it will make you think better of Bob, and it will help me to know there is some one who understands and will say a good word for him when all the rest are saying everything bad."

She handed him the crumbled bit of paper. He looked at her strangely; yes, she had entirely forgotten, she was talking to Bob's old friend. The note was written in pencil and so many tear drops had fallen upon it that he could barely read. Slowly, and with tears in his own eyes, he made out the words:

My Little Sister:

Something awful is going to happen, Maggie and I want to write you about it before the rest of them tell you. It is all my fault but it is going to make you suffer too, and that is the awful part of it. I do not know how to tell it, sister; it is not easy to tell, and I am afraid not even you will understand it just as it is. I had to have some money, and I got it in a wrong way. I did not think at the time about it being very wrong. I intended to pay it all back, and I didn't think it would hurt anybody. You know I wouldn't really steal or cheat, don't you Maggie, don't you know I never did in all my life? I do not expect any of the rest of them to stand by me, but maybe you will, you always have. It will make it easier if you do, for I'd rather have you than anybody else in the world. You have been such a good sister to me, I'd rather die this minute than bring this on you. Be brave as you can, and try and be happy without any brother Bob monkeying around. Maybe it will come out right some day after all.

Bob.

McMasters folded the little paper almost tenderly, he knew what it meant to the girl. Another thought flashed upon him just then, he knew what " would mean to the city editor. He put that resolutely away and said as he handed the paper back:

"Thank you for letting me read it, Miss Kingsley. It sounds like Bob, and I think I can see how it all hap-

pened and what the boy has suffered. You may be sure I will say all the good things in the world about him every time I get a chance."

She had risen and was looking at him wistfully. "Maybe you can help him some?" she said. "I do not understand those things very well, but in your position maybe you can. He will need all his friends, you know."

She looked so worn that he thought he must go at once. He tried to say a few things to help her and she seemed grateful. She told him again to be good to Bob, and then she said goodby. He left her sitting there alone in Bob's old den, with the poor little worn note in her hand. She had trusted him unquestioningly and had taken some small comfort from the thought that he was going to stand up for Bob.

He went down the splendid stairway, out through the long, quiet hall, and closing the great door heavily behind him, started for the office. The wind came cuttingly and he shivered from head to foot. He was not dressed warmly, and that made him think of how badly he needed money and how ambitiously he had longed for promotion. He let himself think for a minute of what he could do if he threw off personal feeling, but when he tried to formulate the story he saw only the picture of that sobbing girl with her face hidden in the bear-skin rug and her brother's crumpled note in her hand.

He had been unconscious of the people he was passing until the name Kingsley fell on his ear. He turned in time to hear a jarring laugh and the words: "It will go a little hard I fear with the haughty Miss Margaret." As they passed under the street light he recognized them; they were men whom it was generally supposed were warm friends of the Kingsleys. He leaned against the building for a moment, looking back at them. Miss Kingsley was right, they would need their friends, every one of them.

He had a block to go before reaching the office, and he went it quickly. He burst open the door and cleared the steps three at a time, never thinking of an elevator. The city editor turned expectantly as he heard him coming.

"You got a good story?" he asked.

Several of the reporters were sitting there and they too looked up as they waited for his reply. He grew very red as he answered in a slow, steady voice:

"No, I'm sorry, but it was so I couldn't get a thing."

There was a peculiar noise from one of the reporters, and the city editor turned sharply back to his desk. McMasters thought of the little piece of paper, but he did not speak.

"Do you mean to say," asked the city editor, wheeling round again, "that after this long absence there is absolutely nothing on the story you can write?"

"I am sorry," answered McMasters, "but that is just it."

He waited a minute and then asked: "Is there anything else for me tonight?"

The city editor looked him all over in his queer way. "No, Mr. McMasters," he said, "I think maybe we can pull through the night without you."

There was another strange noise from the reporters, but McMasters did not look that way. He turned and started down stairs. "Still a cub," he muttered, and then with great vigor he began to whistle.

OUR TRUE POSITION.

THE INFALLIBLE TEACHER OF TRUTH.

BY REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL.D.

III.

In my second essay I gave a brief exposition of the Catholic Church. We found that she is a divine organism whose soul is the Holy Ghost, and whose head is Jesus Christ; that she is the lawfully established medium by which God holds communion with mankind; that her government was committed by her founder, Jesus Christ, to men in the personages of St. Peter and the other Apostles, and that through this medium God addresses Himself to the human race. I pointed out the distinction between the human and divine elements of which the Church is composed and showed that the weakness or sinfulness of her children can never tarnish the splendor of her glory, for her glory is beyond the reach of man—it is divine. This conception of the Church is not well understood by many of our separated brethren, and hence their distorted views.

I also showed that the Church was not merely a code of morality—nor a body of doctrines—nor an aggregation of individuals holding a common belief. This would place her among the sects, which view no Catholic may hold. Nor is she a mere human institution erected upon the Bible. She is more than all these combined. She is the one grand teacher of truth in the world today, as we shall see in the following pages.

I.

It is not from the Bible that we learn the infallibility of our Church, though it is from the infallibility of the Church that we learn the inspiration of the Bible. With the great St. Augustine we say "That we would not believe the Gospel were we not induced thereto, by the authority of the Church." In order to understand this question, let us go into the origin of our ecclesiastical tribunal on whose testimony we receive the canon of the Holy Scriptures. To do that we must take facts in their historical order. We must go back to Judea previous to the death of our Divine Saviour. We find no Bible at that time recognized as being inspired. We know this from history. We know that our Saviour performed a vast number of miracles, and that from the evidence of these miracles the truth of His doctrine and of His power to grant authority to His followers, must be accepted. We know that during his earthly career He taught doctrine,—that He gave a commission to his followers,—that He died on the cross,—that His resurrection took place,—and that miracles proved its truth. We know that after His ascension He sent the Holy Ghost upon those whom He commissioned, and that they proved and confirmed this fact by miracles. Their commission being established, miraculous confirmation accompanies its extension and continuance. No fact was ever more evident than was the commission of the early teachers of Christianity. That they were sent to teach the doctrine of Christ to all men, and to provide for its continuance to the end of the world, became a fact that has never been successfully questioned. It was equally evident to the persons who lived with the first

Christians that one of the principal objects of Christ was to preserve for all time that truth which He came from Heaven to preach, and that the mode in which He provided for its preservation was by establishing a tribunal by which it was to be propagated, so that they who learned the doctrines of Jesus Christ obtained their knowledge, not by perusing documents which as yet had not been collected, not by taking the opinions of what men thought reasonable, or liberal, or becoming, or convenient, but simply by receiving from the commissioned body of teachers the testimony of what was originally taught, and by resting upon their authority for its truth. It is plain they could have had no other way of learning what Christ taught. History leaves not a shadow of doubt as to this fact, and reason sanctions the correctness of the mode, and the evidence derived from the general testimony of the body led to the correction of the mistaken individual. Those early Christians received unhesitatingly the testimony of the Apostles and their successors, because by so doing they knew they received the testimony of Christ Himself.

The miracles wrought by those persons confirmed the belief in these principles, and they themselves inculcated such as derived from Christ, our Lord. It is a plain fact of history that when the members of this tribunal gave a doctrinal decision, they gave it in full accordance with this principle; for they declared that the Holy Ghost, the spirit of truth, who descended upon the first teachers, was communicated by them to their associates,—joined in their assembly, presided over their meetings, and directed their decisions. It is also a matter of historical evidence that all those that refused to receive and submit to such a decision were considered as opposed to revealed truth and disobedient to the command of the Saviour, because they did not hear those whom He sent as their teachers. Consequently, before the scriptures were known to the Christians, they knew the Church, and they recognized its infallible authority in teaching the doctrine of Christ. It was not, therefore, by the Bible the early Christians proved the infallibility of the Church, for the Church of God existed prior to the Old or New Testament, but the plain fact that He who had proved His authority by miracles had established a tribunal with power to teach His doctrines with infallible certainty. Would it not be beneath the wisdom and power of God to send teachers, evidently commissioned by Heaven to teach all nations, and yet have them equally liable as any other body of men to teach error instead of truth? Of what value would be their divine Commission, if they led men into error, and how were men to find those teachers who would bring them back to truth?

II.

A false conception of the Church and the ground on which she rests her infallible authority, is often the fruitful source of misapprehending her doctrines. I have tried to make clear to the ordinary intelligence the nature of the Church and the grounds on which she bases the principle of her infallibility. To remove all mists, I shall point out the distinction existing between doctrines of faith, and opinions upon which disputes and differences are tolerated. Non-Catholics, as a rule, have not a clear conception of this distinction—and there are Catholics who are not well informed on these points.

By the principles of the Catholic Church no one is bound to believe anything as an article of faith except what

God has revealed. If God has revealed a certain truth, that truth is immutable. No discovery in science, no progress in knowledge, no improvement in society, can make that which God has revealed cease to be the truth. It must continue to be the doctrine of the Church, immutable, irreformable, to the end of the world. The denial of a doctrine defined constitutes the loss of faith and a separation from the Church of God. There are many topics in some measure connected with religion upon which we have no divine revelation; these topics can be freely discussed, for Catholics believe that no power but that established by God Himself can command the submission of the human intellect; and if it should so happen that a doubt existed as to whether any revelation was made upon certain topics during the inquiry, and until the discovery of satisfactory evidence, the Church does not interfere with the adoption or rejection of such an opinion. She is said then to tolerate such opinion, because if she does not find that God has revealed such a truth she cannot prevent its being held, nor can she cut off from her communion those persons who may upon such subjects hold even private opinions. Thus she cannot tolerate an error of faith; but she does tolerate difference of opinion, where defined dogmas are not concerned. An agreement, therefore, with the Catholic Church in all her doctrines does not necessarily include opinions, for doctrine is what God had revealed, and as such defined by the Church;—opinion is but the conjecture of man;—doctrine emanates from the Deity, and is testified to by the tribunal of the Church,—while opinion flows from human reasoning, and can be testified to by no tribunal. Each individual forms his own opinion, and changes it when and to what extent he pleases. The Catholic Church is answerable for all the results of her doctrine, but is not chargeable with either the opinions or the results of the opinions of her members, however elevated may be their station in life. The doctrine of the Church is known from the decisions of her public tribunal,—opinion is found in the disquisition of individuals or parties. In our courts of law the decision of the Bench is of value, and is authority; but the private opinion of one of the judges, or the argument of one of the lawyers, or of any member or members of the Bar, is not the decision of the Court. By keeping in view this distinction with which every Catholic is more or less conversant, but with which few Protestants are well acquainted, their arguments against the Church being based upon a misapprehension of her doctrines, must fall to the ground.

I have briefly traced an outline of the Catholic Church, in which I have shown that she is an infallible guide for her children in all matters pertaining to faith and morals, and a kind, tolerant mother of all questions of opinion, directly or indirectly connected with her practices and customs. I shall now show that the Catholic Church has the inherent principle of immortal youth, and that, true to the promise of her Divine Founder, she shall continue to be the Bride of Christ, without wrinkle or stain, till the end of time. I cannot do this better than by placing before you the thoughts of a non-Catholic, who has never been considered too friendly to the Catholic Church. Lord Macaulay, in his review of *von Ranke's History of the Popes,* opens with this familiar and superb exordium:

> "There is not and there never was, upon this earth, a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church. The history

of the Popes joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camelopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century, to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin, the august dynasty extends till it is lost in the twilight of fable. The republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy; and the republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and useful vigor. The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the furthest ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustine, and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in the new world have more than compensated for what she has lost in the old. Her spiritual ascendancy extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of the Missouri and Cape Horn, countries which, a century hence, may not improbably contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe. The members of her communion are certainly not fewer than a hundred and fifty millions, and it will be difficult to show that all other Christian sects united amount to more than a hundred and twenty millions. Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the termination of her long dominion is approaching. She saw that commencement of all governments and all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot in Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca, and she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveller from New Zealand, shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

Lord Macaulay began this passage with the intention of showing that the Church was *a mere human institution,* and he ends in vindicating her perpetuity. The grandeur of his subject tempted the writer to state the case against himself so strongly and so honestly, or, I might say, so truthfully, that all his subsequent efforts will not avail to save his cause. There is another passage in his writings which leaves us under the impression that Lord Macaulay had long and seriously studied the attributes of the Catholic Church. In 1845, speaking of the Irish Established Protestant Church, he said:

> "Two hundred and eighty-five years has this church been at work. What could have been done for it in the way of authority, privileges, endowments, which has not been done? . . . And what have we to show for all this lavish expenditure? What, but the most zealous Roman Catholic people on the face of the earth? On the great solid mass of the Roman Catholic population you have made no impression whatever. There they are, as they were ages ago, ten to one against the members of your Established church. Explain this to me. I speak to you, the zealous Protestants on the other side of the house. Explain this to me on Protestant principles. If I were a Roman Catholic I could easily account for the phenomenon. If I were a Roman Catholic I should content myself with saying that mighty Hand and outstretched Arm had been put forth according to the promise, in defence of the unchangeable church; that He who, in the old time turned into blessings the curses of Balaam, and smote the host of Senacherib, had signally confounded the arts and the power of heretical statesmen."

Here is the testimony of one whose words should have great weight with the non-Catholic world, for his sympathy, education and family prejudice were all against the old church. By way

of contrast I will close this topic with a passage from the mouth of one who did believe with his whole soul in the doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church. It is from a sermon preached in Notre Dame Cathedral, Paris, by the great Dominican, Père Lacordaire.

"Assuredly the desire has not been wanting to lay hold of us, or put us to fault against the immutability of the Church, for what a weighty privilege to all those who do not possess it: a doctrine immutable when everything upon earth changes! A doctrine which men hold in their hands, which poor old men in a place called the Vatican guard under the key of this Cabinet, and which without any other defence resists the course of time, the dreams of sages, the designs of kings, the fall of empire—always one, constant, identical with itself! What a prodigy to deny. What an accusation to silence. Therefore, all ages, jealous of a glory which disdained their own, have tried their strength against it. They have come, one after the other, to the doors of the Vatican; they have knocked there with buskin and boot, and the doctrine has appeared under the frail and wasted form of some old man of threescore years and ten, who says: "What do you desire of me?"

"Change."

"I never change."

"But everything is changed in this world. Astronomy has changed, chemistry has changed, philosophy has changed, the empire has changed, why are you always the same?"

"Because I came from God, and because God is always the same."

"But you know that we are the masters: we have a million of men under arms; we shall draw the sword; the sword which breaks down thrones is well able to cut off the head of an old man and tear up the leaves of a book."

"Do so; blood is the aroma in which I recover my youthful vigor."

"Well, then, here is half my sceptre; make a sacrifice to peace, and let us share it together."

"Keep thy purple, Caesar! Tomorrow they will bury thee in it; and we will chant over thee the Alleluia and the De Profundis, which never change."

IV.

Pass we now from the second to the third characteristic of the Church, which is her divine authority. She is a spiritual kingdom which implies a government. For the due administration of a kingdom which is universal, there must of necessity, be many degrees of authority. This authority must flow from a single source, otherwise there would be contradiction, division and anarchy. Of this we have striking evidence all around us in the divided and discordant elements of the Protestant sects. For the proper administration of this vast kingdom, there must be authority, all of which is found in the priesthood and hierarchy of the Catholic Church. This priesthood and hierarchy throughout the world derives the right to exercise the powers with which it is invested from the head of the Church, to whom in the person of Blessed Peter, Christ has given the keys of the kingdom of heaven. Through Peter the power of the keys is transmitted to the universal Church. This is evident from the teachings of the early Fathers, the councils of the Church, and the unbroken historical tradition of nineteen centuries. What consolation can our separated brethren find in these words of St. Jerome of the fourth century?

Writing to the Bishop of Rome on the internal discord in the Eastern church, he says:

"As the East, vexed with internal discord, with all the habitual frenzy of that people, is tearing into shreds the seamless garment of the Lord, and the foxes lay waste Christ's vineyard, so that among the broken cisterns that hold no water, it is difficult to understand where is the sealed-up fountain, and that enclosed garden; therefore, have I thought that I ought to consult the Chair of Peter. . . . Wherefore, although your greatness deter, yet does your mildness invite me. From a priest, a victim asks safety; from a shepherd a sheep seeks protection. I speak with the fisherman's successor and the disciple of the cross. Following no chief but Christ, I am joined in communion with your Holi-

ness; that is with the Chair of Peter. Upon that rock I know that the Church is built. Whosoever eats the lamb out of this house is profane. If any be not in the Ark of Noah, he will perish while the deluge prevails . . . whosoever gathereth not with me scattereth,—that is whosoever is not of Christ is of Antichrist."

The doctrine of St. Jerome is that taught by the Catholic Church of today. The catechism of the Council of Trent, after declaring that the order of the Priesthood is essentially one, goes on to enumerate its different degrees of dignity and power, ascending from the simple priests through Bishops, Archbishops and Patriarchs to the Sovereign Pontiff, who is called in the Council of Ephesus the Archbishop of the habitable world, and in whom, as the successor of St. Peter, the Catholic Church recognizes "the full amplitude of jurisdiction, emanating from God Himself."

The expression used by individual Fathers of the Church, when speaking of the power of the keys cannot be misinterpreted. St. Cyprian quotes the words of Christ to Peter and adds: "From this source flow the ordination of Bishops and the order of the churches." St. Gregory of Nyssa uses these words: "Through Peter, Christ has given to the Bishop the keys of the kingdom of heaven." St. Innocent in his correspondence with St. Augustine and the African councils, refers to the prerogatives of the Apostolic See, as coming from the apostle, "from whom the Episcopate itself and the whole authority of that title has its origin."

The most satisfactory proofs are to be found in the fact that the great Patriarchal Sees received their primitive mission and consequent jurisdiction from St. Peter; and that the Popes, as soon as they were free to exercise their office, made known to the world, by their official acts, the primacy of the authority of the Church. Leo the Great, in the fifth century; Gregory the Great, in the sixth; Gregory X. in the thirteenth; Leo X. in the fifteenth; down to Leo XIII. in the nineteenth century, all have taught the supremacy of the Head —the See of Peter.

Whatever of greatness the English-speaking world has achieved, whatever there is that is broad and enduring in the inheritance which it has received from the past, is due to Catholic Christianity, which first reclaimed barbarism, and then educated it to all that is beautiful and honorable, which taught it the lessons of justice and liberty,—to the grand Old Church which erected nearly every church edifice worth visiting, and created every college and university of learning in the old world, and caused to be enacted every law, and to be framed every institution of which England has a right to be proud. But the day of England's calamity arrived, when unlawful passion ministering to unhallowed pride tempted a king to lay sacrilegious hands upon the things of God and to grasp at a jurisdiction and authority which could be exercised only by him who held the keys of the kingdom of heaven. Henry and his advisers transferred the jurisdiction and authority of the Pope—the head of the church—to the state, which act in principle is anti-Christian. I will not attempt any lengthy proof of this baneful proposition, but will quote a single passage from Lord Macaulay's History of England, in which he has summed up the proceedings of half a century, and into which he has condensed the evidence of numberless state papers, royal edicts and acts of parliament. He says:

"What Henry and his favorite counsellors meant by the supremacy, was certainly nothing less than the whole power of the keys. The King was to be the Pope of his kingdom, the vicar of

God, the expositor of Catholic truth, the channel of sacramental graces. He arrogated to himself the right of deciding dogmatically what was orthodox doctrine and what was heresy, of drawing up and imposing confessions of faith, and of giving religious instruction to his people. He proclaimed that all jurisdiction, spiritual as well as temporal, was derived from him alone, and that it was in his power to confer the Episcopal character and to take it away. He actually ordered his seal to be put to commissions by which bishops were appointed, who were to exercise their functions during his royal pleasure. He was the spiritual as well as the temporal chief of the nation." . . .

"These high pretensions gave scandal to Protestants as well as Catholics; and on the accession of Elizabeth she became the head of a church in which an apostle had forbidden her to let her voice be heard."

The plain doctrine, then, upon which the authority of the church of England is founded, and by virtue of which it continues to exist, is the state. England was once a fruitful bough, but now she is but one of those broken branches of which St. Augustine speaks so sadly, which lie, and wither, each in its own place.

Dear Catholics, let us give thanks to God for having made us members of that communion in which we are preserved from all errors in faith, and from all deception in the practice of virtue. We are strangers to those interior conflicts, to those disturbing doubts, and to that fatal uncertainty which is the ruin of so many souls, whose private judgment is their only guide. We are not helplessly drifting over an ocean of uncertainty, nor carried about by every new fangled doctrine. We are not as "the blind led by the blind." We are not like those who are in the midst of a desert intersected by many paths, not knowing which one to take; but we are on the high road of infallible certainty. We belong to that Church which is known by her marks of Unity, Holiness, Catholicity, and Apostolicity. We have neither "High Church" nor "Low Church," neither old school nor new school, Millerites nor Mormons. We are neither advocates of Christian Science nor women's rights, single tax theory, nor modern socialism. We follow not the Luthers, nor the Calvins, nor the Knoxes, nor the Heneries, nor the ten thousand lesser lights in their foolish attempt to improve upon the work of a God. We all belong to that one school which has Jesus Christ for its teacher.

LUKE DELMEGE, FATHER SHEEHAN'S LATEST WORK,

REVIEWED BY A PRIEST AND PROFESSOR.

DeQuincey, in one of his remarkable essays, declares that "all that is literature seeks to communicate *power*." And power, he tells us, is communicated, when we are made to feel vividly, and with vital consciousness, emotions which ordinary life rarely or never supplies occasions for exciting, and which had previously lain unawakened and hardly within the dawn of consciousness—when these inert and sleeping forms are organized, when these possibilities are actualized, this conscious and living possession is *power*. Judged by this standard, Father Sheehan has given us in "Luke Delmege,"* an exquisite piece of literature. For no one can read this story without having his soul stirred by unusual emotion, and without feeling that a master's hand has galvanized into life the vague forms which had pre-

*Longmans, Green & Company, New York.

viously lain unawakened. That this story may enjoy the appreciative popularity of its predecessor, "My New Curate" must be the fervent wish of all lovers of sound and interesting writing.

Luke Delmege appeals to all readers, but especially to those who are intimately acquainted with priestly life, and who will recognize in the hero the image of many an earnest worker whose intensity has outweighed his prudence, whose zeal has spent itself upon trivial objects, and whose fine character has been blunted by untoward surroundings. It were well for all of us, if we took the author's advice to heart:

> "'Tis a queer world," said Luke, "I wonder when I shall understand it." "If you value your peace of mind, Luke, let the mighty problem alone! It has vexed humanity from the beginning, and shall remain insoluble to the end. *Find your work and do it.*"

This pithy sentence sums up the principles of healthy human activity.

If asked for the leading characteristic of Father Sheehan's power, we should place it in his descriptions of character and of scenes. How striking is his delineation of the good-hearted, but stiff Canon, Maurice Canon Murray, parish priest of Lough and Ardavine:

> "A man of advanced years, of most blameless life, of calm, polished manner; a man who gave largely to public charities, and who, as an ecclesiastic, was an ornament to the Church; and yet, men shrank from him; and like an iceberg loosened by the Gulf Stream, he created around him, wherever he went, an atmosphere of chilliness and frigidity that almost isolated him from his fellow-men. What was it? He was a formalist that could not be laughed at; a perfected and symmetrical character where the curious and irreverent could place no flaw; the *arbiter elegantiarum* to his diocese; and the frigid censor of the least departure from the Persian laws of politeness and good deportment. Stately and dignified and chill, there was no such thing as presuming on such a lofty character; and there he was, his forehead in the clouds and his face above the line of perpetual snow."

How charming, too, is his picture of Father Luke's first sermon.

> "Luke was a Molinist, and he told his congregation so. He demolished Calvin and Knox first, and when he had stowed away all that was left of them, he told his wondering and admiring audience that the Thomist and Scotist positions had been carried by assault, and that the Molinist flag was now waving above the conquered garrison. Many more things he told them as their wonder grew, and when Luke stepped down from the pulpit, he felt that the conversion of England had now in reality begun."

How delicious all this is—how true, in many instances, to life!

Then, too, how delightfully refreshing is the vivid scene of the dinner party in the beginning of the book, and the portraiture of John, the gardener, towards the end! But the most striking description of all is that of the eviction. We feel confident that this bit of writing has been rarely excelled in recent times. It is, in every way, worthy of a place by the side of Dickens' famous pen-picture of "The Shipwreck."

> "It was heartrending to witness it—this cold, callous precision of the law. The quiet disruption of the little household; the removal, bit by bit, of the furniture; the indifference with which the bailiffs flung out objects consecrated by the memories of generations, and broke them and mutilated them, made this sensitive and impressionable people wild with anger. In every Irish farmer's house, the appointments are as exactly identical as if all had been ordered, in some far-off time, from the same emporium, and under one invoice. And when the people saw the rough deal chairs, the settle, the ware, the little pious pictures, the beds with their hangings, flung out in the field each felt that his own turn had come, and that he suffered a personal and immediate injury. And Father Cus-

sen had the greatest difficulty in restraining their angry passions from flaming up into riot, that would bring them into immediate and deadly conflict with the forces of the Crown. As yet, however, the inmates had not appeared. There was an interval of great suspense; and then Will McNamara, a splendid, stalwart young farmer, came forth, the cradle of the youngest child in his arms. He was bleeding from the forehead; and the people, divining what had taken place, raised a shout of anger and defiance, and rushed toward the house. The police moved up hastily, and Father Cussen beat back the people. But they surged to and fro on the outer line of the cordon; and the young English officer threw away his cigarette, and drew in the long, thin line of the soldiers. In a few moments Lizzie came forth, holding one child in her arms, and a younger at her breast. Following her was her husband again, still bleeding from the forehead, and with two frightened children clinging to him. Lastly, Luke Delmege appeared. The sight of the old man, so loved and respected in the parish, as he came forth from the dark framework of the cottage door, his white hair tossed wildly down on his face, and streaming on his neck, and his once stalwart frame bent and broken with sorrow, roused the people to absolute fury. They cursed between their teeth, the women weeping hysterically; and a deep, low moan echoed far down the thick, dark masses that stretched along the road and filed the ditches on either hand. For over two hundred years the Delmeges had owned Lisnalee—a grand race, with grand traditions of an unstained escutcheon and an unspotted name. And now, as the last member of the honored family came forth, an outcast from his father's home, and stood on the threshold he should never cross again, it seemed as if the dread Angel of Ireland, the Fate, that is ever pursuing her children, stood by him; and, in his person, drove out his kindred and his race. The old man stood for a moment hesitating. He then lifted his hands to God; and kneeling down he kissed reverentially the sacred threshold, over which generations of his dead had been taken, over which he had passed to his baptism, over which he had led his young, trembling bride, over which he had followed her hallowed remains. It was worn and polished with the friction of the centuries; but so bitter a tear had never fallen on it before. Then raising himself up to his full height, he kissed the lintel of the door, and then the two doorposts. He lingered still; he seemed loath to leave. And the bailiffs, growing impatient, pushed him rudely forward. Weak and exhausted, the old man stumbled and fell. An angry scream broke from the people, and a few stones were flung. And Luke, who had been watching the whole melancholy drama with a bursting heart, broke away from Father Martin, and forcing his way beyond the cordon of soldiers, he rushed toward the house, crying in a voice broken with sobs and emotion, 'Father! Father!'

"As a river bursts through its dam, sweeping all before it, the crowd surged after him, breaking through every obstacle. The police, taken by surprise, fell away; but a young sub-inspector rode swiftly after Luke, and getting in front, he wheeled around, and rudely striking the young priest across the breast with the broad flat of his naked sword, he shouted:—

"'Get back, sir! get back! We must maintain law and order here!'

"For a moment Luke hesitated, his habitual self-restraint calculating all the consequences. Then, a whirlwind of Celtic rage, all the greater for having been pent up so long, swept away every consideration of prudence; and with his strong hand tearing the weapon from the hands of the young officer, he smashed it into fragments across his knees, and flung them, blood-stained from his own fingers, into the officer's face. At the same moment a young girlish form burst from the crowd, and leaping lightly on the horse, she tore the young officer to the ground. It was Mona, the fisherman's sunny-haired child, now grown a young Amazon, from her practice with the oar and helm, and the strong, kind buffeting from wind and waves. The horse reared and pranced wildly. This saved the young officer's life. For the infuriated crowd were kept back for a moment. Then the soldiers and police charged up; and with baton and bayonet drove back the people to the shelter of the ditch. Here, safely intrenched, the latter sent a volley of stones flying over their assailants' heads, that drove them back to safe shelter. In the pause in the conflict, the Resident Magistrate rode up and read the Riot Act.

"'Now,' he said, folding the paper coolly, and placing it in his pocket, 'the first stone that is thrown I shall order my men to fire!'

"It is quite impossible, however, that the people would have disregarded the

threat, so infuriated were they; but their attention was just then diverted by a tiny spurt of smoke, that broke from the thatch of Lisnalee Cottage. For a moment they thought it was an accident; but the smell of burning petroleum and

REV. P. A. SHEEHAN.

the swift way in which the flames caught the whole roof and enveloped it in a sheet of fire undeceived them. It was the irrevocable decree of the landlord. It was the sowing with salt; the fiat that never again should bread be broken or eyelid

closed on that hallowed spot. The solemnity of the tragedy hushed people, police, and soldiers into silence. Silently they watched the greedy flame eat up thatch and timber, and cast its refuse into a black, thick volume of smoke, that rolled across the sea, which darkened and shuddered beneath it. Then, there was a mighty crash as the heavy rafters fell in, a burst of smoke, and flame, and sparks; and the three gables, smoke-blackened, flame-scorched, stood gaping to the sky."

KELLY, THE BLIND PIPER FROM TRALEE.

IRISH FOLK SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS.

BY C. MILLIGAN FOX.

Collecting folk songs belonging to one's native land is a pursuit which gives the collector an infinite amount of pleasure as well as trouble, in spite of the difficulty of unearthing the native folk-song singer,—sometimes hidden far away in remote country villages, or, strange to say, sometimes living quietly among us,—until some words of persuasion and gentle encouragement will bring us quite a treasure trove. It was by rare good luck last year in Ireland, while walking through the little town of Bangor, Co. Down that I noticed an old man playing on a little wooden whistle. Round his neck hung the following inscription, "Blind From Earliest Age of Life."

> "Over fifty years a flute did play,
> But now my teeth are in decay,
> Dear kind friends in your charity
> Please will you remember me."

I noticed that the air he was playing was an old Irish modal strain, so, going up to him, I asked, "What is the name of the air you are playing?"

"Shure then, ma'am, its called Dobbins Flowery Vale' in the North, 'Lisnaveague' in the South, and 'Pastion

Fionn' in the West," and he commenced to recite d'Altin's beautiful version from the Gælic, which one can read in both languages in "Hardiman's Minstrelsy." I was much surprised by his flow of oratory, and realized I had come across a rare find.

The next day the blind man promptly made his appearance, and as he was walking up the avenue, my brother took a snap shot of him, and later on photographed him playing on his whistle. Needless to say he played me many beautiful and wonderful old airs.

TURLOUGH MACSWEENEY, DONEGAL PIPER.

When I asked him if he could find his way to my house (which was situated on a high hill), he said humorously, "Troth, an' of course I can, for haven t I tramped all over the North and South and East and West with nothin' but my whistle in my pocket and my blackthorn in my hand?"

One on which I set particular value was called "The Witches' Lament for King O'Connor" (last king of Ireland). This wonderful old piper told me he was born in Tralee seventy years ago, and his name was Kelly, and that he had learnt most of his old airs from another piper called Joyce, who attend-

DENIS O'SULLIVAN.

ed Bunting's Meeting of Harpers in Belfast. He took leave of us, saying he would look in again on us next summer, and would bring me another wallet full of good old tunes.

Another interesting personality is Turlough MacSweeney, the Donegal piper. This grand old man, whose photograph figures in this article, is a thorough Celt and proud of his royal origin, for in ancient days his ancestors were kings of Ulster. I had the pleasure of taking down from him "The Yellow Bittern," and "Easter Snow." Turlough played at several of the Feis Ceoil competitions, and it was at these festivals I made his acquaintance. When at home in Donegal he works on his farm during the summer and pipes to the country people during the winter evenings. The people gather round the cheery peat fires and listen to the sad and moving strains of Turlough's pipes. At all the merry-makings and weddings in Donegal the piper plays an important part, for who but Turlough can clear the floor and set the feet a-jigging merrily to "Maggie Picky," or "The Trip to the Cottage," or some other merry jig and reel.

Yet another interesting folk-song singer rises up before my memory, merry, laughing Bridget, employed in my parents' home in Co. Down. From her I collected "My Love Nell," "Kelly's Cat," and "The Ramblin' Irish Man," all three published in New York and sung in America by the great baritone singer, Mr. David Bispham. This light-hearted child of nature would suddenly throw down her kitchen utensils, much to my mother's consternation, and sometimes while holding a broom in her hand would exclaim "Och ma'am, get yer pencil quick. I mind another grand tune and do take it down as quick as ye can before it slips right away."

Annie Younge, a native of Dromore, Co. Down, was quite another

type of folk-singer. She was much more self-contained and painstaking, and would go over and over the air until I took down the tune, and my sister wrote out the words. Her mother was a hemstitcher, and in the summer evenings sat outside her cottage, where other hemstitchers would join her, and together they sang the old songs. Little Annie used to sit and listen to her mother and the women singing, and she certainly listened to good account, for she gave me more than twenty beautiful Ulster songs, among them "The Cavan Recruit."

MISS MADELINE O'CONNOR.

I will now turn from folk song collecting to folk song singers on the concert platform, beginning with Mr. Denis O'Sullivan, who, born in San Francisco, is of Irish parentage. He created the part of "Shemus O'Brien" in Stanford's opera, and in 1898 commenced a series of song recitals in his native California. He then appeared in London and gave a song recital which was most favorably commented on by all the critics of the London press. He returned to America and created the part of "The Little Corporal." Last year he went to London, and his artistic career has been a veritable triumphal progress ever since. His recital in November was a most remarkable display of a singer who can go "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," with consummate art, striking responsive chords in the hearts of his listeners. His singing of "The Lark in Clear Air," "Mollie Machree," "Widow Malone," "Owen Roe's Lament," and the "West's Asleep" is never to be forgotten.

Miss Madeline O'Connor, who made her début as a singer of old Irish airs is a daughter of the late Dr. Francis O'Connor of Limerick. She has been heard in the Beltaine Festival and several Gælic concerts. She is studying Gælic and hopes to sing the Gælic songs in public shortly.

Miss Lucie Johnstone is a well known Ulster singer, and has lately taken up Gælic songs. She can well

MISS LUCIE JOHNSTONE.

claim to be the most distinguished Irish contralto of the present day. She has sung at every Feis Ceoil, and appears at all the St. Patrick's Day concerts and Gælic Oireachtas. Her favorite Gælic songs are "Lough Lein" and "Grannia Weale."

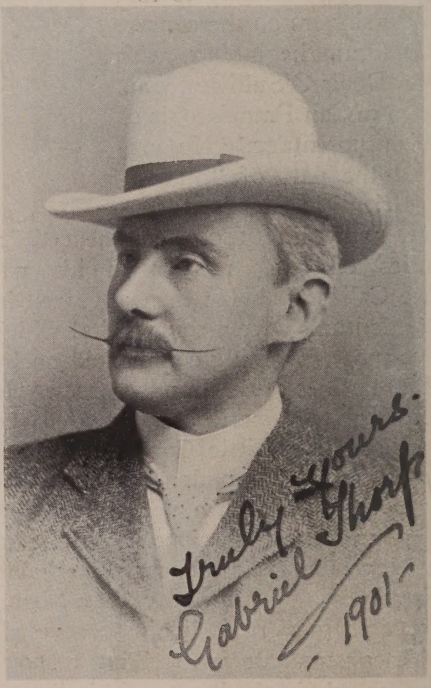
Mrs. Kate Lee is the popular and energetic Hon. Secretary of the Folk Song Society in London. Mrs. Lee is of Irish descent on her mother's side, and she inherits a truly Irish temperament. The Folk Song Society under her management has been most successful. A delightful lecture by Mr. Alfred Percival Graves, on "Irish Folk Songs" was given last season at the Marchioness of Londonderry's. Mrs. Lee has a special gift for singing folk songs in the "old style" and without any accompaniment, and she has also made a collection of Sussex songs which she will shortly bring out.

Mr. Gabriel Thorp of Listowel has taken up folk songs with great success. Humor is his special gift, and though for many years a resident in London, he has never lost his delightful brogue.

Mr. O'Shea is a purely Gælic singer and sang several songs in his native tongue at the London and Dublin Oireachtas.

Miss Drury is another singer of Gælic songs and a most active member of the London branch of the Gælic League. Miss Drury conducts classes for the singing of Gælic songs, and is to be found at every meeting connected with the Gælic Movement in London.

Before bringing this article to a close, I must mention Mr. Fionian MacCollum, an ardent worker for the Gælic Movement in London. It was through his singing a few old songs in Gælic that I conceived the idea of bringing out the book of Gælic songs.



Mr. MacCollum was educated at Mount Melleray and used to hear the good monks singing "The Spalpan Fanach." I found that the air which the monks sang was the original version of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Apropos of the appropriation of our English, and a collector named Oswald put a lot of our beautiful tunes into his "Caledonian Pocket Book."

The Gælic Renaissance has brought about the annual Feis Ceoil, the Oireachteas, the revival of the Irish drama and Irish literature, and last but not

MISS DRURY.

songs by other countries, I may state that "Robin Adair," "The Campbells Are Coming," "The White Cockade," "Lochaber No More," and many others are of purely Irish origin. The Scotch were even greater robbers than the least, our Irish music, and readers of this little article who many years ago left home for "the land beyant the sea" may feel in their hearts the memories of their early years stealing back to them in the old songs of beloved Erin.

MRS. KATE LEE.

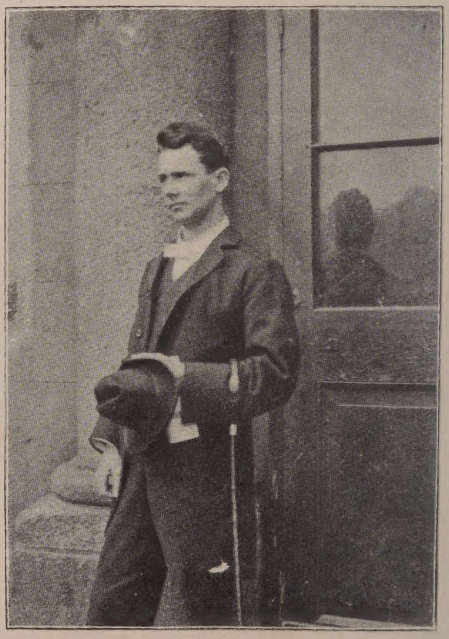
"Oh, dear old airs of Ireland,
Fresh from the heart you spring!
Oh, grand old airs of Ireland,
Your spell around us fling!
The ear may be untuned, untaught,
The eye unused to glisten!
But yet when these sweet strains arise,
The heart keeps still to listen.

Old airs, old airs, ye raise the dead,
Ye bring the past before me;
The very winds that swept the hills
In youth are blowing o'er me!
They rustle through the bearded grain,
Amid the trees they dally;
They stir the primrose in the mead,
The shamrock down the valley.

I'm home again: The Irish earth
And Irish sky are meeting,
And these old airs on Irish winds
Go by me like a greeting.
How sweet they are! How grand they are!
How tender and how glowing!
How weirdly sad, how wildly glad,
How full to overflowing!
With memories of olden days,
With Ireland's grief and glory—
The pride and pathos, love and hate
That chequer her sad story!
The burning sense of bitter wrong,
The scorn of base compliance
That flings even in the face of Fate
Its deep and stern defiance.

Tell me not of Italian airs,
To sense, not heart, appealing;
Was ever sound so full of soul
Or notes so strung with feeling
As in those dear old airs that spring
From passion or devotion,
Or love that hides within the heart
Like pearls within the ocean?

Old airs, old airs, how gracefully,
Each changing mood ye render,
The sad, the proud, the fierce, the gay,
The martial and the tender,
Fresh as the breeze from Connacht to Kinsale,
And sweet as the hawthorn hedge in bloom
Old songs of Innisfail."



MR. O'SHEA.

DRIFT-WOOD.

BY MARY WEST.

"Jeanne is late tonight, Monsieur John," said Madame Colbert.

"Jeanne is late tonight, madame," echoed the young man, and he turned from his absorbed contemplation of the restless flames in the huge fireplace of the inn kitchen, to the inn-keeper's wife.

Monsieur John had been watching movement and vivacity; he now observed decrepitude and inaction; his thoughts, which had been bright and animated like the glowing fire of drift-wood, now became dull and void; while the hopes which had been ascending like flying sparks, fell to earth extinct as ashes.

It was strange that the sight of an unwieldy old woman in an invalid chair could have this deadening effect. Yet so it was.

Madame Colbert's voice had put to flight some day dreams. It was pleasant to be here once again, the young American had been thinking—here in this quaint inn, situated in a picturesque nook of his native New England coast, protected from wind and tide. Pleasant it was to study these interesting foreigners—while oh, full of charm!

His thoughts had been long on the wing, when madame's voice had brought them back to earth.

This was the third time that he had taken up his habitation at the inn, for a few weeks, always appearing when the summer guests had fled.

Monsieur John had a surname indicative of high connections and noble ancestry, yet when it was signed and passed for the first time for Madame Colbert's inspection, "We shall pronounce you just Monsieur John," she said. And thus the matter was settled.

Things had come about perversely, this year. For when, valise in hand, he had applied for his usual quarters, madame had met him like a barrier. No—impossible—the inn was undergoing repairs, and would not admit of guests. He must go elsewhere.

Monsieur John made an eloquent plea concerning the arduous nature of his profession, and his consequent fatigue. He hoped the amiable madame would send him no farther. Ah, could she but know, that he lived only when under her roof—simply existing the rest of the year. Ah, the French alone had discovered the fine art of living.

At its conclusion, he saw no change in madame's inexpressive countenance. He felt that she distrusted him, and he waited in suspense for her decision.

But the French nature is like their own adage. It is always the unexpected that happens.

Madame spread her palms before her eyes—a little trick of hers—and studied them as if she were penetrating futurity.

At last, "I have lived long in England," she said, "and longer in America—yet you people of the English tongue are beyond me. Do you not know that it is useless to war against fate?—You Americans say, to kick against God—do you not?—Stay then—and take the consequences."

This short argument had taken place

the afternoon on which our story opens, and Monsieur John being provided with a small, unfinished room under the eaves, thought, with a shrug, of his five and thirty years, and wondered why he felt as jubilant as a schoolboy taking a vacation. Of fine appearance, already distinguished in his calling, with unlimited means at his disposal, Monsieur John might well be considered a favorite of fortune. He was still in the state of single blessedness, and, as he thought, fancy free.

In this secluded spot, among these obscure and apparently commonplace people, the young lawyer had long scented a mystery. Skilfully versed in legal tactics, with an avowed faculty for disentangling complications, he was determined to elucidate the same.

Here was an unlettered inn-keeper, wedded to a woman, who, though misshapen and a cripple, yet bore marks, the young man had decided, of high birth and breeding. Then, between them was an exquisite bit of femininity in the shape of little Jeanne, who, though proclaiming herself but a waif, yet displayed many indications of mind and person that savored of noble blood.

Yet alas! Poor Monsieur John started blindfold and handicapped to begin with—because he had failed to perceive the birth of the most perplexing of all mysteries in his own soul.

Now with the echo of Madame Colbert's voice reminding him that Jeanne was late, he was about to fall again into a reverie, when there came the sound of an opening door. The fire of driftwood leaped and flared joyously as if in greeting, mingling its warm breath with the briny exhalations borne in on the night air from the sea.

In the twilight and firelight a little figure quickly crossed the kitchen and knelt at Madame Colbert's chair.

There followed a short dialogue in French, too low-toned for even Monsieur John's quick ear to interpret.

And Jeanne was come.

A few moments later she had lit the lamp, and she was making the stranger a gay little obeisance, not availing herself of his extended hand. She never seemed to forget that she was the innkeeper's adopted daughter.

"Ah, Monsieur John—it is you! How kind to remember us once a year! But you English have long thoughts—that is to say, good memories."

She glanced at him quizzically, yet he said nothing, only silently regarded her.

"But we are desolated," she laughed, you see—our home is—out at elbows? —you English say?—Ah, no, I mean—up in arms, with the kitchen our only presentable room."

Monsieur John essayed to speak, but Mademoiselle Jeanne still went on.

"We keep only one little maid presently, you see—but she is out, and mother as you know an invalid. So all is gloom till I return to light the lamp. You see?"

Monsieur John replied dryly that he saw—and then he asserted, frowning, for the hundredth time, that he wasn't English, and did not wish to be so considered.

Jeanne spoke good English, with only an occasional error—yet not fluently like Madame Colbert, but slowly, with painstaking effort, as if at loss for words, or for thoughts in which to clothe them.

She was gone again—"to see that Monsieur John's room was orderly," she said, with a light kiss on Madame Colbert's irresponsive cheek, and an-

other gay little obeisance; the fire of driftwood sighing among its flames and stretching out impotently to reach her, the young man thought.

And now entered Monsieur Colbert the servile, obsequious innkeeper that Monsieur John deemed him.

With a deferential bow to the guest, after a whispered colloquy held with his wife, he made loud-voiced inquiry as to what had become of the girls, Jeanne and Lizette? After services at the little village chapel he had waited, but it appeared that they were fled.

Madame Colbert gave utterance to the following laconic deductions. "Jeanne?—it is devotion—she is here. Lizette?—it is Henri. What would you?"

Lizette, the little maid of all work, appeared at these words, with coif awry and disheveled hair. With clasped hands and many pious ejaculations, she gave voluble explanation of her delay. It was all owing to the wind, the weather and the tide, she would have monsieur and madame know.

Seated in a corner of the huge wooden settle, his ear on the alert, Monsieur John observed with interest these little touches of French life. But most of all he studied Madame Colbert's inscrutable expression.

What weird eyes the woman had, the young lawyer was thinking, as Madame Colbert, taking her Rosary from her bosom, began to say her beads—her moving lips and eyes fixed on the fire, denoting total oblivion of his presence. Cavernous eyes they were—and gloomy—of nondescript color—the young man thought them far from beautiful. Had any emotion ever brought a gleam of light to them? he wondered—were they ever drenched with tears?—what had made them so hard and cold?

Yet forever surrounding her was an atmosphere of refinement, of culture, of reserve. Monsieur John had marked her for a gentlewoman of the old school, who through some tragedy or misfortune, had not only desired to taste of the waters of Lethe, but to submerge in them her whole identity.

But there was Jeanne with his bedroom candle, and the young man, taking it with an abstracted "good night," began to pick his way among the débris encumbering the stairway, to his chamber in the loft. There at his window under the eaves, the unwelcome guest as he felt himself, watched the incoming tide till it was at the full—dwelling complacently the while on the various features of the problem which he had taken upon himself to solve.

From gazing upon the sea, Monsieur John fell to thinking of a pair of eyes far different from Madame Colbert's sombre, rayless orbs. Eyes that indeed resembled the sea—so brilliant were they—so reflective of moods. Yet the glance of both women, he had long decided, had the depths of the ocean. It was unfathomable.

Next morning Monsieur John was up betimes for a stroll along the beach, vaguely wondering if he should meet Mademoiselle Jeanne. A near acquaintance with the innkeeper's daughter appeared, so far, a matter difficult of accomplishment.

Would Monsieur John claim Mademoiselle Jeanne's undivided attention? It seemed that she never had it to give. Mademoiselle Jeanne was either sewing or gardening—she was attending to the various duties appertaining to the daughter of an innkeeper; she was wheeling Madame Colbert's invalid

chair, or adding Monsieur Colbert's accounts.

And frequently at twilight, she sat like Madame Colbert, with Rosary in hand, gazing either at the sea or at the fire of driftwood.

The morning in question he was treated to a surprise. For suddenly burst upon his vision, with the rose tints of dawn upon her cheek, the haze of the dreaming sea in her pensive eyes, Mademoiselle Jeanne herself. She was alone, and walking slowly toward him, carrying an armful of driftwood.

The rose tints of dawn faded into the clear light of day. Mademoiselle Jeanne met Monsieur John face to face.

Mademoiselle Jeanne drew a long breath, unconsciously tightening her hold on the bundle which the young man gallantly essayed to take from her.

"You English are always so—so unexpected," said she, "why are you along—no, abroad so early?" And then in French,

"No, monsieur, leave me the driftwood. Do you know, I love it?—for we have much in common."

"It was eighteen years ago today," she said, "that I, a little infant, floated on a piece of driftwood to the feet of Madame Colbert, from the strong arms of the sea. She took me and warmed me back to life again, over a fire of driftwood. Do you wonder that I love it?"

"So you count this your birthday," observed Monsieur John, "and—may I ask? is this Madame Colbert's story?"

A smile changed the serene blue eyes into shimmering, dancing lights.

"But no, monsieur—it is my story."

Monsieur John took a step nearer. "Jeanne!" he cried, dropping all formality, and surprised at his own vehemence, "your Madame Colbert is—intensely glacial, as well as inscrutable. To me she is a combination of kismet and the sphynx. Child that you are—how do you know she speaks the truth?"

"Monsieur John!" cried an accusing little voice, trembling with some strange emotion, the listener knew not what, "Monsieur John—why have you come?"

The sun, which had been under a cloud, suddenly illumined the face of the deep. Monsieur John saw as in a flash the depths of his own soul likewise flooded with radiance, and answered simply,

"It is for you, Jeanne, that I come."

"But monsieur—you mistake. I am but a Norman peasant, fathered by the sea—and mothered by—a fire of driftwood—for so does Madame Colbert speak of her own heart. Ah, monsieur—you know her not."

She pointed to the little black sabots she always wore. "See—these are a part of my birthright. I am—doubtless—the daughter of a fisherman. Yet I will admit to you that I have a great work in the world—like to that of another Joan. But this must be the parting of the ways for us."

"Monsieur" (what mist veiled the sea?) "my work awaits me and the day is getting on."

Somehow, with a little smile, she had passed—Monsieur John watching her out of sight—vaguely fancying in the distance, that he saw Lizette running to relieve her of the driftwood, and Madame Colbert gazing from the window with her wide-sweeping glance that took in at once everything and nothing.

Strange that Lawyer John suddenly seemed to lose all interest in this last

case of his. That evening, just at twilight, valise in hand, he appeared before Madame Colbert and Jeanne, together, as he had so often seen them, between the sea and the fire of driftwood.

Jeanne was standing in the old familiar attitude, her hand resting lightly on Madame Colbert's shoulder, and her downcast eyes fixed on the restless flames.

"Madame," said Monsieur John courteously, "pardon my intrusion, but I come—yet the explanation lies with Mademoiselle Jeanne—she knows why I go."

After all it was the old French woman that had the best of the argument. For Monsieur John, true to the instincts of his calling, felt while she was speaking, that he was on trial for his honor, if not for his life—that he had been condemned—that he should be convicted.

"So, monsieur," said madame, "you come and go like the waves of the sea—unstable as water. Yes, it was love at sight. Ah, we French are quick of penetration—not slow to take in ideas like you of the English tongue.

"Monsieur," (Kismet now dropped her mask and became a woman. Madame like a true Frenchwoman, now rose to the occasion). "Monsieur, what have you discovered? You think we are a princess or a duchess in disguise. Unblemished honor and sterling worth are nothing to you, who wish only an alliance with the effete nobility."

She regarded him with her baffling smile. "Monsieur, we are only waifs, Jeanne and I—seaweed—driftwood—what you will. Yet God made us, and we are as high above you as the stars. Go, Monsieur—logic has triumphed over love, and—we are not akin."

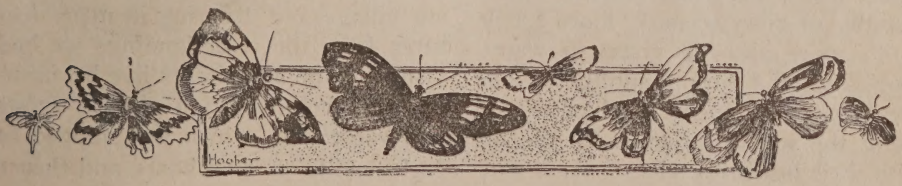
"Madame," broke in Monsieur John with a smile on his lip, and a moisture in his eye that did not shame his manhood, "Madame, I am not the adventurer you think me. I receive my sentence at your hands—yet I shall return—and then?—"

"And then?—you shall return—," echoed madame—"ah monsieur, your poet says 'There are no birds in last year's nest.' No—instead, forget us—for we are that thing always surrounded with mystery—we are driftwood. Monsieur, farewell."

"Rather say your own beautiful French word, *Adieu*," said Monsieur John, and then—it was dark, and somehow the driftwood fire had burned itself into ashes.

Monsieur John with conflicting emotions passed out into the night. Half way up the road, he turned for a last look at the now darkened dwelling. There came a sullen boom from the sea as if for a parting knell, and Longfellow's lines floated across his mind.

"O flames that glowed! hearts that yearned!
They were indeed too much akin,
The driftwood fire without that burned,
The thoughts that burned and glowed within."



OUTING MEMORIES OF THE ST. JOHN'S RIVER.

BY WILLIAM PEARD.

On a pleasant April morning many years ago, two other pleasure-seekers and the writer left Mandarin, a town situated fifteen miles below Jacksonville, on the St. John's River. We secured a cat-rigged boat fifteen feet long, which we found to be a steady, reliable sailor. Our destination was the little town of San Mateo, sixty-five miles distant from our starting point. It was a trip for pleasure and recreation, and we decided to take ample time and observe all that was worthy of notice.

The St. John's River, a magnificent stream of pure clear water, runs in a northerly direction, its average width being about one and a half miles, but where it intersects some of the many lakes along its course, it widens by several miles. Our little craft glided along, managed by one of our party, Guy Sanderson, an experienced boatman. Guy had had in his career many strange adventures of which I shall speak later on in this sketch.

We enjoyed many pleasant sensations on this, our first day, upon the river. All that we observed was entirely new to us, and we were in a mood to be pleased. The panorama was the overmastering charm, changing as we moved along, just as the angle of the sunlight changed. I have seen but few places which can boast of more varied beauties of river scenery, more fertile fields, more pleasing vistas of water, sparkling in a bright sunlight. The great forests of pine trees which extend along the westerly banks, fill the air with their healthful odors. As a winter resort this part of Florida must be of great benefit to people predisposed to lung and nerve disorders, owing to its peculiarly healthy surroundings and the presence of vast border lands of balmy forests.

Sometime before sunset, as we approached the town of Orange Dale, about twenty miles from our starting point, we lowered sail to look about and study the surroundings. To the westward the scene was charming. Before us lay the still waters of a creek, or bayou, thickly wooded on either side, while the red glare of the setting sun behind the tall pines made a most beautiful background. On the opposite or eastern side of the river, the shore was swampy, but displayed an abundant growth of tall cypress, maple and oak, and a wealth of entangling vines. Festoons of gray moss were to be seen in all directions, stretching from branch to branch, in some instances twelve feet long. We found the region round about Orange Dale pleasantly diversified with miniature lakes, on the borders of which thrifty orange groves were situated. Vegetables of all kinds flourished here, while guavas, persimmons and other semi-tropical fruits abound in all directions.

Having secured our boat at the landing, we proceeded to explore the town. We found Orange Dale to be a pleasant village, not differing in many features from the river landings we had visited. The inhabitants live by farming and the cultivation of early fruits and vegetables, which are shipped to Jacksonville on river boats, and thence

WATER CARRIERS, GULF OF CALIFORNIA.

to the large cities on the Atlantic seaboard. After a fairly good meal at the principal hotel, we took a long walk close to the bank of the river in a part of the town we had not seen before, noticing many neat cottages where bright flowers of various hues formed no small part of the outside decoration. These cottages are owned and occupied by people who come from all the northern states in early winter, and leave them usually during the last days of March.

As we returned to our quarters it became quite dark; rain began to fall and there was almost a gale. A steamboat brilliantly illuminated was passing as we reached the landing. We found many of the townspeople there, evidently attracted by the passing of the boat, an event of interest to them. The rain continued to fall quite heavily with thunder and lightning. We quickly sought shelter in a shed, or boat-house; it was dismal and dark after the steamboat had disappeared, and we were obliged to stand under cover while the storm continued—listening with some enjoyment to the pattering of the rain on the water. It was a grand sight to see the landscape suddenly illuminated by flashes of lightning.

The storm came to an end after a little while, and we went to our lodgings. They were not exactly of the kind we should have chosen had we been visiting Jacksonville or St. Augustine, but we were all in the best of humor in our modest and somewhat primitive surroundings. I considered it a fortunate thing to have men for travelling companions who entertained no exaggerated notions about luxury, for here, indeed, there was none. We entered a side room off the hotel parlor and sat down to smoke, and talk over the day's adventures, discussed the scenes and impressions of our trip very thoroughly, and were unanimous in praise of the St. John's River, and the State of Florida generally. Mr. Sanderson felt particularly joyful, and entertained us with the recital of some of the adventures of his past life.

I must say that this man had all the qualities that are rarest and most valuable in a travelling companion. I have

not met in my experience a fellow being who excelled him in humor. He was always cool and serene under the most trying circumstances, and his varied experience of the world made him look with indifference upon what would perplex and annoy people of a more contracted vision. He had a robust constitution and always enjoyed excellent health, notwithstanding the many days of hardship and privation which he had seen in his career.

Sanderson was born in the little town of Fulton, Tennessee, just on the boundary between that State and Kentucky. The place is noticeable only

IN THE TIMBER DISTRICT, FLORIDA.

as a junction station on the Illinois Central Road. Here he worked at farming, or in a saw mill, until he arrived at the age of fifteen, when, with his father, he set out for California, making the trip overland. At that time it was regarded as a perilous journey. General Fremont was making his brilliant reputation as an Indian fighter and as an explorer on the untrodden prairies of the far west. His scouts and soldiers were met by the two travellers at one of the wild passes of the Rocky Mountains, and were much aided by their advice and direction. After a three months' journey, attended with many dangers and hardships, they reached San Francisco, almost worn out from fatigue and hunger. The journey through the wild prairies west of the Mississippi River, and the approach to the foot hills bordering the majestic mountain peaks, impressed the travellers beyond all power of expression. Like all wayfarers who have been to this wonderland, they were impressed with its delightful climate, the fertility of the soil, and the awful grandeur of its mountain scenery—here and there gorges, canyons and dizzy cliffs, and again steep declivities to sublimely beautiful glens. The scenes were at times weird and desolate—strange rock formations which looked like the ruins of some mighty structure, built by giant hands in the long past ages.

In 1853, at the age of eighteen, he joined General William Walker, the great filibuster, who was organizing a band of raiders at San Francisco. The General and his party of about one hundred men set sail for lower California in that year, making a landing at La Paz, proclaimed the independence of the Peninsula, including the State of Sonora, and announced himself as president of those two States. The assurance of this young cavalier—who was only twenty-nine—not only astonished the natives of those States, but many in his own band were amazed at the man's audacity. Crossing the Gulf of California, and making a landing at one of the Sonora ports, he proceeded to invade that State. Meeting with some success he was encouraged to continue his raid until he could get well into the interior. But he was doomed to defeat and disappointment, the men were exhausted by long marches and soon dwindled to a mere disorganized band. The intended invasion of Sonora was abandoned.

Walker retreated to San Diego and surrendered with his officers to the United States authorities, went through the form of a trial, on a breach of international law, and was acquitted.

This ended Sanderson's filibustering career. He returned to San Francisco, suffering untold hardships on his homeward journey. He was offered many inducements to rejoin Walker in his intended raid upon Nicaragua and Costa Rica, but declined to do so, saying that his mind had worked round to the conclusion that fighting in this line of service did not pay—at least as far as his connection with Walker's army was concerned. Yet, as he said, there was a glamour, a fascination about the daring young cavalier that won the hearts of many an adventurous youth. Indeed, the army, if it may be so called, was largely composed of that element. Looking back to Walker's filibustering operations in Central America, and the causeless indignities and injustice heaped on the people of that country, his final extinction came as a blessing. His influence and example were decidedly baneful to many young men in San Francisco and the adjacent coast, diverting their minds from a life of useful labor to one of lawless adventure.

Of Walker's ability as a leader, he said, "He possessed little of the keen foresight necessary to the success of a military chief, was deficient in shrewdness and tact. His love of fighting and warlike display was intense, quite out of proportion to his ability to carry through a campaign to a successful end." Furthermore, he was wholly unscrupulous as to the manner of procuring his supplies, resorting openly to the methods of a freebooter. The honest ranchmen of Sonora found this out to their cost. His depredations in Nicaragua and Costa Rica were no less rapacious, and his astounding daring in seizing Vanderbilt's steamers—then plying between New York and the ports on the San Juan River—stirred the wrath and indignation of the best element of the people of the United States, who stamped him as a high-handed pirate. Walker was executed at Honduras in 1860, at the comparatively early age of thirty-six, thus ending the life of a restless, ambitious soldier of fortune. He was gifted in the possession of many brilliant qualities which, if developed in other pursuits, might have won for him an enviable name in the annals of his country.

A GEORGIA CRACKER.

Sanderson's next adventure was to ship aboard of a bark bound for Baltimore by way of Cape Horn. After much hardship and many hair-breadth escapes, he arrived at the Maryland City. He next turned his attention to

railroading and continued in that occupation until the breaking out of the Civil War. Feeling that it was his duty to offer his services to his country, he enlisted in the American Navy, and was sent aboard the well-known corvette, "*Harriet Lane.*" This vessel, with others, was sent down to Galveston to do blockade duty in the harbor of that city, and spent several months of monotonous service in the outer harbor. The blockading squadron consisted of six fairly equipped ships. The "Coryphæus," "Westfield," "Clifton," "Sachem," "Owasco," and the famous corvette on which our friend was serving. This naval force encountered perhaps the most humiliating defeat that had befallen that branch of the service during the Civil War.

On New Year's day, 1863, two or three ordinary river boats, the boilers of which were well protected by cotton bales, put out from Galveston, and headed direct for the blockading fleet. A desperate encounter ensued. The "Harriet Lane," in an effort to run down one of the rebel boats, got her hull and rigging so entangled as to be unable to free herself. A close range fight was the result of this mishap, in which the United States forces were defeated, and the "Harriet Lane" and her crew captured—her commander, a lieutenant, and about two-thirds of her crew were killed in this encounter. The survivors were made prisoners and sent to Galveston. While manœuvering in the harbor during the fight the "Westfield" grounded; and, when all efforts to float her proved unavailing, it was decided to blow her up, to prevent her capture by the rebel forces. While engaged in preparation to destroy this vessel, an accidental explosion took place, in which nearly a score of men were blown to pieces—her commander, an engineer and a line officer among the number. The loss of two war vessels, and two barks, with supplies, and a half-hundred lives, was surely a serious defeat, and a most humiliating one in view of the enemy's insignificant naval forces.

Sanderson was wounded in the conflict, but soon recovered; was exchanged that same year and returned to Baltimore, where he now resides.

The recital of his adventures having ended, we retired to our modest sleeping apartments, had a most refreshing night's rest, and were up and about early next morning. After breakfast we made ready to pursue our trip up the river. It is one of the peculiarities of a voyage where wind is the propelling power that one does not know what point may be reached at sunset, so we did not know where we should rest that next night. This matter gave us but little concern, as we were not travelling on schedule time.

Our boat was soon under way, skipping at a lively gait, and about two miles from the last starting point. The air was most invigorating, and our enjoyment intense. While the water is always interesting to look upon, the flat level land on either side is hardly less so. Here are birds and butterflies, insects and flowers, perhaps only partly known to the students of natural history. We saw several tall cranes wading and fishing in the shallows near the shore, and bright-plumaged ducks floating in and out among the reeds, while a flock of white curlews were rising, falling and wheeling far up in the sunny atmosphere, suggesting a picture of some enchanted island in far-off tropical seas.

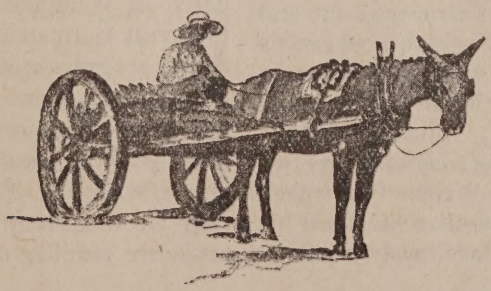
The charm of the scene was stimu-

lating to the imagination and carried one back to the early days when civilized man first set eyes upon this noble river. That was many years before the Pilgrims had reached Plymouth Rock, and before the Englishman, Gosnold, settled at Jamestown. The honor of discovery, however, belongs to the *French* explorers, who entered the bay in *1561*, twenty miles below the point where the city of Jacksonville is now situated, and sailed up this great stream, giving it its present name. It is not pleasant to recall the sanguinary struggle between the English, French and Spanish to get possession of this river, and the early settlements on the Atlantic Coast. It is a story of intrigue, cruelty and bloodshed. Such ruthless devastation as was resorted to in turn by each of these nations, is scarcely conceivable at the present age.

While approaching the town of Tocio, one of our party was suddenly hurled into the water. Weimar Wallenstein was standing over the bows of the boat, quite absorbed in the newness and beauty of the surroundings. We were sailing at fair speed, when unexpectedly we struck an arm of a sunken tree, which brought our craft to an instantaneous stop and pitched Weimar head first into the river. The obstruction prevented our reaching him quickly; he floundered about, trying to keep his head above water. Sanderson finally swung the boat clear, and getting close to him we both hauled him aboard. He had swallowed a great deal of water, and that, with the effort to save himself, had exhausted his vitality somewhat, but after a short rest and with the help of a little stimulant, he entirely recovered.

To remove his wet clothes and dry them, was now the question which confronted us. Some short distance on the easterly bank we saw a small farmhouse which was almost hidden from view by a growth of tall magnolia trees. Reaching the bank, we lost no time in going to the cottage, and without much ceremony made known the condition of one of our party. We found the inmates to be two women, apparently mother and daughter, who, on hearing our story, kindly volunteered to furnish Weimar with a suit of clothes while his own were being put in condition to wear. Weimar's aspect in the farmer's outfit was most comical. It surely added nothing to his gracefulness of form, but he was happy in the expectation that after a few hours he would be again in his own garments. While the women were attending to the work of drying, we took a ramble about the farm.

Emerging from the house we were met by the farmer who owned the place. He scrutinized us sharply and suspiciously, but when his vision rested on Weimar, he actually grew white with rage, having instantly recognized



SELLING ORANGES AT SAN MATEO.

his own best suit. It was evident that he regarded us as a gang of robbers who had been plundering his house, and he was in the act of rushing in to grab his rifle, which hung up behind the front door, when he was met by his daughter. With a prompt explanation she succeeded in allaying the man's anger, though he entered the house in a decidedly sullen mood.

Hiram Dow, for that was the farmer's name, was to our eyes a queer specimen of a Southern planter, a striking example, indeed, of what is known as a "Georgia Cracker." He stood six feet in his cowhide boots, and was so spare and thin that one would think he could creep through a round hole twelve inches in diameter. His boots reached well up to his knees, with overalls tucked in. His upper body covering was a much faded gray woolen shirt, with collar buttons missing; his head was covered with a well-worn, broad-brimmed hat, and his only face decoration was a long goatee which stood forward at an angle of forty degrees from his chin. Altogether he was a picture to be remembered. I have seen many such Crackers in the valley of the Chattahoochee River (South Western Georgia), but never before came within such close range of one.

We found, in roving about the grounds, that the place was well kept, the fragrant blossoms of the trees—the verdure seen in all directions, and the soft, clear atmosphere between us and the blue sky, were such as must awaken the admiration of any traveller from colder climes. Under the shade of a wide-spreading magnolia tree we sat down to rest. Weimar was much more communicative than had been his habit, Sanderson facetiously remarking that his sudden immersion in the river, not only took the stiffness out of his collar and cuffs, but contributed largely to take it out of his manner. There were many admirable qualities in the man, which would endear him to any gathering of intelligent people. His personal appearance was at once striking and attractive. His face indicated refinement, and the possession of talent, and there was a most remarkable resemblance in his features to those of Sidney Lanier, the Southern poet; indeed, I cannot look upon a picture of Lanier without thinking of my friend Weimar, whom I have neither seen nor heard from for many years. His career had been varied and interesting; born in the historic city of Strasburgh, Alsace, when Alsace was French territory, he had for a school fellow and playmate, Paul Gustave Doré, the artist, who was also a native of that city. He loved to talk of the extraordinary ability developed by Doré in drawing and sketching, even in his boyhood days. . He remembered the future painter as a lovable, manly boy, and a charming companion, and clearly recalled the day he departed from the old city to take up his studies in the art schools of Paris.

Weimar was a thorough German in sympathy, although born under the French flag. Following the national predilections of his father, who was a native of Westphalia, he was proud of the great German Empire, of its wonderful progress and prosperity—proud of the great men who were instrumental in effecting its unification. He knew well the great writers and scholars in Germany. The writings of Lessing, Goethe, Hauff, Schiller, and others, were familiar to him, and he was

always ready to quote some brilliant passage from their works to illustrate some point under discussion. His citations from Heinrich Heine, the young Hebrew poet, afforded Sanderson and myself much amusement. His faculty of mimicry was most extraordinary. He could mix up the German and English tongues in such a whimsical fashion, while making a humorous speech, as to evoke roars of laughter.

After a pleasant hour spent in listening to his interesting reminiscences, we returned to the farm-house to compensate the Dow family for their kindness, and on our departure we shook hands with the head of the family, Hiram Dow. We were soon aboard the boat again, and concluded to reach Picolato, ten miles away, and rest there during the approaching night. Several new features of river scenery were noted, and as we approached a broad, tropical lagoon, whose banks were fringed with groves of palms and pine trees, we sailed close to the shore and passed several mounds of mud and sand, which Sanderson informed us were alligators' nests. He had seen groups of such in the marshy lowlands of the Orinoco River. He thought it safe to keep at a distance from those breeding resorts, very particularly during the hatching season, and cited instances where boats had been attacked by those monsters, the crews escaping by good fortune only.

The boat having made good headway for a few hours, we came in sight of Picolato, just as the sun was nearing the horizon. The shadow of night came on ere the landing was reached. The quiet of an impressive solitude was upon the evening air, and the stillness only broken here and there by the jumping of fish. It was one of many evenings of exquisite enjoyment spent upon the river.

As I look back upon those delightful hours, now long past, they seem only half real. Yet Florida abounds in many such opportunities for pleasure.

RICHARD III.

BY REV. JAMES H. COTTER, A.M.

The Brass Tablets on the stone steps of the Tower of London that Tradition says marks the place where were found the little Dukes of York, truly two white roses ruthlessly clipped on life's summer morn, will ever evoke new interest in him, whose bloody hands stained as precious garnets the blocks of the Fortress, England's Herod, Richard III. The breath of Shakespeare's genius has quickened to immortality history's cold clay of this tragic character so that men may now read him not only in his public infamy that made his country moan, but see him in his heart's secrets as blood-bedraggled he steps to power, tripped by royalty's slaughtered sons and butchered babes. In Richard we have a perfect type of wanton ambition that merges all human sense in the adoption of its means. Not the King's anointed life stilled by his fierce falchion, not his devoted

brother's blood spilled therewith, not the clinging tenderness of interesting youth, nor yet the gracious honor of his mother's age, can tempt him to tenderness, but crime most cruel stages his deformed manhood in grizzly* grandeur, repellent in itself, yet fascinating in its influence.

After Hamlet, many claim Richard as the finest creation of Shakespeare. To harmonize with hidden logic the meanness of the eaves-dropper with birth as high as the eyrie, reckless daring with fawning servility, brutality to woman with courtly manners, murder most foul with seeming most fair, belonged only to him to whom Mother Nature confided her very mysteries. Everything has been done so truly that even apparent inconsistencies are on close study the very subtle properties that conjoin the many traits of character in this ruling villain. The reverse of that other classical cripple, Homer's Thersites, whom Achilles calls "a dog, in forehead, and in heart, a deer." Richard has two great properties that interest us ever, bravery and intellectual activity. In this is he like the devil himself, so much so that lest we might believe him inhuman the drama refers to Richard's dead father. Richard is a more wonderful character than Milton's Devil, who "floats many a rood," or Dante's Monster, high as the "tower of Carisenda," for a very cripple, with crooked back and blasted arm, proves a terrible engine of unabating force and awful power.

Richard, like every villain, begins his career by mistaking the objective for the subjective, by believing the world to be as bad as himself. Men are as we see them, taking on the color and form of virtue or vice, and so the distorted Richard saw humanity depraved and fit only for the malpractice he projected. In the last and worst of men there is always a sustaining force in the thought that in the world there is no virtue, but only degrees of vice, other wise conscience itself would be the criminal's Nemesis. The impure see the world corrupt, the robber believes every man a rogue, the drunkard will sneer at professions of temperance, the perjurer will justify his course in citing David, who accounted every man a liar, the murderer sees his fellows with the same blood on their desires that he has on his hands. If advice be offered, it is taken as insult and the greater the criminal the farther he is always from counsel. Richard has no counsellor. Unhampered by principle, expediency is his sole Mentor. He gave no man his confidence, for as he found, on looking within himself, nothing to trust as truth, he saw without no subject for confidence. Only the innocence of youth or the virtue of age trusts, for the one does not know deceit and the other hardly recognizes it when seen. Richard had no memory of the one, no feeling for the other, and so he is awfully and absolutely alone.

His pleasure is not in love of self, but in contempt for his fellows. While winning with deceit, hypocrisy or sophistry an agent for his infamous designs, he is even then almost reckless in guarding expressions of his scorn, and is impatient for the end of the interview to blaze forth in denunciation of the aid that he himself a moment ago sweat to forge and fashion. Haughty in birth, imperious in manner, keen in intellect, "looking," like Cassius, "quite through the deeds of men,"—to dupe his fellows was to recreate. In greater crimes there is an utter want of pity; after duplicity wins he scorns, after he murders he mocks. Life for him has

*He is often typified by a boar.

nothing sacred, the grave nothing dear; Heaven he insults with hypocrisy, and Hell he appeals to with confidence.

Richard never retreats from a purpose, and audacity marks his every advance, be it interview with woman or his opposition to man. Contending with adversaries like Anne or Elizabeth he shows himself a strategist in debate. He permits them to waste their force in words, and then, when weakened by the effort, he stuns them with a seeming humility, confuses them with appeals to their vanity and with audacious sophistry, even in the face of staring facts, penetrates heart and mind and wins in wondrous fashion. His audacity in design never, like Buckingham, waited for breath, and in war he furnished himself music with his sword's ringing strokes on the helmet of his foe.

Richard has no self-respect;—he "descants upon his own deformity" of body and knows his soul's ugliness so well that he avows to himself the excellence of a "plain devil and dissembling looks," and when a man has no self-respect the way is primrosed towards disrespect for all law, all legislators, and all subjects of legislation. Richard ends in concerning himself as much about a dish of strawberries as the taking of a noble life, and actually improves his appetite for dinner by first feasting his eyes on the death-head of the unoffending Hastings. Gifted innocence is made a theme for jest so monstrous that, since his associates cannot see the steel point of his wit, there remains the horrible inference that his venomous joke was made to arouse the murderous devil within him.

York—I pray you uncle give me this dagger!
Gloster—My dagger, little Cousin? With all my heart.
Prince—A Begger Brother?
York—Of my kind uncle that I know will give; and being but a toy which is no grief to give.
Gloster—*A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.*

Richard III., while equal in deceit to Iago, is a greater desecrator of religion in the positive way that he apes piety. Not an infidel, for devils never are, he weaves from the torn thread of Holy Writ, the "livery of Heaven." More formal than Iago, he confesses to himself his villainy, and does not cloak it with the sophistry in whose use he is such an adept. He is an eastern juggler in his elastic moves. His will and his wit spring together in action. For him there is only Richard, and because of that only the present hour. As religion is ever close to his fellows, he ever infamously makes it a pack horse for his passing purpose.

His deceit is marvellous in its transitions. Now he is thrilled with vicious schemes, and while he has not time to wipe the sweat from his brow, he coldly turns and says, "Cannot a plain man live?" Meeting Clarence going to prison, Richard shows how, with one word, he can crush the life out of his own trickery that moved a weak king to fratricide. On being told the reason for arrest, well known to him, "because my name is George," he trippingly answers, "For this he should commit your godfathers." This great good sense that stamps the condemnation of crimes that he himself engendered, is an unique element in this rare dissembler.

Richard appears to us in the drama as Lady Macbeth did upon her battlements, matured in villainy. With his will his God, he has no conscience to disturb him, no heart to soften him, no

faith to master him, no hope to ennoble him. So empty of charity is he that his cold soul appears as a hearthstone upon which never a fire was lit, and on which we look with curiosity and regret, for even black cinders would be a memento of at least past warmth.

The difference in the characters of Richard III and Macbeth shows the marvellous variety of Shakespeare's Art. Though both are ambitious and murderous, they differ as much as the Highlands of Scotland from Bosworth commons. Before the murder, the picturesque Macbeth fears, after it, he regrets. Richard before the murder is stern resolution; after it, he is luxurious content. Our interest in Macbeth is created by his doubting steps, in Richard by his unhesitating advance. Richard is the only exception to Shakespeare's dictum, "Conscience makes cowards of us all"; Macbeth is the rule's best proof. Both found that tyranny was suicidal, for by destroying human rights it undid its coveted empire.

Richard, the impersonation of energy, is a direct contrast to Hamlet, who devotes his time to theorizing. In Hamlet we have the development of a mind, in Richard, whom we know from the beginning, that of a manner.

There is a property in Richard which would in one not a hypocrite pass for the virtue of patience, persistence. His interviews with the women of this drama, where the fiery horrors of his crimes dart at his face, are borne with equanimity. Was this virtue? Not so; it was the utter viciousness of self-consciousness. Richard's consummate pride was inwardly mocking the logic of Anne and Elizabeth. He felt not the force of their invectives. He saw only his pitiless purpose, untouched by a tear, unmoved by a groan, and steadily pursued it through the wrath that enveloped him. His illustrious mother, alone, in words solemn and awful, halted him for a moment in his last march to death, and to the hell that in night came out to meet him.

Queen Margaret, the fury of the play, gives it most of its tragic character, in the thunderbolts of her wrath. Like Lear the King, she gives frenzied speech to indignation as she avenges her wrongs in gloating over the prayed-for wrongs of her enemies. Having nothing and abandoned by all, she is as mighty as is Richard in the proud consciousness of possessing everything and having legions to obey his behests. She is ever a queen with edicts changed to curses and her sceptre to a burning brand of vengeance. She alone in her despair of empire, balances Richard in his hope of retaining empire. The other noble women of the play more readily and truly than the men perceive the deep designs of Richard, but are more easily argued from their thought. They perceive more keenly because of the fine feelings that aid them, and abandon their conclusions more easily because of the natural weakness of their feminine wills. That their hearts are kinder than men's is the reason why their wills are weaker, particularly when agitated by surging emotions. Shakespeare would seem to teach us that a doubt with intense feeling in a noble woman reaches a conclusion of a course as quickly as would a man's cold certainty. When Dr. Johnson said that Anne's conduct was inconceivable, he judged her by his masculine mathematics, abstracting her from the composite sense of the drama, wherein she was affected by questions of weighty import and Richard's marvellous force.

Her conduct is just as unique as Richard's power, for it is a measure of his might.

Like Donatello our master's mind has exquisitely modelled the character

THE CHILDREN IN THE TOWER.

of the children of this drama; more still, he has with delicate stroke pronounced the difference of their years. We dwell with delight on the youth and princely dignity of the elder in the chiding manner he assumes toward his brother. We applaud the fearless truths, "I want more uncles here to welcome me" and "God keep me from false friends, but they were none." We like the little fellow's proud ambitions, so soon, alas! to be nullified, and delight in the summer morn of the young scholar, fresh from his books and full of the wonders of Cæsar's Commentaries. We gaze enraptured on the little York who doubtless fled sanctuary as

he would fly to a holiday in order to retort on his uncle the application of the saying, "Small herbs have grace, but rank weeds grow apace." Oh! wonderful power of Shakespeare that gives us in one little line the size and the age,

'So empty of charity is he that his cold soul appears as a hearthstone upon which never a fire was lit and on which we look with curiosity."

the blood and the mind, the pride and the forecasted kingliness of the little scions of York's noble house.

The men of the play, in the supreme court of the dramatist, have their virtues and vices rewarded or punished as befitted their life and living.

Buckingham, the villain's first lieutenant, meets death at the hands of him who taught him murder, and Hastings ends the thrall of Margaret's curse, when life seemed least a "funeral march." The pious Richmond begins his battle with prayer and the war cry of God and his saint, and ends his victory, after taking the Sacrament, in the marriage of the "white rose and the red," that makes his country in very truth a garden teeming with prosperity.

The scope of the drama, from the brutality of Gloster to the gentleness of little York, gave the genius of Shakespeare a grand area varied with fierce forest and velvety mead. Like the artist that he is, he treats not lines but masses—not individuals but groups, so that he observes the silent character as much as the one now speaking or acting. Hence the play in itself, even more than in its many glorious periods, is rounded to a conclusion.

This great drama teaches many morals, chiefly the instability of worldly greatness, and death's curious advent to him most flattered with life, as is illustrated by Hastings' quick repentance:

"O, momentary grace of mortal man,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your good looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep."

It shows the dearth of truth in man—the infallible comfort virtue ever affords, and, above all and through all, it points the moral that God and only God is, by right eternal, "Himself Alone."

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

Richard Albert Atkins, who has been unanimously appointed Honorary Secretary of the Cork International Exhibition, is a Justice of the Peace for the City and County of Cork, and held the position of High Sheriff for the city of Cork in the year 1889. He is pre-eminently a busy man, and so multifarious have his duties become, that, though he did some very useful work in public life for some years, he has now retired from these positions. As a Poor Law Guardian his keen knowledge of statistics has assisted him to reform the administration of the Union and to effect a considerable saving to the rate-payers.

He is a director of Messrs. Morrogh Brothers, Woollen Merchants, Douglas; a director of the Irish Lace Depot, Dublin, and is also associated with other industrial companies. He has always taken, and continues to take, a most active interest in the movement for the development of Irish industries.

Hon. George D. Locke, Mayor of Jerseyville, Ill., was born in that city, Oct. 3d, 1874, and was educated in the public

RICHARD A. ATKINS, HON. SEC. CORK INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

and high schools. After graduating from a commercial college in Terra Haute, Ind., he entered the general office of the Chicago, Peoria & St. Louis R. R. Co., and when only seventeen years of age he held the responsible position of station agent in Jerseyville. In 1894 he began the study of law, and his subsequent career proves what honesty, energy and pluck may do for a young man in these modern days. He was elected Mayor of Jerseyville on the Democratic ticket, April 16, 1901, by the largest majority ever given a candidate for the office. He is the youngest man ever elected Mayor of Jerseyville, being only twenty-six years old at the time of his election.

Mayor Locke is an active member of numerous Catholic organizations.

MAYOR GEORGE D. LOCKE.

Among the many young writers who have first made their bow to the literary world through the columns of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, and thereafter achieved notable distinction, stands John A. Schetty of Paterson, N. J. His pen is pleasing, instructive and full of promise.

Mr. Schetty was born in New Brighton, Staten Island, but moved to Paterson when a child, and has lived there ever since. He is a graduate of parochial and private schools, and rounded out his education by a tour of Europe. He was well-equipped for literary effort when he began writing, and the editors of DONAHOE'S, who were first permitted to examine his manuscript, immediately saw a thought and purpose in his work. Since that time, Mr. Schetty has written extensively for other leading publications, among them, the Ave Maria, the Catholic World, and the Metropolitan.

JOHN AUSTIN SCHETTY.

He is deeply interested in literary circles, and does a wonderful amount of good in promoting pure reading and high thinking among the members of his home community.

CARDINAL GIBBONS ON AMERICAN PROBLEMS.

BY ANNA SEATON SCHMIDT.

The charm of Cardinal Gibbons's personality is too well known to need further testimony. He possesses that supreme distinction of the great, absolute simplicity, and is as cordial in his reception of the poor as of the mightiest in the land.

Recalling our last meeting, on the square of Saint Sulpice, Paris, naturally led him to speak of his delightful visit in France. "I do not care for Paris, it is too big and noisy, but I love the Provinces. Many travellers make the mistake of judging all the French by the Parisians. Paris is a great cosmopolitan city. You find there every nationality, every mode of life. If you wish to know the French, you must live with them in the Provinces. Their home life is most beautiful. The devotion of parents to their children and of young people to their elders is really touching. The grandmother is the queen of the household. All look up to and reverence her in a truly patriarchal spirit. The daily life of the wealthy and noble is a charming combination of religious and charitable duties, with happy, harmless amusements. Their faith is pure and strong. Let any one who thinks there is no religion in France spend a few

months in such a home as the Count de M--'s. Ah, no—faith is not dead in France, it still burns brightly in the hearts of her children, kept alive by the loving devotion of the parish priests, those dear old Curés who spend their lives among their parishioners. They have watched over them from their births; they will go with them to their graves. They come from the people, they love them and consecrate their noblest powers to the service of all their children. So long as France possesses such noble priests, no one need fear that her faith will become extinct."

Speaking of the "Indian Question," His Eminence said that it was a very complicated and difficult one to discuss. "In fifteen years I believe that it will be a thing of the past, so many Indians will have become citizens of our Republic that it will no longer be necessary to speak of an "Indian Question," as though they were a race apart. They will possess all the rights of citizens and be treated not as *Indians,* but as *Americans.* Under Cleveland the government withdrew many of the appropriations for the maintenance of Catholic schools. McKinley has been unjustly blamed for this because some of these laws only went into effect during his administration. At present it devolves on Catholics to support these Indian schools, otherwise they must be closed. I am deeply in sympathy with them and hope that Catholics will raise the necessary amount to carry on these schools. But we cannot expect the government to make appropriations for us, any more than for other denominations. That is not the policy of our Republic. The public schools have been established for the benefit of all, without regard to denominational differences. We must not make the mistake, as some religious papers have done, of condemning things unreservedly nor too sweepingly. If Catholics would put themselves in the place of the government and calmly look at this question from every point of view, they would realize that, as a nation, we cannot establish schools for any special church. I do not believe in a paternal government, nor that it would help us much if we did succeed in getting a few appropriations. We must learn to stand alone. We are strong enough to do this and we should not ask for special favors. Personally, I have found the government most kind and just in all our dealings. Where wrong has been done the Indians, it has been by individual officials. Unfortunately some inferior men have been sent to their reservations, who have taken advantage of their position to oppose our Catholic schools. Under McKinley a bill was passed which was clearly unjust. Not only did they wish to deprive our schools of all help from the government, but to compel the Indians by law to attend the public schools. In other words, to forbid them as *wards* of the government to send their children to Catholic schools. Now if the Indians are the wards of our nation, then the government should support them; if, however, they are citizens, then we should treat them as such, and under our constitution, we have no right to compel parents, by law, to send their children to public schools. Some of our prelates demonstrated this so clearly to those in power, that the odious ruling has been repealed."

The Cardinal regretted that he had no leisure for writing, his time being entirely given to diocesan duties. He never spares himself in any way, going

from church to church to administer confirmation and seldom refusing to preach for his people. "It is my sermons that keep me so busy and compel me to refuse all magazines in their request for articles. I did send a short one to the 'Ladies' Home Journal,' but they had asked me for it so often I really hated to repeat my refusal. Perhaps some of the ladies will criticize me for what I said about their clubs. It is not that I wish to find fault with clubs, I only object to whatever tends to break up the home life of our people."

An hour spent in the company of such a man as Cardinal Gibbons is all too short. His quick insight into all questions of the day, his versatile knowledge and broad sympathy, make him a delightful conversationalist. A prominent Baltimorean said to me, "His Eminence has the gift, not only of remembering names and faces, but also the particular subject in which each person whom he meets is interested."

Another of his high qualifications for the position which he holds is his temperance of speech. He is never carried away by momentary enthusiasms and led into making rash statements. He is admirably poised and always just in his judgments. He is beloved, not only by the Catholics of Baltimore, but by the Protestants. At his reception last Sunday there were many non-Catholics—indeed the first person to greet him was a member of another church!

The beautiful charity of the Cardinal makes him regard all of God's children as his brothers and his noble patriotism inspires him to call on all Americans to serve our dear country; to study deeply the questions concerning her welfare, that they may intelligently assist in solving the many problems which present themselves to our government.

SURSUM CORDA.

BY M. T. S.

The look of anguish, the silent tear,
The mourning garb of a widowed love;
These speechless tokens of grief untold,
Know no balm on earth; man's heart is cold.
But thought wings its flight to realms above;
God numbers the sighs the heart sows here.

The Angels of God, who their vigil keep
'Round the throne of the King Divine,
All afire with zeal for their Ruler's cause,
All intent on their Maker's praise, will pause,
In their labor of love, and, with garlands, twine
The mourner's brow; and the golden harvest reap.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

STITCHING ROOM, REGAL SHOE FACTORY.

ONE PHASE OF PROGRESS.

The prominent stages of the world's progress are marked by a particular designation of each period, punctuating the march of humanity from an obscure prehistoric past to the marvelously brilliant and progressive present. The scientific explorer of caves and mounds introduces us to the crude, toddling footsteps of the race in the Stone Age and points for our delectation to the evidence of awakening knowledge as shown later in the Iron Age when man displayed a budding acquaintance with a better material than stone for the weapons of defense and the implements of primeval husbandry. The classical scholar, revelling in the glories of antiquity, waxes eloquent of that period of art and literature in Ancient Greece known as the "Age of Pericles"; while the lover of romance and all the glittering accompaniments of the joust and tournament is no less enthusiastic over the pomp and pageantry of the "Age of Chivalry." An Age, however, far brighter than any the world has hitherto known as the almoner of mankind, an age richer than the combined accomplishments of all past centuries is that in which we are privileged to live and which may well be termed the Age of Invention. Human ingenuity has exerted itself as never before for the betterment of the condition of mankind and as a result machinery has been designed and called into service to lighten industrial burdens, thus not only vastly multiplying the fruits of productivity, but performing better work in all lines and, more beneficial than all else, lessening

the hours of labor and affording more opportunity for restful and mind-broadening leisure.

All honor to the skilled handicraftsmen of an earlier time who had to bear the burden of the world's needs. They filled the measure of their day's responsibilities. The world, however, has outgrown their methods and passed the stage of dependence upon hand labor. As the need for the accession of a new continent with its vast possibilities for humanity produced the necessary discoverer in Columbus, so each need as it presents itself in the world of industry finds the inventive mind ready to put continents in instant touch with the electric spark through the ocean cable, or to solve the problem of more perfect and speedy industrial production in every line contributing to human wants. The machine, today, is the great potential factor and as the result of the development of this modern servant of humanity the world's work goes forward with strides such as hand labor could never before compass.

From the crude protection afforded by the ancient sandal to the embodiment of perfection in modern footwear exemplified by the "Regal Shoe" is an advancement in an essential line that happily illustrates the material progress of civilization.

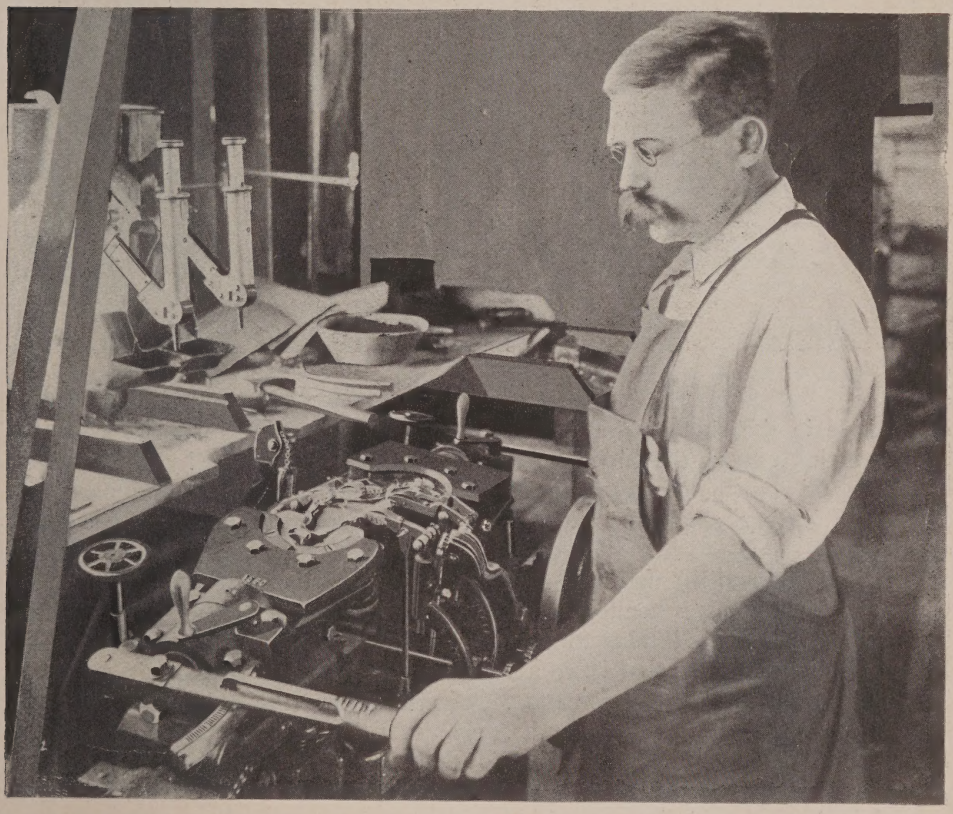
It is unnecessary to go into the history of the various stages of advancement in the methods of leather production. There is no doubt that centuries ago a surprising degree of perfection was reached in some lines of the work, as shown by the materials used in the binding of antique Bibles, missals and other hand-produced volumes that long antedate the invention of printing; but leather for foot-wear remained for years of the crudest and most primitive kind. High-class shoe manufacturing today requires far-seeing intelligent care and attention to detail. No better evidence of the fact could be given than that conveyed by a bare recital of the methods of production from the hide to the perfect shoe, as employed at the factory from which the Regal shoe is sent forth to vindicate at all times the integrity and applicability of the name by which it is distinguished at home and abroad.

One of the principal articles that goes into a shoe is the sole leather. This is prepared on the lower floor of the factory, inasmuch as this material is heavy and hard to handle, requiring heavy and powerful machinery to cut it. Experience has taught the expert shoemaker that oak leather is the best for outer soles, being superior for the purpose to hemlock or common red leather. Hemlock is used for the cheap and heavy brogan type of shoe, while oak is employed in fine shoes. Thus, in the particular factory under consideration, a factory especially singled out for the distinction it has achieved for the highest class of work in the footwear line, only oak leather is used for outer soles, although hemlock is called into requisition for the top piece of the heel, inasmuch as it furnishes the hard, stiff piece of leather essential for this purpose.

The breed and environment of the cattle from which the hides are taken count for much in determining the quality of the leather as well as the treatment which the hide undergoes during the process of curing and tanning. Hides that come from South America, Africa, India, China and all hot countries are very much poorer than those coming from a colder cli-

mate. The cattle living in hot countries are annoyed by insects, which fill the hide with worms and grubs, rendering the skin faulty and imperfect. Again, in these countries the cattle are driven by their insect tormentors into the damp, swampy places, which gives a decided coarseness to the hide. On the contrary, the hides that come from the middle and western states, especially Texas, are far more perfect since the cattle have not been subjected to the causes common in a warmer climate.

The basis of all tanning is the tannic acid in the bark used. Of two sides, one of hemlock and the other of oak, the latter will show the better wearing qualities, because oak bark in tanning the fibres or animal substance of the hide produces a much finer, stronger substance than hemlock bark. Tanning with hemlock gives a coarser filling in the hide, producing a much poorer substance. The crystals deposited in a hide by oak bark are different from those of hemlock. The oak leather used in the Regal shoe is made from a green hide which comes from Chicago. Hemlock leather is made from dry hides, collected from different parts of the world, and dry-



ONE OF THE LASTING MACHINES IN THE REGAL FACTORY.

BOTTOMING ROOM, REGAL SHOE FACTORY.

ing a hide in the sun, as they do in hot countries, causes the hide to deteriorate, and you cannot make as good a piece of leather as before it was dried.

It is important to the manufacturer who is making a cheap hemlock sole-leather to have the time it takes to tan a hide of short duration; that is, to get it done in from three to four months, instead of from four to eight months. Nearly all the common dry hides, such as hemlock leather is made from, are tanned in hot or acid liquors, which makes the time required very much shorter, whereas, the more expensive leathers, such as oak sole-leather, harness leather and most leathers made from green hides, take much longer and are tanned in what are called cold liquors. This is a very slow process, but makes a stronger, tougher and more valuable piece of leather.

In the last few years a great revolution has taken place in the process of tanning upper leather by the invention of the Chrome tanning process, which differs entirely from the old bark tanning process. The process of tanning upper leather with bark was to expand the fibres of the hide. This loosened it up and made it less strong than it was before. A certain amount of strength is retained in the leather, however, by putting in oil and various other substances, which fill in between the fibres so that it gives a fair amount of wear.

The new process of tanning upper leather is by the use of a chemical called chromic acid, an insoluble substance in water. This process of tanning, instead of expanding and loosening the fibres of the leather, attacks the fibres of the hide, forming crystals about each little fibre; the leather under the microscope resembles a piece of felt, and as these crystals form they shrink

the fibres together, making the skin exceedingly strong. This has made it possible to take very thin skin, such as comes from the kangaroo and kid, and, instead of tanning it and leaving it thick or coarse, it leaves it thin but extremely strong, so that today we get leathers such as King Kid, King Calf and King Patent, and as everybody knows, Vici leather, that are at the same time very light and very strong.

Wax calf is made both ways nowadays, that is, with bark and Chrome; but the Chrome tanned wax calf is much the softest, strongest and most beautiful piece of leather. Wax calf is always finished on the flesh side. Now if this same piece of wax calf is taken and finished on the grain or hair side by the bark process, it is what has always been sold as grain leather and would only be adapted for a coarse leather shoe such as the Lumbermen's and brogans. Now if we take that same calf skin and make wax calf out of it by tanning it with Chromic acid, we can then finish it on the grain and produce a smooth, highly finished piece of leather that does not look coarse and rough like the old-fashioned grain leather. It has the kid feeling and finish and is still the grain leather.

Enamel leather and patent leather are both tanned nowadays with bark and chrome. The invention of the chrome tanning process has made it possible to manufacture patent leather, by putting the enamel on the grain side of the leather and then letting it dry without baking it or subjecting it to a great heat. This makes an exceedingly tough, soft piece of patent leather that has great wearing qualities; whereas, in the old-fashioned way, which is also used today, because of custom and for other reasons, the patent leather is enameled on the flesh side, and then subjected to great heat in an oven, which makes the enamel hard and dry and also deprives the leather of all oil and moisture. For this reason alone such patent leather can never stand severe wear.

So much for the production of the leather itself. Now for the manner in which it is evolved from the mere material for the shoe manufacturer into the perfect and famous Regal shoe. It has been earlier stated in this article that the sole leather department of a modern shoe factory is on the lower floor, and the reason has been given for such location.

The first thing done with the side when it reaches the sole-leather room is to lay it on a bench and cut it up into strips, according to the size of the shoe. These strips are rolled and leveled, then taken over a dyeing-out machine and died out the shape of the sole desired. A side of leather varies in the texture of different parts, the best of the leather, near the backbone, being used for outer soles. The less firm soles come from the shoulder, while skirts are used for the inner sole, which is a nice, flexible piece of leather about one-eighth of an inch thick. It is taken after it has already been leveled off and prepared and is then channeled on the flesh side. A lip is turned up on the flesh side, to which is sewn the welt and the upper of the shoe. By sewing the welt and upper to this lip, it leaves the inside of the shoe perfectly smooth, showing the grain side of the sole; afterwards the outer sole is placed on the shoe and sewed on to this welt, which has already been sewed on to the inner sole. The outer sole is therefore never sewed on to the inner

sole by this hand-sewed process as it used to be in the old machine or McKay method.

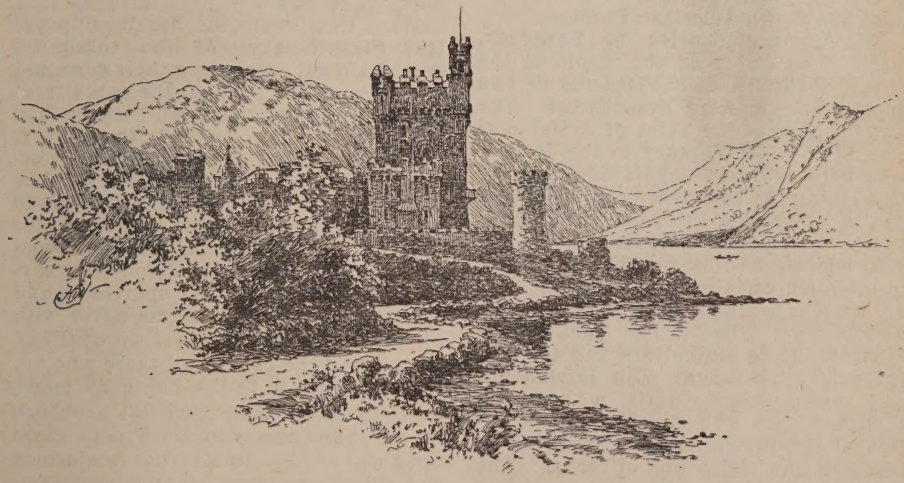
The upper leather of a shoe is always taken to the top of a building, because it is easier to handle and a great deal of light is needed for manipulating and cutting. After going into the upper leather cutting room it is sorted out and workmen take the skins, lay them on their cutting boards and, with pattern placed on the skin, cut out with a knife all the various parts of a shoe. Each part of the shoe has a special number and these parts then pass into the stitching room, where they are sewed together into what is called an upper.

They are then sent down into the room on a lower floor, where they meet the soles and heels and innersoles of a corresponding number. They are then placed on a rack, and the rack is sent upstairs to the third floor, which is called the gang room, or shoemaking room. Here the first process is to last the shoe, that is, to draw the upper over the last and tack it on to the inner sole. The next process is to sew on the upper and welt to the shoe that has just been lasted. The shoe then passes along and after some manipulating to get it into good shape the space between the inner sole and outer sole is filled in with ground cork and rubber cement. This is done to level up the inside of the shoe and make it more or less waterproof. The outer sole is then placed on and pressed into position by a machine called a sole-layer, the sole remaining in position, owing to having been covered with a leather cement before being put through the machine. It then passes along to the rough-rounder, which trims off the rough edges of the sole. A wonderful machine called the Goodyear stitcher is now used which makes a lock stitch through the welt and the outer sole, fastening the bottom part of the shoe together, making it one solid, strong manufactured article. In then goes to the heeling machine. The heels have already been made to look like one solid piece and are placed on the shoe in the machine and nails driven through, every nail being driven at one and the same time. They next go to the slugging machine, which puts in the row of little brass slugs which show on the heel of a finished shoe. The shoe then passes along to the heel trimmer and shaver and the heel is trimmed in a more or less complete form before receiving the finishing touches in another room. The same is true of the edge of the outer soles, they being trimmed and finished finally through a successive process until they get down into what is called the finishing room. Here the bottoms of the shoe are sanded off by machines which have a rapidly revolving roller covered with sand paper. The heels are scoured by the same process and are then painted with black ink; then passed on to men standing in front of rapidly revolving brushes, which by the aid of wax and other materials give the bottom of the shoe its highly finished look.

The hooks are then stamped into the upper of the shoe by a very quick process and the shoe passes along to the treer. Of course after the shoes have passed all the way round through so many operations the upper has grown more or less rough, and this man takes the shoe and puts on the finishing touches to the upper. But the shoe never gets out of shape because the last over which the

shoe was originally made is not taken out until the shoe is completely finished and packed ready for shipment. The treer manipulates the upper of the shoe, removing all foreign substance that might have got into it, and rubs and moulds and polishes it until it is brought to a high grade of form and finish. The lasts are then drawn out; the shoes are mated and finally dressed by girls who see that every shoe corresponds in number and in case; they are taken and carefully packed in waterproof paper, are marked and are then ready for distribution in the stores. It would be safe to say that the shoe passes through at least 120 hands before it is finished. There are a good many hundred hands employed in the manufacture of the Regal shoe and thousands of pairs are made every day.

The chief depot for the Regal shoe is in Boston, and there are forty-two branch stores scattered throughout the country from ocean to ocean as far as San Francisco. In addition, there is conducted a mailing business of vast proportions, through which the consumer can be provided with this fine foot-wear, shoes being forwarded by mail or express. A special rate with express companies admits of a uniform price to all parts of the United States and at a slight advance to Germany, Mexico and all parts of the civilized world. This mail order department was started in 1893, and the fact that goods are shipped on the day the order is received has contributed to its great popularity. The Regal shoe is made for both men and women. It is packed in a corrugated box for protection and the greatest care is taken for delivery in good condition to the buyer.



BOOK REVIEWS.

A Vanished Arcadia. By R. B. Cunningham Graham.

Under the attractive title of "A Vanished Arcadia," Mr. Graham writes a delightful account of the Christian commonwealth established by the Jesuits in Paraguay in the days before the suppression. We have no historical parallel wherewith to compare the paternal and quasi-theocratical government by which these Jesuit missionaries brought the Guarani Indians to a highly moral and prosperous civilization. Hence it is that statesmen and politicians have studied the phenomenon with great care and have striven to draw therefrom practical lessons for the treatment of races, inferior in civilization to our own. English thinkers have been at a great disadvantage in their studies upon this subject, on account of the dearth of information in our own language. Much had, indeed, been written in Spanish, French and Latin, but little thereof had found its way into English print. Mr. Graham hopes to remedy this defect. He does not lay claim to superior qualifications as a historian, neither does he seek to give an exhaustive treatment of the charges brought against the Jesuits as a body; he only aims to show how the policy and rule of this marvellously organized body of spiritual workers acted upon the South American Indians.

The first missionaries to Paraguay, which then embraced the whole of the course of the Rio de la Plata and its two great affluents, were Franciscans. The devoted sons of the Saint of Assisi gave way in the 16th century to the Jesuits, who here achieved unparalleled success in winning the confidence of the natives, and in converting them to the teachings and to the practice of Christianity. The plan adopted in this apostolic work was to establish certain so-called *Reductions* or *Mission stations*, around which the natives were collected into hamlets and villages. Here agriculture and the useful arts were taught with intelligence and perseverance, until a roaming, thriftless race was changed into a nation of prosperous citizens, dwelling in towns of importance and of beauty. The story of these efforts is interesting, instructive and pathetic. It is full of interest, because it describes the attempt made by zealous men to bring back to the world the gentle, unselfish, common life of the early Christians; it is instructive, because it shows how these educated and practical trainers grappled with the problems of government; it is pathetic, because it reveals the ruthless manner in which bold, unscrupulous men thwarted the plans of these earnest workers and frustrated their efforts.

Mr. Graham endeavors to give an objective picture of the work, avoiding the extreme views, both of the friends and enemies of the Society. With regard to the government he says: "The system was in appearance democratic, that is to say, there were officials as mayors and councillors; but most of them were named by the Jesuits." This system he approves highly, for he remarks hereon: "This sort of thought-suggested representation was the most fitting for the Indians at the time, and those who look into the workings of a county council of today cannot but think at times that the majority of the councillors would have been better chosen had the electorate had the benefit of some controlling hand." Mr. Graham dwells at some length upon the firm stand taken by the Fathers against slavery. Among the concessions obtained by Ruiz Montoya from the King of Spain was one declaring all Indians to be free.

Why, then, were the Jesuits unpopular? First, because of the calumnies spread abroad concerning their supposed wealth, and this aroused the cupidity of many Spaniards, and, then, because they were inexorably opposed to slavery, which had been a most profitable investment for European adventurers. The Jesuit rule in Paraguay was brought to naught, because it failed to harmonize with the plans of politicians and adventurers, who regarded the defenceless savage as a lawful object for oppression and spoliation. While we cannot agree with all that Mr. Graham says, we cordially recommend the book to all those who are interested either in the Paraguay movement or in the governmental problems in our new possessions. From these methods of the Jesuits our statesmen and rulers can glean many wise principles of action.

The Macmillan Co. New York. $2.50.

God and the Soul. By John Lancaster Spalding, Bishop of Peoria.

The celebrated Pope Damassus receives a distinct tribute of praise in the Roman Martyrology, because he adorned the tombs of the martyrs with touching inscriptions in verse. In a similar way, the present Pontiff, Leo XIII, has won the sincere regard of literary men by his brilliant triumphs in the realm of poesy. Following the example of churchmen so illustrious, the scholarly Bishop of Peoria has published a work which places him among the claimants for the laurel wreath. "God and the Soul" is the title chosen for this volume of poems, which are intended to express in words the yearnings of the soul of man for the supreme, infinite Being.

The volume is divided into four books and each book is preceded by a few poems to introduce the leading theme. The subject is, indeed, lofty and worthy of deepest consideration. For, as the author wisely remarks, "religion, conduct, science, and art have as their end the establishment of a heavenly kingdom, wherein the soul, inspired by the love of God, illumines the all-pervading darkness of mystery and sin, and finds itself at home in realms where the Infinite Spirit gathers all things into everlasting harmony." Within the narrow limits of a review, quotations would fail to do justice to Bishop Spalding's sublime thoughts and choice expressions. The book should be attentively studied by all who wish to tread the higher paths of the spiritual life, and to achieve unusual conquests in the kingdom of virtue. How aptly the author develops the truth that workers, not dreamers, find true joy in existence!

"To enjoy the utmost and to do the least,
Is task impossible. In work joy lies
Which nature's law to idle hearts denies,
For toil alone gives relish for life's feast.

The happy man is labor's tireless priest,
By ceaseless effort, struggling still to rise
To higher thought and love, to purer skies,
Nor hoping there from work to be released.

As the infinite power can never rest
So godlike men may never know repose,
For energy unused is life unblest:
A wellborn soul self active is and grows
Still moving on in its untiring quest,
Becoming all the beauty it foreknows."

And, again, how well in the following lines, the laggards are urged to advance in the cause of truth!

"Put trust in God, and in thy single might,
If thou hast hope that better things shall be;
Wait not till other hearts shall love the right,
But strike the blow and thine own conscience free,
Fill all the days with deeds of light,
And so make luminous eternity."

No one can read these poems without adding to his knowledge, to his moral courage and to his spiritual growth. No one can read them reflectingly without being thrilled by the desire to become a master of Christian love and of Christian virtue.

The Grafton Press. New York. $1.25.

Text-Books of Religion for Parochial and Sunday Schools. The Fourth Grade. By Rev. P. C. Yorke.

Father Yorke, the vigorous champion of the Faith on the Pacific coast, deserves our heartiest congratulations upon this original and extremely useful work, which combines instruction in religious truths with sound training in the leading events of Bible History. The wisdom of this plan must be evident to all. For Catholic doctrine, being a collection of *revealed* truths rests, in a large measure, upon the Holy Scriptures, as interpreted by the Church. Many points of belief become wonderfully clear, when considered in union with the surroundings which marked their first unfolding. They will, consequently, always remain obscure unless the incidents connected therewith are well-known.

As a matter of fact, there is, at the present time, a pressing call for deeper and wider studies of the inspired writings on the part of the youthful members of the Church. It is not uncommon to find many young people, some of them college graduates, woefully ignorant even of the fundamental events recorded in the Holy Scriptures. Father Yorke is of the opinion that this defect can only be remedied by interviewing the

facts of Bible History with the outlines of religion as given in the Catechism. We feel that his view is the correct one, and we earnestly hope that all Catechists and Sunday school teachers will thoughtfully master Father Yorke's plans and so adopt them in practice as to make Bible History as familiar to our people as are the fundamental teachings of the Church. The value of the book is further increased by forty-three beautiful half-tone reproductions of the great masters, two elementary maps, and by a key to the pronunciation of the proper names, so often a stumbling-block to the youthful student. In these three hundred and four pages are contained the chief treasures of religious instruction and of Bible History.

San Francisco: The Text-Book Publishing Co. Bound in cloth, 45 cents.

Old Thoughts on Old Themes. By Rev. Edward C. Hearn.

It is the humility of the author which keeps him from adopting as his title, "*New* Thoughts on Old Themes." Father Hearn has taken the old, old subjects of Time, Eternity, Death and Heaven, and by vivid presentation, apt quotation, striking example and original expression, given them a new form and a new attractiveness. The result must be an added force to the lessons logically inculcated by these truths. How much of the power of spiritual truth is frequently lost by heaviness of manner, by hackneyed phrase and by stereotyped expression! How effective the same truth becomes in the hands of a master of language and of literature who knows so well how to clothe his ideas in words and phrases befitting their dignity. Father Hearn's sermons will be found suggestive by every priest, whether engaged in our large city parishes or in the small and scattered congregations of the country.

J. S. Hyland & Co. Chicago.

Devout Catholics owe much to the zeal of Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., Editor of the Irish Monthly, who has prepared for their benefit many devotional books, including "Moments Before the Tabernacle," "At Home Near the Altar," "Close to the Altar Rails," and "Communion Day," his latest work. In addition to the spiritual beauty of the thoughts he conveys, Father Russell imparts to his books the added charm of literary finish, making them a source of delight, not only to the fervent, but to all fortunate enough to possess them.

The author tells us that "Fervorinos Before and After" was prepared more as a spiritual reading on the eve of Communion day or at some later hour on the day itself, though some of the prayers may be used as the title indicates, immediately before and after Holy Communion. The short meditations it contains will aid many in collecting their thoughts and directing their devotions. It is rarely that one sees a book of this character so attractively made up in binding, type, size, etc., leaving nothing to be desired by the reader.

Art & Book Company, London. 60c.

William Dean Howells in "Heroines of Fiction," has brought together a remarkable assembly. With a word of regret that Robinson Crusoe had no heroine, he passes on to a consideration of Richardson's skill in "Clarissa Harlow," and Oliver Goldsmith's admirable novel, "The Vicar of Wakefield," quoting from it the delightfully humorous description of the famous picture of the Primrose family, in which Sophia was depicted "as a shepherdess with as many sheep as the painter could put in for nothing." At this point Mr. Howells must have adopted and adapted Sophia's idea, for he seems to have put into his book as many heroines as his publishers could reasonably be expected to stand for. He is very appreciative of Frances Burney's "Evelina," of Maria Edgeworth's "beings," pictured so faithfully because their author "knew her Ireland closely, lovingly, humorously"; Jane Austen's "sweet Fanny Price"; and Mrs. Radcliffe's heroines. Scott's Rebecca, Rowena, Lucy Ashton and Effie and Jeanie Deans are considered, and the opportunity improved to severely condemn Scott's prose as "shapeless, tautological, heavy, infirm, wandering, melodramatic and over-literary." But Jeanie Deans has captivated the critic and he readily accords her first place among the womankind in Scott's novels.

Cooper, too, is under a ban. He is accused of introducing certain figures of such an "extremely conventional and ladylike deportment in all circumstances that you wish to kill them."

Here is an admission. "As we approach our own time, women in fiction become more and more interesting, and are of greater consequence than the men in

fiction, and the skill with which they are portrayed is more and more a test of mastery."

This promotion of the heroine is probably due to the fact that women swooned less, "fainting became as obsolete as bursting a blood vessel," and novelists made merry over hysterics. Ridicule will kill almost anything, and it is not surprising that the exquisitely sensitive female of early fiction succumbed to it. As a type of the new heroine Mr. Howells considers Bulwer's Nydia, and while discussing the "Last Days of Pompeii" asserts that "it had an acceptance as great in its time as we have since given 'Quo Vadis,' which it is not saying much to say it surpassed in most essentials."

The legions of Dickens' readers will take exception to Mr. Howells' estimate of his work. They cannot be made to believe that they admire him for the subtlety that conceals nothing, and rather than do so will suffer being classed with the average novel reader, "who," says Mr. Howells, "is nearly as low an intelligence as the average playgoer." The love in Pickwick Papers is objected to as "ready made"; Mrs. Nickleby is not "such an absolute fool as Jane Austen's Mrs. Bennett"; Nancy Sykes is "a heroine by default"; and the "Old Curiosity Shop" is submerged in "a swash of sentimentality." And yet, "a whole generation, on either side of the Atlantic, used to fall sobbing at the name of Little Nell." The critic tells why, and in the telling makes one of his best points. It is because in all the scenes, preposterously over-done though they may be, "there is a sense of the divinity in common and humble lives, which is the most precious quality in literature, as it is almost the rarest, and it is that which moves and consoles." We miss the other child-heroine of this story, the starveling who becomes The Marchioness at the touch of Dick Swiveller's fantastic humor. Surely she was worthy of mention, if only for her magnificent loyalty to the merry ne'er-do-well. "Surcharged travesties" and "frantic burlesques" there are indeed among Dickens' creations; Dolly Varden may be "a cheap little coquette," and Miss Miggs "a goblin effigy" (Mr. Howells has a facile gift of description), but they are among the immortals of fiction because their creator "had himself such potent charm that what he said went—at least with his own generation." This praise is the more generous in that he who speaks it admits—or shall we say boasts?—that he has lived beyond the glamour of Dickens' wonderful power. "It is doubtful if the pathos of little Paul or Florence Dombey could make us cry now . . . though the time was when Macaulay, the historian and critic, cried over Florence Dombey, as he himself recorded, in inconsolable heart-break."

Dora Spenlow with the discriminating Jip, Agnes Wickfield, the faithful Peggotty, Miss Murdstone, Betsy Trotwood, Mrs. Steerforth, Rose Dartle, and Little Emily form a familiar group from David Copperfield which was "autobiographical in fact as well as in form, and was biographical through the introduction, with little disguise of Dickens' father and family circumstance." The witchery of Dora has disarmed even this latest critic. "Childish and slight as she is, she is woman with a woman's, not an angel's charm. . . . I do not know in all fiction a purer study of young love, of the entire human sort than their courtship."

By what right is Lavinia Wilfer honored as a heroine while Lizzie Hexham is ignored? Surely the latter has the stronger claim. She is the first feminine figure to appear in "Our Mutual Friend," and the finest character in it. It is not easy to forget her, whether rowing on the turbid river with the gruesome burden trailing at her boat, or seeing pictures "in the hollow down by the flare," gently controlling her debased father, striving to uplift her ambitious ingrate brother, or resisting the advances of Eugene Wrayburn, because her white soul warns her of dishonor.

While Dickens was writing in England, Hawthorne was writing in America, and Mr. Howells finds that they held the widest possible difference of ideas. To emphasize this difference, after dismissing Dora Spenlow and Bella Wilfer, he invites his readers to the study of Hester Phrynne on the scaffold in the market place, in the great tragedy of "The Scarlet Letter," of which he says, "it is hard to see how it will ever be surpassed or companioned."

Thackeray's heroines are classified as bad and good according to their moral worth, not the author's literary workmanship, which is thus tersely scored: "He could not often hold his hand; when he painted a saint, he wanted to paint 'Saint' all over the thought it well to tag his forked tail halo; and when he did a devil he

with a label proclaiming his demoniacal quality.'

The work of the Bronte sisters forms the subject of the closing chapter of Volume I, and the eulogistic strain in which the author discourses of "Jane Eyre" and "Wuthering Heights" prepares the reader for the over-appreciative estimate of Thomas Hardy's "Jude the Obscure." "No greater or truer book has been written in our own time or any; and yet Jude, if it was to be quoted from significantly, is not to be quoted from in this company at all without risk to the critic of sharing the misunderstanding which befell the author." Mr. Howells will find it difficult to win admirers for this novel, which so defied the tenets of good taste and affronted moral sensitiveness. No degree of art can disguise innate coarseness or make it acceptable.

Kingsley's "Hypatia" is honored with much space, but when closely analyzed, the criticism yields little of praise. "It cannot be said by the unprejudiced reader that his 'Hypatia' is an attractive personality, . . . and it is not going too far to say that she is rather repellant." It would seem that her critic becomes brain-weary of her creator's vagaries, for he asks as he finally dismisses her, "but what is the meaning of Hypatia herself?" This is a question that Kingsley's readers will answer for themselves according to their appreciation of him and the spirit he manifests.

Forty-eight pages are devoted to a discussion of George Eliot's heroines, and most interesting pages they are. It is like listening to animated comment on people one knows to read what this author has to say of Maggie Tulliver, Hetty Sorrel, Rosamond Vincy, Dorothea Brooke, Gwendolin Harleth and Janet Dempster. It would have been a distinct gain to Mr. Howells to have known less of Thomas Hardy, and something of Blackmore and Stevenson. "I confess that I never read a novel of Blackmore's or a novel of Stevenson's. . . . Lorna Doone is a heroine whose adorers simply troop at her heels. I can only regret that I have not her acquaintance, and sigh that it seems too late to make it." William Black, Bret Harte, T. B. Aldrich, G. W. Cable, H. B. Fuller, M. E. Wilkins and Mrs. Humphrey Ward have been in one respect more fortunate than either Blackmore or Stevenson. They have engaged Mr. Howells' attention.

Acquaintance with his own novels enables the reader of "Heroines of Fiction" to detect the gentle satire in which Mr. Howells invariably indulges when women are his theme, and they are nearly always his theme. His keen eye observes every characteristic movement, down to the trifling occupation of creasing gathers or sharing in veranda gossip. Here is a touch of it. "In fact, Mrs. Ward is so good in imagining heroines of noble nature that she ought to be the favorite novelist of her sex, which loves to have its magnanimity recognized; I will not say flattered." But that he is equally ready to have a little quiet fun at the expense of his own sex is also evident, and that not even art can protect them from his shafts is amply proved. Thus, commenting on Eleanor's sacrifice in giving up Manisty with a view to securing Lucy's inevitable happiness, he adds, "if it is happiness to marry Manisty." A doubt many will share with him.

There is much, very much to interest and entertain in those two volumes. These "Heroines" have been given a handsome setting, for this, their latest appearance before the public, the publishers omitting nothing that could add to their attractiveness. The two volumes are beautifully illustrated by seventy full page half-tone pictures from original drawings by such celebrated artists as A. I. Keller, Howard Chandler Christy, Albert E. Sterner, George T. Tobin, Henry Hutt and others.

Harper & Brothers. New York. $3.75.

The new edition of "William Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist and Man," issued in response to the demand for Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie's work in less expensive form, is an attractive volume to glance over, and a deeply interesting one to read. With the exception of the binding the make-up is the same in detail as the handsome holiday edition published a year ago. The illustrations, 100 in number, include nine full-page plates in photogravure, reproducing the best portraits, besides views of scenes in the Shakespeare country from special photographs, and interesting records of the poet's own time, from old prints.

The first part of the book deals with Shakespeare as child and man, his early associations, educational opportunities "of the most fertilizing and stimulating kind"—his marriage and life in London.

In the chapter, "Shakespeare's Country," there are many delightful passages depicting the tender and pervasive beauty of the scenes and scenery among which Shakespeare's young imagination unfolded. When the work of the poet and dramatist is passed in review the volume grows in interest for the student, the Earlier Tragedies, Later Tragedies, and Romances, being discussed with delicate appreciation and clear perception. It is a book to charm all readers.

Macmillan Company, New York. $2.00.

"The Imp and the Angel" is a collection of short stories by Josephine Dodge Daskam, who seems to have made a thorough and appreciative study of the small boy in his many moods. The Imp, despite his name, is always enjoyable, but most people will like him best in the initial story, when he persuades the daintily dressed and much coddled Algernon to break loose, and go off with him on an escapade that makes merry reading. Having thrown off the shackles of conventionality, the emancipated Algernon rises magnificently to the requirements of his new career, and shows a masterly skill in planning and executing mischief, even surpassing the Imp himself. In an abandon of delight he rolls in the surf, wrecks his finery, joins the fisher children in the making of a drift-wood bonfire, and shares with them the potatoes they roast in the ashes, evincing for the homely fare an appetite that the epicurean hotel fare could not tempt. This story alone is worth the price of the book, the humor is so fine, and the sketching of child character in moments of exhilarating feeling so true. The Imp figures in all the stories, sometimes doing good unconsciously, as when he fills the theatre or reconciles the artist and his son, but always acting on the inspirations and according to the ways of the small boy, that familiar and too often misjudged element of family life.

Scribner Brothers, New York. $1.10.

"Lazarre," by Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood, is the latest addition to a fairly lengthy list of historical novels brought out within the last two years. The hero of the romance is a picturesque figure, the Dauphin of France, supposed to have died in the Temple Prison. But, for the purpose of the novelist, he is spared this fate, is rescued from captivity, and smuggled beyond seas by a court painter, who commits the child to the keeping of an Indian chief, Thomas Williams. In the prelude the author does her most effective work. The scene in St. Bat's is notably strong. The dim light sifting down through the roof reveals the blacksmith's forge, the lusty workmen, their gossiping wives, and the objects of their disapproving comment—an idiot boy of nine years, and a little girl whose valiant heart goes out to the wretched creature cowering beside her. For him she meets the mob of English children and fights like a panther to protect him.

Unlike most historical novels there is little of pageant in "Lazarre," the woods of America being most frequently the background of scenes in which the Dauphin and Eagle de Ferrier play leading parts. The story is redolent of the pungent fragrance of the pines, and wholesome with the atmosphere of outdoor life. True, when "Lazarre" comes to a knowledge of his high estate, newly awakened ambition and a strong desire to regain his own, lead him to France, but his experiences there are most unfortunate, including imprisonment in a vile cell in St. Pelagie. No doubt the novelist at this crisis was hard pressed for a means to rescue her hero, but we wish she had not been harassed into introducing another type of the much maligned priest in fiction, this time "a doddering old fellow, almost deaf, and dim of sight." From an artistic point, even the story would be much better without this character and the description of the rites he administered. Life in the Grignon home is delightfully portrayed in Book III, and the open-handed hospitality of Pierre Grignon is a pleasant thing to dwell upon. Round this spot centre the closing scenes, and here Lazarre realizes his dreams of happiness.

The book is illustrated by Andre Castaigne, and in its cover scheme ingeniously combines emblems of France and Canada.

Bowen-Merril Company. Indianapolis. $1.50.

Among handsome new editions of popular novels appear two of Charles Lever's books, "The Fortune of Glencoe" and "Tony Butler." They are beautifully made up, and so gratifying to the eye as models of the publisher's art that one can't help wishing that the author had offered more worthy material for such embellishment. If his taste had been equally good, his countrymen would

never have had occasion to deplore the injury he inflicted by his misrepresentation of social conditions in Ireland.

Little, Brown & Company, Boston $2.00.

The Crusades have been a fruitful theme for many novelists. "Minette," by George F. Cram, is a story of the first Crusade, an historical narrative rather than a romance of love, though lovers and their affairs occasion many adventures. Minette is a well-conceived character, and Lacey de Hauteville is a notable addition to the lists of heroes authors have drawn from the Crusades. The lovers had no common destiny, and their death on the battlefield fittingly terminated a career so full of dramatic incident, and so removed from the commonplace. It is not to be expected that Mr. Cram could study the Crusades from the Catholic standpoint, and Catholic readers will at times be called upon to make allowance for the narrowness of his views and his lack of sympathetic insight in dealing with phases of this great religious movement, but on the whole he has produced a commendable book. The story is always pure and wholesome, and it is much to this author's credit that through all the detail of his work he never permits his high standard of morality to be lowered.

John W. Iliff & Co., Chicago, Ill. $1.50.

The popularity of Marion Crawford's new novel, "Marietta, A Maid of Venice," is established, a fourth edition being now on the press. Side by side with the pretty romance runs the story of an intrigue that might have been dispensed with without lessening the interest of the book. Crawford's characters generally live in a pure atmosphere, and his readers will note with regret the introduction of certain scenes that lower the moral tone of his last book. The description of the glass works of Murano and the experiments made in the laboratory is in itself sufficient to hold the reader's attention without the aid of over-sensational features.

The period of the story is the end of the fifteenth century, and the episode with which it deals is historically true, being taken from one of the old Venetian chronicles. The action and interest centre in the house of a master glass-blower, who had a daughter, Marietta, and an apprentice lad, the Dalmatian, Zorzi, afterwards the most skilled glass-blower of his time, despite the strict Venetian law forbidding a foreigner to learn the art or set up a furnace in Venice. Marietta is betrothed to Jacopo Contarini, a worthless scion of a noble house, who covets her wealth that he may spend it prodigally on Arisa, the beautiful Georgian. This character is a new type in Mr. Crawford's novels, a wily, treacherous creature who one moment reproves Aristarchi for not saying daily prayers, and in the next begs him to kill Jacopo, and calmly offers to assist him. In sharp contrast is Marietta, an ideal heroine, whose love for Zorzi and courageous defiance of her father's wishes finally lead to the happy ending that all readers demand as their right. The story is rich in color, and the descriptions of Venetian scenery are exquisite bits of word-painting.

The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

The House Party is a collection of twelve stories of varying merit contributed anonymously by twelve out of twenty-five well known writers who were invited to take part. A prize of $1,000 was offered to the reader who should make the best guess at the identity of the writers, and at least one person has been handsomely rewarded for reading all the tales told by the house party. A New York lady was successful in guessing the names of eleven of the writers and has been awarded the prize.

Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $1.50.

"The Elf-Errant," by Moira O'Neill, author of "The Glens of Antrim," is a dainty conceit that may be a fairy story or may be a gracefully veiled discussion of the racial characteristics and prejudices of the two countries represented by Rose Red and Trefoil. Taken either way it is charming, the humor is so fine, and the philosophy of the Irish elves so very satisfying—to all except Rose Red.

"What do you think of the weather?" he asks as he crouches disconsolately under the dockin leaf.

"Well, I'm thinking it's just beginning to be no better," the genial Trefoil makes answer.

"It always rains in Ireland, I've been told," laments Rose Red.

"Not at all," assures his amiable companion. "Moist and agreeable—that's the Irish notion both for climate and company."

And again the winsome Speedwell lis-

tens to Rose Red's rather ungracious accusation, "I don't think your Irish elves have much idea of the nature of an explanation."

"I don't think we have," admits Speedwell "you see we seldom ask one ourselves. We understand things so much better when they are not explained."

As might be expected there is a Seed o' Valor among the Irish elves, and his advice is respectfully listened to even by Red Rose. "Always come of a fighting race, when you get your choice," he says, "and then you'll never repent it."

No wonder poor Rose Red was at times bewildered, or that when he got his wish he was reluctant to go, "but the voice of his country called to him in all the living waves, and his heart went back to England." In its flight prompting a message to the elves Red Rose could not understand, "Speedwell," he called back to her, "tell the Fairies I love them."

Rose Red, Trefoil and the rest of the wee people are good company for mortals in search of recreation, and Moira O'Neill has done a friendly service in making them acquainted. The dialogue is as good if not better than that in "Alice in Wonderland."

Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

"Short Visits to the Blessed Sacrament," compiled by Rev. F. X. Lasance, is a useful pocket manual that will commend itself to the devout. It contains many pious suggestions, acts of adoration, thanksgiving and reparation, and many other prayers.

Benziger Bros., New York. 25 cents.

Another devotional work issued by the same publishers is "Instructions and Prayers for Catholic Youth." It bears the imprimatur of the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York, and is commended to the young as a guide and counsellor in the way of a Christian life. 60 cents.

The third edition of "The Pre-Columbian Discovery of America by the Northmen," by Dr. B. F. De Costa, now going through the press, will prove far more valuable than the previous editions.

It will be of *especial* interest to all scholars and general readers of the Catholic Church, whether in Europe or America; since justice is done now for the first time to the work carried on from Rome in the western world centuries before the voyage of Columbus, documentary evidence being given to prove the positions laid down. Catholic scholars will find themselves under a debt to the author.

Joel Munsell's Sons, Publishers, Albany, N. Y.

"First Confession," by Mother Loyola, is a little book of instructions on the Sacrament of Penance and how to receive it. It is specially intended to simplify the work of preparing young children for their first confession, and teachers will find it most helpful.

Benziger Bros. New York. 40 cents, net.

An excellent German-English edition of the Catechism has been prepared by Rev. J. Deharbe, S.J., for use in Sunday and parochial schools attended by children of German parentage.

Fr. Pustet & Co. New York.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

QUESTION BOX.

Q. Apropos to your answer in reply to inquiry contained in the Christmas number of your magazine as to the identification of the Roman Catholic Church with the "true Vine" (which is Christ), permit me to inquire: were there not "Churches" existing *prior* to the organization and founding of the Christian Church at Rome, as, for instance, "the Church at Antioch," (Acts XIII. 1); "the Church" mentioned in Acts II. 47; V. 11, etc., all certainly in existence before "the Church at Rome?" Is not *Christ alone* distinctly set forth to be the "head of the Church?" (Eph. I. 22), and does not Revelation unequivocally set forth in language unmistakable that He, alone, is: the "Alpha and Omega"; the "First and the Last"; the "Beginning and the End?" Can the ambiguities contained in the famous declaration of Christ to Peter obviate the clear import contained in the above and kindred declarations of which the New Testament is full? Please answer fully.

A. Christ established the Church, His Church. This establishment began at Jerusalem. Commissioned by Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Man-God, endowed with His power, and filled with the Holy Ghost, the Apostles, after preaching in Jerusalem, after enlarging there the multitude of the believers, went forth to the ends of the earth, to "preach the Gospel to every creature." Where they found believers, they planted the Church. The believers, together with their teachers, the Apostles first, and then those whom they associated with themselves unto the work of the ministry, were the Church. The Church at Antioch was not a new Church, as a new building might be a new Church. It was but the spreading of the society, which was first formed at Jerusalem, the gathering-in to the fold of other sheep, and the making of all to be one fold under one Shepherd. So the conversion of people in different cities, provinces, portions of the world, was but the spreading of the Church. The Church of Jerusalem, the Church of Antioch, the Church of Ephesus, the Church of Rome, this signified only the one, same Church, the one same society of Christ, whose members everywhere yielded their minds to His teaching, their wills to His law, finding in Him their leader, and honoring and obeying Him in His representatives.

It happened that Jesus Christ had Himself selected one man as the chosen one on whom to build His Church: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church." Peter, then, by the Master's own choice, was head of the Church. Christ is, indeed, "head over all the Church," the Church militant on earth, the Church triumphant in heaven. But He has gone to heaven, He is hidden from our sight. He is the invisible head. He appointed one to take His place, one whom men can see and with whom they can speak, can act as men see, speak and act in the affairs of any society. This one is Peter. Peter the Apostle died, his power lived, was transmitted to his successors, in whom it is invested, by whom it is exercised.

Peter in his journeyings preached the Gospel, gathered in believers, established the Church in different places. In the due course of his work he came to Rome. There he finished his days, there his successor to the Primacy was chosen. By Peter's residence and death at Rome, Rome became the centre of Christianity. The invisible head of the Church dwells in heaven; the visible head, on earth, and in one chosen place, Rome. The Catholic Church is the universal Church, meaning of the word Catholic. It is not of Rome only, or of Antioch only, or of London only, or of San Francisco only, it is of each and all of these places, and yet beyond them to the utmost confines of the globe. Jerusalem or Antioch, or any city in which Peter chose to reside, might have been the centre of Catholic unity equally as well as Rome. But the Providence of God guided Peter to the heart of civil society, to the great centre of the world's power and civilization and wickedness. Other places might have been, Rome is the centre of Catholicity. "Where Peter is, there is the Church." So says the old maxim of the Fathers. Peter, in his present successor, Leo XIII, is physically, personally, in Rome. His power extends over all the Church of Christ, to all the limits of the world. Union with him, union of thought and will, marks the Catholic, separation from him marks the one outside the fold. Rome and Italy, Paris and France,

Washington and the United States, contain the believers. The head teacher, the great law-giver, the centre of unity for a visible Church, made up of visible men and women, lives somewhere on this earth. He lives in Rome. The Church is everywhere, Rome, accidentally, you may say, Providentially, the Catholic says, is the centre.

Wherever are found even a few Catholics, they assemble for worship. The building they erect, in which they gather for worship is called a Church. They themselves are members of the great society, the Church. The small congregation of the village, the large congregation of the metropolis, acknowledges a guide, a leader, in the pastor, or rector. All the pastors, all the priests, acknowledge their immediate leader in the bishop: "He has placed you bishops to rule the Church of God." All the bishops acknowledge their guide and leader in Peter, the Bishop of Rome: "Feed my lambs (the people); feed My sheep (the bishops)." "Satan hath desired to sift you as wheat. But I have prayed for thee, Peter, that thy faith fail not. And thou, being once converted, confirm thy brethren." And the Bishop of Rome, the Pope, looks to the everlasting hills whence comes the help of God, that He, being in Rome, ruling from Rome, may rule in the name, in the power, and in the spirit of the Christ, who is Alpha and Omega, first and last, beginning and end, over all the Church of Christ.

"Can the ambiguities contained in the famous declaration of Christ to Peter obviate the clear import contained in the above and kindred declarations of which the New Testament is full?" So writes our correspondent. We have in our answer referred to the declarations quoted. They do not in any way serve against the unity and perpetuity of the Church, but indicate the continued existence of the Church of Christ.

Now, as to the famous text that tells how Christ makes His Church endure through Peter. Jesus had asked His disciples: "Whom do men say that the Son of Man is?" and had received the answers. Then "But whom do you say that I am?" The passage is in St. Matthew, 16, 13-19. "Simon Peter answered and said: "Thou art Christ, the Son of the Living God." And Jesus answering said to him: "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona, because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but My Father who is in heaven. And I say to thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven." Where is the ambiguity? Not in the person to whom the words were addressed. Simon Bar-Jona, Christ called him, and Matthew tells that the one so addressed was Simon Peter. Perhaps in this: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build." In the English translation there may be ambiguity, but not in the language used by Christ. "Thou art Cephas, and upon this Cephas I will build." Cephas is a rock, and our Lord said to Simon: thou art a rock, and upon this rock I will build. The word Peter means a rock, so in Latin, so in French, etc. In French, for example, Peter is Pierre; stone is pierre. Once we know that Christ said, thou art a rock, and on this rock I build, all ambiguity vanishes. No ambiguity in the words "My Church." It is impossible to escape the force of union with Christ Himself and of unity to pervade the whole edifice. And for the sake of that unity and solidity is the building established upon the foundation of rock. The building takes its firmness from the foundation. Therefore Christ will have not sand, but rock. The building cannot be apart from the foundation. The whole building depends upon the foundation for the binding and unity of its various parts. Hence follows as a natural conclusion, wherein can be no doubt, that through Peter and by Peter is the Church established, maintained and secured in unity, in endurance, in perpetual existence. Hence must Peter hold, preserve and perpetuate the Church, not merely by the posession of some dignity, the holding of some title, the distinction of a merely honorable position, but by the possession and the exercise of supreme jurisdiction over all the Church, in legislative, executive and judiciary action. And, hence, to recur again to the word "rock," where the ambiguity may seem to exist, we need but see the obvious meaning of the metaphor used by Christ, to know that union with Peter, obedience to Peter, mean union with Christ, obedience to Christ. Where Peter is, there is the Church." We agree with St. Ambrose.

BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT.

WHAT SOME READERS THINK OF IT.

The following excerpts from letters received in reply to our question, "What Becomes of Preston Martins?" indicate the degree of interest the story has awakened, and the appended list of places from which replies were mailed serves to show the extent of territory covered by DONAHOE'S.

FROM THE PRIZE WINNERS.

Convent of Mercy,
Fulton Street,
Buffalo, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—

I received your kind favor enclosing check, several days ago. Wishing you every success with your magazine, I am,

Very gratefully yours,
SR. M. ANTONIO.

Westphalia, Kansas.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs:—

Mr. Agnew wishes me to express to you his thanks for the check for $5 sent him by you.

Very truly,
A. F. HATTON,
Ed. Westphalia Times.

South Boston,
574 Eighth Street.

To Editor of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE:

Dear Sir:—

I received your check for five dollars this morning, and thanking you for the same, I am,

Very truly yours,
ALICE L. MURPHY.

London, England: As we read your story, "Borrowed from the Night," the thought grows upon us that the Catholic American girl is an ideal character. The story does more than entertain, it instructs on life in America.

Jackson, Mich.: I have been confined to the house with illness for several years, and find in reading my principal recreation. Nothing gives me more pleasure than your magazine. My father has subscribed for it several years. "Borrowed from the Night" is about the most interesting story I have ever read.

Wilmington, North Carolina: "Borrowed from the Night" is a superior story. It contains many serious and beautiful thoughts. It is pathetic, and in some respects unique. The sentimentality is never excessive. Unlike the ordinary story, there is some difficulty in foreseeing the fate of the principal characters. It is a story that benefits the reader.

Chapman, Kansas: I think this story is a beautiful one, and hope it won't be long until we can see it in book form. If so, I shall be among the first to get it.

Pandera, Montana: I watched eagerly for every number. I am only a girl of twelve, but mamma lets me read the stories is your magazine, for they are written by good writers, and I have always liked the stories in DONAHOE'S.

Gorham, New Hampshire: Without being too intensely religious this story shows our faith in its true light. The characters are all so vividly portrayed as to leave a marked impression on one's memory.

Chicago, Ill.: "Borrowed from the Night" could not be improved upon. The stories by Anna C. Minogue are all so original and instructive that they leave on the mind an impression not soon to be forgotten.

Cerillos, New Mexico: I thought I would send in a guess for my husband. We have taken the magazine for two years, and will this New Year, we are so pleased with it and the story. The book helps me to teach my babies. We live eighteen miles from town and can't tell when we can send a letter away.

East Grand Forks, Minn.: As dear little Teresa emerges from the tangled incidents thrown around her infancy and girlhood our sympathy and interest pass to Preston Martins. Having given him such an upright, manly character, we wonder what our fair author has in store for him. Surely it must be something that will compensate for the loss of Teresa, for now that he knows the truth he will accept neither the sacrifice of her heart nor fortune.

Sharon, Penn.: Some will ask what is in a story? I think there is much to be learned from the right kind, especially one like this, when one of the characters is brought back to the faith he so long neglected.

Dubuque, Iowa: I think it is the most interesting narrative I have ever read in any magazine. From the time of Pres-

ton's first appearance in the story I have been anxious about the outcome.

Brandon, Manitoba: "Borrowed from the Night" has been to me full of interest. I am from North Carolina. I think Preston will probably become a Catholic priest and labor as a missionary in the Southern States.

Glendale, Kansas: The story is a beautiful romance from which we may learn how much better prepared for the duties of life are those who have had their education intertwined with the garlands of religion.

Lady's Island, Broadway, Wexford, Ireland: Your splendid serial has been much appreciated here, and the various characters duly discussed. Your magazine is a welcome visitor on this side. I wish success to DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE and health and prosperity to all the staff.

Sibley, Iowa: I have followed the tale from the first and await each chapter with interest. I am fifteen years of age and papa has taken DONAHOE'S for more than twelve years. We value it very much.

Melbourne, Australia: Your readers over here are enchanted with the beautiful young heroine in "Borrowed from the Night." You have published some good stories, but none more striking than this.

Oil City, Pa.: I am thoroughly pleased with the high moral literature in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. It is instructive to the young and edifying to older minds. "Borrowed from the Night" is a grand story. I am so fascinated by it I can hardly wait for the coming number.

Groton, N. Y.: I have read the serial story, "Borrowed from the Night," with much pleasure and profit. I think it is the very best story we have had in DONAHOE'S, and I have been a reader ever since the magazine was published.

Buffalo, N. Y.: It is not often that authors invest their fictitious characters with so much grace and charming individuality. The reader follows each character with a keen desire to know more about him or her.

Chenango, N. Y.: My uncle has taken DONAHOE'S for ten years or more, and he says he will have the magazine sent to us next year. Then I can have it myself, and won't have to borrow his book. I am deeply interested in the story "Borrowed from the Night," and can hardly wait for it. My name, too, is Teresa.

Rutland, Vt.: I am glad to be able to tell you that your book is a great pleasure to me as well as to many of my patients. I have read the story from month to month with a great deal of interest, and even if I do not guess right, I am glad of a chance to write to you.

Milton, Wis.: It seems to me impossible to read of the purity and self-sacrifice of Teresa, the goodness and devotion to her duty of Mrs. Martins, without having higher standards. The life of George Martins shows that peace and happiness lie not in wealth or power, but in freedom from sin.

Saratoga, N. Y.: The story is so well written and so striking in the beauty of its character analysis that I am very desirous of possessing it in book form. When thus published let me bid for one of the first copies.

Brooklyn, N. Y.: I have read "Borrowed from the Night" with a great deal of pleasure, watching eagerly each month for the coming of your able and interesting magazine.

Ottawa, Canada: "Borrowed from the Night" is in my estimation the most beautiful story ever written.

Chicago, Ill.: I have taken DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for eight years. In '94 I won five dollars for guessing the correct number of subscribers, and now shall try for the ten dollars offered for the answer on "Borrowed from the Night."

Ellsworth, Maine: Originality, brilliancy and dramatic power are characteristics of "Borrowed from the Night." It is as well written as Rosa Mulholland's works.

St. Louis, Mo.: The story is one of the most delightful and entertaining ever written, and I have followed it with keen delight from the beginning.

Washington, D. C.: I am one of the readers who so thoroughly enjoyed "Borrowed from the Night," and I venture to express an opinion as to what becomes of Preston Martins, though my mind is as it were on a seesaw between two opinions.

Willimantic, Conn.: I am no story reader, but was so charmed by the first few chapters of Miss Minogue's story that I resolved to follow it up, and was more pleased with every number.

Dadeville, Ala.: The story is simply yet powerfully told, and the interest well sustained.

Lowell, Mass.: I am glad of the opportunity to say how delightfully fascinating "Borrowed from the Night" is. Readers of the magazine should be grateful to its publishers, and to Miss Minogue for writing so truly enchanting a story. I should like to tell her person-

ally what a delight I found it. I am familiar with the most of our Catholic writers, and consider Miss Minogue one of the best.

Cleveland, O.: I am very much in love with your magazine and have enjoyed "Borrowed from the Night" very much indeed.

Chapman, Kan.: This is what I call an ideal story. It always leads you on and makes you anxious to know what the next chapter contains.

De Bore, Wis.: "Borrowed from the Night" has been a source of great pleasure for my family and myself. Any one who appreciates good wholesome reading must think very much the same way about it.

Lowell, Mass.: The plot is exceptionally well laid, and the reader never tires of being held in suspense, as each successive chapter contains enough of interest to hold the attention. Miss Minogue's thoughts are purely Catholic, and her descriptions captivating.

Bangor, Me.: Our thanks are due for the rare treat which you have made possible for thousands of readers of your delightful magazine in giving them this fascinating story.

Sherman, Texas.: I will buy "Borrowed from the Night" in book form when I can get it. It is grand, expressing such good morals, and in such choice language. Such features make me think that I can't get along without the magazine in future.

Charleston, Ill.: We have many pleasant discussions here among your readers about the ending of "Borrowed from the Night." Each character holds your attention throughout the entire story.

Jamestown, N. Y.: The story is so true and life-like that one really thinks such people have existed. I think Miss Anna C. Minogue is one of the finest writers. We should like to see and know her also. In our opinion, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is superior to any we have ever read. Every word breathes of intelligence, truth, and purity.

Riverside, Cal.: I have read the story with the greatest of interest, and must acknowledge that I have been charmingly entertained. It furnishes food for meditation on the wonderful ways of God in bringing things out right, and drawing souls to Himself.

Burlington, Vt.: Your beautiful story, "Borrowed from the Night," enlisted my attention from the start. It is about as interesting a one as I have ever read in my life, and I have read a great many. The company ought to be congratulated for having such a writer on their staff.

Memphis, Tenn.: Being one of the army reading "Borrowed from the Night," I think the story is one of the most thrilling I ever read. I wish some one would dramatize it. There is material in it for a fine play. All praise for Miss Minogue, who has given us such a story. That she may live long to give us many more is the earnest wish of one of her Memphis admirers. Though I may not be the lucky winner, I am glad to take advantage of this opportunity to express my thanks to you and to the brilliant author. All our family love DONAHOE'S and eagerly watch for it each month.

Dennison, Ohio: "Borrowed from the Night" is one of the sweetest, purest stories I have ever read. Teresa and St. John Worthington are very fine characters, but Preston stands apart, a shining example of pure, noble manhood.

Pittsburg, Pa.: It cannot be excelled as a fascinating and at the same time moral story. The writer has succeeded in bringing the leading characters into such prominence that their fate is a matter of ever increasing interest to the reader.

St. Thomas, Minn.: All think "Borrowed from the Night" is a most delightful Catholic story for either young or old.

Lanesboro, Minn.: Borrowed from the Night" is indeed a very charming story —one of the best and most interesting that has ever appeared in DONAHOE'S, and I have taken it for years.

Waterbury, Conn.: There have been times when reading "Borrowed from the Night" that I was glad it was only a story. I think the great, true heart of Preston Martins is relieved by death.

There never was a time in the history of the country when the wheels of commerce were moving as rapidly as they are at the present day. With the new inventions both for communication and also for manufacturing in various lines and branches of industry no more rapid strides have been taken in any direction than in the shoe industry. To-day the world is surprised to learn that the Rubber Sole Shoe Company, whose factory is at So. Framingham, with a store at 137 Summer street, Boston, are making a shoe with a complete rubber sole and heel and leather upper. After the sole is made and the welt is put on, then the pure Para rubber is placed under a pressure of ten ton which makes it even more secure than did the old method of sewing or nailing the soles. This sole is impervious to water and heat and will wear longer than the leather sole without the extra expense of heeling and tapping.

KATKYIENS ON THE MARCH.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

PHONGYIE AND PUPILS.

See Page 237.

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From a painting by S. H. Purser, H. R. H. A.

THE CHILDREN OF LIR.

In the guise of swans they left the sea of Moyle and flew westward to the sea around the isle of Glora. There they remained 300 years until St. Patrick came to Erin with the pure faith, and St. Kemoc, one of his companions, came to Inish Glora where he found the children of Lir. They regained their human shape, were baptized by Kemoc, and died immediately.

Donahoe's Magazine.

Vol. XLVII. MARCH, 1902. No. 3

FATHER MATHEW.

BY REV. F. A. CUNNINGHAM.

That "Peace hath her victories" no less glorious than those of war was never better exemplified than in the career of Rev. Theobald Mathew. The immense strides that the cause of temperance has made since he first uttered the talismanic words, "Here goes in the Name of God!" have in them something of the miraculous. We need only contrast the literature of today with that of half a century ago to note magnitude of the advance. The "tavern" of Dickens, of Thackeray, Banim, Lover, and even Scott, has vanished from the pictures of contemporary life, and although it may well be questioned whether better conditions have taken its place, yet for the evil it has done, the world and its literature may well rejoice at its absence. One often wonders how the convivial spirits of 1850 would regard the banquets of today wherein men of genius, intelligence and importance make merry to no stronger inspiration than that of Apollonaris. Temperance—total abstinence that once bore the stigma of effeminate weakness or fanaticism has come to be regarded as a quality of manliness, and has gathered to its standard so numerous a legion of defenders that intemperance must per-

force blush for shame and conduct its unnatural orgies under that covering of darkness which constitutes the livery of sin.

Theobald Mathew was born October 10, 1790, in the Thomastown House, near Cashel, in the County Tipperary. His early years were passed upon the estates of that Geo. adorn his early life that he soon gained a directing influence over his brothers and was often called "the saint." In his twelfth year he was sent by his protectress, Lady Elizabeth, to a school in Kilkenny, where he became soon universally popular and beloved. In 1807, in his seventeenth year, he matriculated at Maynooth; he left this

KILKENNY. Here Theobald Mathew received his early education and here also entered on his first Mission. He joined the small community of the Capuchins and sought every opportunity to exercise benevolence and charity.

Mathew, Earl of Llandaff, to whom the father of the "Apostle" owed all the blessings of a kindly adoption. His childhood passed under the care of a gentle mother was remarkable for those qualities of meekness, generosity and piety which were to be his distinguishing traits during after life. So singularly indeed did these virtues college the following year, and placed himself under the tutelage of the Capuchin friars of Dublin. He was ordained as a member of this order in 1814 by Archbishop Murray, a man as well known in the theological world as was Father Mathew in that of temperance.

The first mission of the young priest

was in Kilkenny, where his happy qualities of mind and heart soon brought a moribund friary to a position of honor, and usefulness. It was here also that he suffered his first considerable reverse in life. His popularity was most marked in the confessional, whither the crowds of penitents flocked in such numbers that it soon seemed as if all the other clergy of the city had lost all influence for good. The report having reached the ears of the Bishop, Father Mathew was forbidden the hearing of confessions; it was a blow that cut the zealous young priest to the heart, and in his grief he left the city of Kilkenny altogether.

The call of duty now brought Father Mathew, a young man of twenty-five, to the city of Cork, destined to become in a few years the birthplace of the temperance movement. Here in the humble loft on Cove Street, which served as the monastery of the two struggling friars appointed for that mission, the young priest found a genial colleague and su-

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FATHER THEOBALD MATHEW.

MAYNOOTH. WHERE FATHER MATHEW ENTERED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF MOST REV. DR. BRAY.

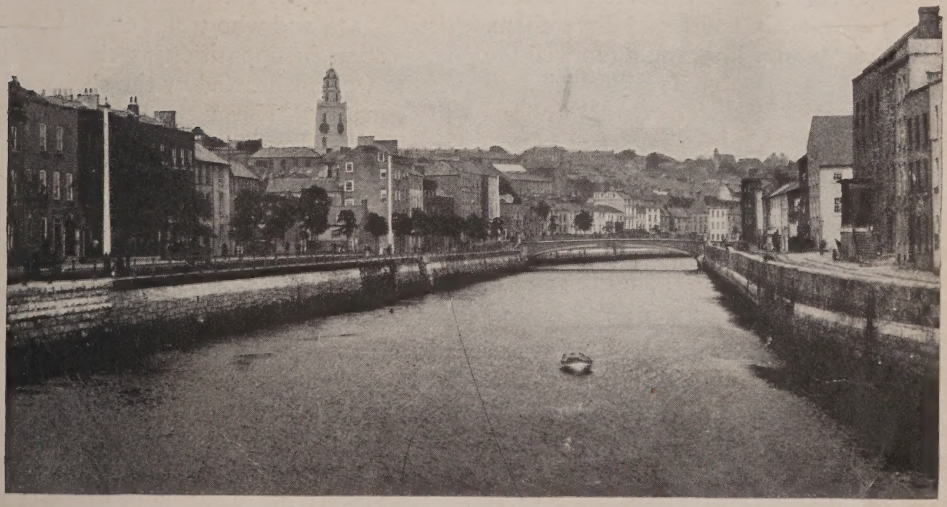
perior in the person of Father Donovan. Many incidents are related of the simple, childlike wit and openheartedness of this venerable monk, especially in his dealings with the young assistant whom Heaven had sent to comfort his declining years. A strong attachment sprang up between the two men, the elder of whom recognizing the magnetic attractiveness of the younger with people, permitted him full scope in the prosecution of his many priestly labors. When Father Donovan died, in 1820, the grief of the younger priest was overwhelming. And yet it was during that spell of desolation of spirit that his soul first uttered its protest against the allurements of drink. To comfort him in his loneliness a friend had sent the young friar a bottle of cognac. Father Mathew put it away in his cupboard that it might be at hand in case of need. As he sat one evening in the twilight of his lonely room the whole weight of his unhappy desolation seemed to have fallen upon his soul and was bearing him down towards the depths of desperation. In this excitement he seemed to hear a voice speaking in his ear, "Father Mathew, why don't you try that cognac in the cupboard?" Humoring the delusion, the priest replied, "Ah! tea is better!" "But you didn't taste the cognac; try it," repeated the imaginary voice. "No, tea is much better," cried out Father Mathew. Having now become thoroughly alarmed at the violence of the temptation he rushed out of the house, and going to his friend, the venerable Dean Collins, related the incident. Both were agreed that it was a temptation of the evil one, and the cognac was soon disposed of to trustworthy hands.

It was during these first years in Cork that Father Mathew laid the strong foundations for the Apostolic life that was to find its inception there. The duties of his ministry brought him constantly into contact with that class

of the people which poverty rules with unsparing hand. Still suffering from the restrictions which a hostile government had placed upon freedom of education, goaded into silent desperation by the merciless severity of the law, with little to hope for from men, and at times forgetful of that Providence which can assuage the most terrible of ills, it was no wonder the voice of temptation was listened to, as it offered temporary consolation in the hot stimulation of drink. It was not that the people of Ireland were more enslaved by the liquor curse than those of other lands. One has only to read the journals of England, Scotland, and France, at the time to be convinced upon that head. It was sufficient for Father Mathew that his own eyes beheld on the sacred soil of his native land, the depredations of drink, to arouse in his soul a horror against it that never subsided. For nearly twenty-five years his pathway through the streets of Cork had been strewn with reminders of the evil that

REV. JOHN SPRATT, D.D.,
Co-worker with Father Mathew.

held so vast a legion of God's children within its grasp. The children in the schools which he had instituted for them told of it in their pinched and hungry countenances; the squalor of poverty-stricken cabins, and idlers upon the street-corners, wretched women with swollen faces and impudent bravado, the long lines of emigrants filing tearfully to the ships that



IN THE CITY OF CORK FATHER MATHEW ORGANIZED THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT, WITH THE AID OF WILLIAM MARTIN, THE QUAKER.

CARTON HOUSE.

Where Father Mathew was the guest of the Duke of Leinster, receiving most distinguished attention.

sailed away, and more than all the empty places in the temple of God, speaking of a faith that was drowning or dead,—all these called loudly to his tender heart, and entreated him to stretch out his hand and save them. Father Mathew knew only too well the almost insurmountable difficulties in the way of effecting any solid or lasting reform. The political status that had made the condition a possibility and a reality threatened by its permanence to render any effort on his part abortive. Moreover, he had always looked upon the drink evil as entirely apart from any political influence; he would have temperance to be a matter entirely of the individual conscience, an affair between the soul and God. Then there were the difficulties that arose from the over-confidence of men of position and of probity; of those who could indulge in their potations without experiencing the usual degrading consequences; there were those who held it manly—and they were the large number of mankind at the time—to pledge each other in the uplifted glass, and who would regard any suggestion in opposition as the croak of the woman hearted or the shriek of the fanatic. Nor were these of the poor only. In all ranks of society, in the university as well as in the mills; in the church as in the political world, lawyers, physicians, professors; there was no body of men that did not count most numerous among its members the upholders of the drink habit, and the discouragers of anything that savored of total abstinence.

For many years previous to the real inception of the temperance movement Father Mathew had been approached by well-meaning men and urged to take up the cause. Many of these

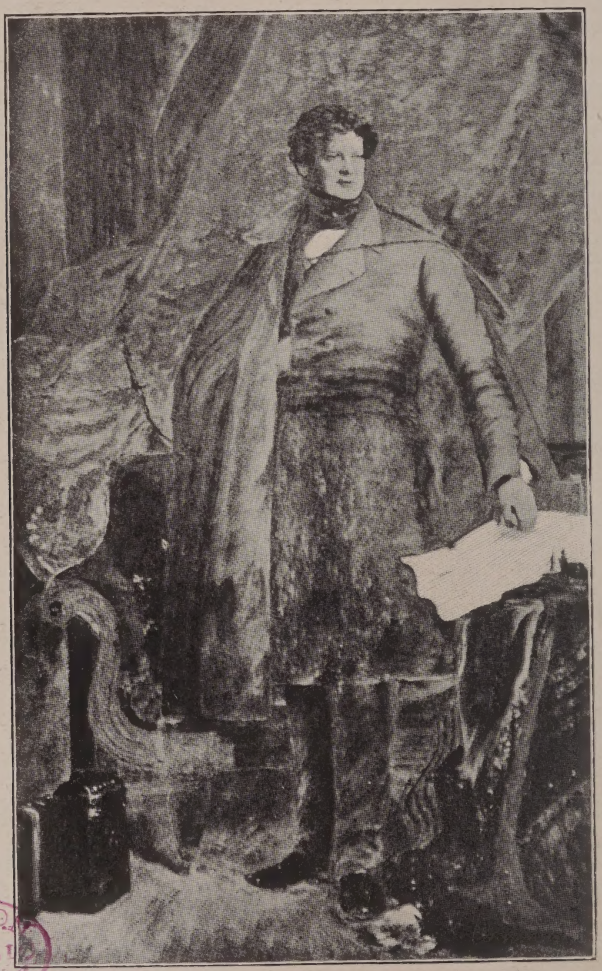
were non-Catholic; indeed, the foremost expounders of total-abstinence at the time were among those not of our faith. Their efforts, however, had always proved unavailing in arousing the people to a proper view of the liquor evil. They were as men speaking without authority, and the people hearing, turned a deaf ear and went their way. A venerable Quaker, a heart and soul advocate of the new doctrine, a certain William Martin, of Cork, had determined for a long time that the solid foundation for the edifice of temperance could be laid by no other than by Father Mathew. "Oh, Theobald Mathew," he would say, "if thou wouldst only give thy aid, much good could be done in this city." Father Mathew, however, was not the man to spring into a popular movement without due reflection and fervent prayer. The time came when he could meet his unfortunate friends and yield to their request. The evening of Tuesday, April 10, 1838, will be memorable as the birthday of the great cause. When Father Mathew had made up his mind as to the undertaking, and as to the methods to be pursued in its furtherance, he went confidently to his friends. A meeting was projected to take place in his schoolroom on the date above mentioned. The attendance was small indeed, and when after the speech-making, Father Mathew taking the pen and uttering the famous words, "Here goes, in the Name of God," had signed his own name to the pledge, he was followed by only sixty others. The beginning was small, but it was sufficient to bring into organized life that which had hitherto existed only as a possibility.

The fact that a priest of Father

William Smith O'Brien, a Protestant Irishman, said, "Whether he be canonized as a saint in the Roman Church or not, I am disposed to regard him as an Apostle, and invested with powers almost miraculous. To none of the ordinary operations of human agency can I ascribe the success which attended his efforts to suppress one of the besetting sins of the Irish nation."

Maria Edgeworth was among those who deeply appreciated the noble efforts of the Apostle of Temperance. She said: "It is amazing, and proves the power of moral and religious influence and motive beyond any other example on record in history. I consider Father Mathew the greatest benefactor to his country, the most true friend to Irishmen and to Ireland."

Mathew's virtue and earnestness stood at the head of the movement gave to it an attractiveness it could not otherwise have looked for. The house of the humble friar on Cove Street now overflow until it became necessary in a very short time to look for wider and more commodious quarters. For this purpose an immense building, which had been used as a horse-bazar, opened



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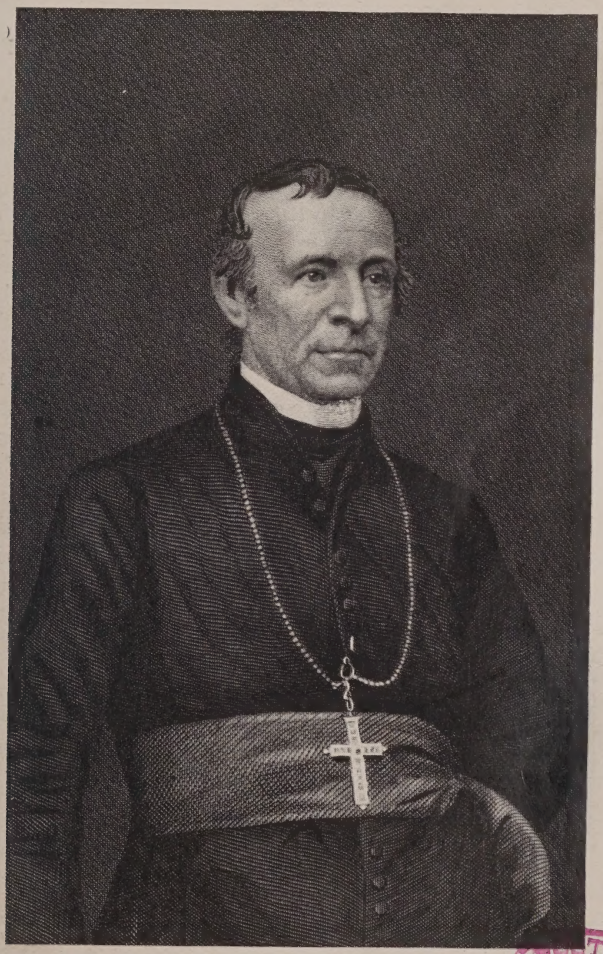
DANIEL O'CONNELL.

The Liberator was mainly indebted to Father Mathew for the peace and good order marking the large gatherings, and in return he aided as far as he could the moral movement of the day.

became the Mecca whither the eyes of the whole city were turned. New accessions arrived daily and hourly; the meetings in the schoolroom began to its doors, and into it the newly-awakened populace began to flock by the thousands. The names on the roll of total-abstinence increased beyond

all expectation. Within three months they numbered 25,000, in five months 131,000, in the beginning of December, 1838, there were 156,000, and in Horse Bazaar rang with the eloquence born of sincerity and experience, even though it could boast of but little worldly learning or courtly polish.



ARCHBISHOP HUGHES, NEW YORK.

Whose letter of invitation had been one of the chief inducements that brought Father Mathew to America.

BOSTON PUBLIC

the following month, January of 1839, over 200,000 had signed the pledge.

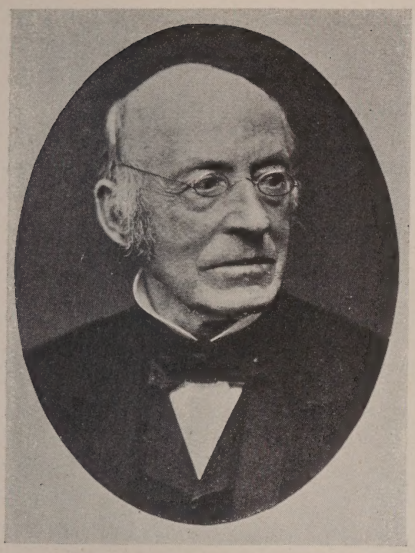
The movement in the beginning partook very much of the nature of the Salvation Army meetings. The old Men who had been victims to the drink habit stood up and related in their homely but expressive language the horrors of that slavery that lies in the cup of liquor. Enthusiasts burning

City Hall, Dublin, originally the Royal Exchange, where 500 women enrolled themselves teetotallers in response to Father Mathew's reference to the necessity and importance of their co-operation in Temperance work.

with the grandeur of their subject roared out their denunciations to ears that drank in every syllable as a message from above. But they gained their end not slowly, but quickly as the storm that rising suddenly in the quiet of a summer afternoon sweeps with all-conquering violence over the face of the land, laying hold upon gigantic trees, overturning the strong towers of resistance and dominating hill and valley, by the brilliance of its lightnings or the threatening reverberations of its loud-mouthed thunders. Some have asserted that those were indeed the days of veritable miracles, and that such magnificent results could never have been accomplished without the direct intervention of the Divine Will.

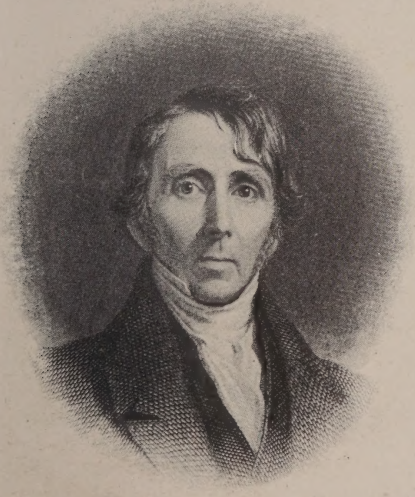
Towards the end of the year, 1839, Father Mathew visited Limerick, where, in four days, he added 150,000 additional names to his roll. A visit to Waterford brought 80,000 more. And so the crusade went on. Here an accession of 50,000, there another of 100,000 until by the middle of the year 1840, fully 2,000,000 of his countrymen acknowledged the irresistible leadership of Father Mathew. Nor were his conquests in the south of Ireland only; in the north among the bitter Orangemen of Ulster his influence was no less powerful for the furtherance of total abstinence. In his presence every feeling of political rancor or religious bigotry vanished. It seemed to have become an acknowledged fact that the mission of Father Mathew was one that transcended all lines of

Custom House, Dublin. The Apostle of Temperance held open air meetings in the great area of the Custom House.



WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Father Mathew was invited to be present at an anniversary meeting convened by the Abolitionists in Boston and was waited on by Mr. Garrison and Dr. Bowditch, but declined, saying, "I have as much as I can do to save men from the slavery of intemperance."

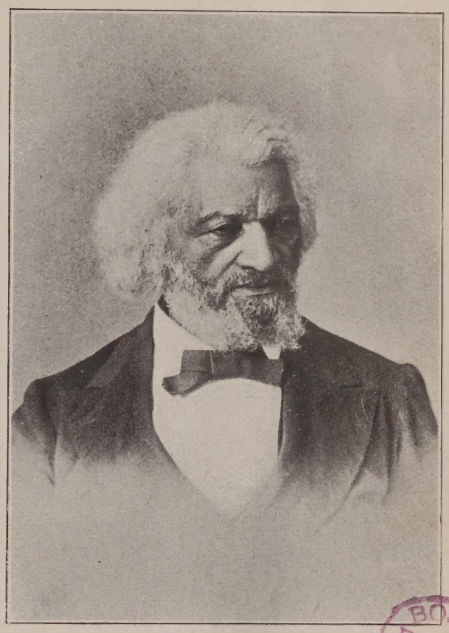


DR. WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

The impression created in Boston by Father Mathew is thus stated by Dr. Channing: "History records no revolution like this; it is the grand event of the present day. Father Mathew, the leader of this moral revolution ranks far above the heroes and statesmen of the times.

division, uniting mankind upon the firm basis of unquestionable good to all. In Dublin his satisfaction at recording the names of 40,000 of her citizens was further increased by the enthusiastic manner in which his old college of Maynooth took up the standard and rushed forward to do it honor.

The time at length came when the whole of Ireland seemed to have ac-



FREDERIC DOUGLAS.

Father Mathew showed his sympathy for the slaves in the hearty welcome he extended to Mr. Douglas when he visited Cork. At the reception given by Father Mathew to "The Fugitive Slave" there were 250 people present, and the honored guest of the occasion thus recorded his impressions: "Among them all I saw no one that seemed to be shocked or disturbed at my dark presence. No one seemed to feel himself contaminated by contact with me. I think it would be difficult to get the same number of persons together in any of our New England cities without some Democratic nose growing deformed at my approach."

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cepted the sweet yoke of sobriety, so that he could turn with encouragement to the voices that were calling to him from other lands. In 1842 he visited

Scotland, making notable conversions, especially in the city of Glasgow, where he found great numbers of his own countrymen. In 1843, he again crossed to the British shores and visited the cities of England. Manchester, York, Leeds, London, and other considerable centres of population sent their hosts to swell the great army of abstainers, and although he encountered some opposition here and there, principally from the dealers in drink who disliked to see their means of livelihood thus endangered, his progress was, nevertheless, a veritable triumph. A report of a temperance procession which occurred at Leeds during that year appeared in the 'Leeds Mercury,' and gives an interesting account of Father Mathew as he was viewed by English eyes. "That in which the attraction of the procession centred was the carriage in which stood erect, with uncovered head, the great Apostle of Temperance, Father Mathew—the object of ten thousand greetings from the vast number of spectators who thronged the windows and every spot of vantage ground in the streets through which the procession moved. . . . His manners are simple and unassuming; and the kind and hearty reception which he gives to all who approach him (whether brought into his presence through curiosity or respect) is such as strikingly manifests him to be a true philanthropist, whose love and affection for his fellowmen overstep the narrow sphere of benevolence in which moves the mere kindred, party, or sectarian benefactor. Hitherto his least recognized excellence by Englishmen has been as a public speaker;

QUEENSTOWN, WHERE FATHER MATHEW DIED IN THE AUTUMN OF 1856.

but his addresses at Leeds, York, and other parts of England prove that in this capacity his merits have not been duly understood or appreciated. His clothed in interesting similes, drawn from surrounding or familiar objects, and invariably appropriate and well-selected. His addresses, however, are

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E. Courtesy of Father Mathew Herald.

FATHER MATHEW'S STATUE, PATRICK STREET, CORK.

voice is mostly shrill and feeble, and his speeches, in general, are simple as his attire; they are always short, pointed, and harmonious, — often never distinguished by the gaudy ornaments of rhetoric; their elegance and force are more consistent with the language natural to an enlarged, fervid,

and virtuous heart, than with a studied nicety of arrangement or a lofty figurative style. Many public speakers are more eloquent,—most more tedious; yet few were more sincere, pleasing and effective, and fewer in all things more charitable. Such is Father Mathew the moral regenerator of Ireland."

One of the most consoling features in the vigorous crusade between the years 1838 and 1845 was the hearty support and co-operation that Father Mathew received from those who by their position and enlightenment could give the stamp of solidity to his accomplishments. Among his admirers and co-operators no one was more thoroughly enthusiastic than Daniel O'Connell. It is true that Father Mathew shrank from any exhibition of political notoriety. He would have preferred that the great Emancipator would signify his adhesion to the principles of temperance in the quiet of his home and in the influence he wielded among the upper classes alone. O'Connell, however, was noth-

Courtesy of Father Mathew Herald.

THE GRAVE OF FATHER MATHEW IN CORK.

Buried here in December, 1856, under the Cross which he himself erected.

ing if not thorough. What he would do at all he would do well and publicly. It was therefore a severe trial to the modesty of the gentle friar when in the great demonstration which took place in Cork in 1842 the Apostle of Temperance found himself in the same carriage with the Liberator, the idolized Lord Mayor receiving share for share the enthusiastic plaudits of an admiring multitude. O'Connell, himself, was one of the earliest adherents to the cause of total-abstinence, and abandoned the full rigor of its law, only when ordered to do so by the advice of his physicians. It was moreover to O'Connell that Father Mathew owed an explanation of his cause upon a point that had been much misunderstood. The gigantic success of the great Apostle in Ireland had given the impression that the Irish were to be distinguished pre-eminently as a race addicted abnormally to the drink habit; the great Emancipator in a gigantic meeting held in the Theatre Royal, Dublin, in 1843, completely dispelled that illusion from fair minds, showing that while the Irish people were naturally of a sober temperament, yet the efforts of Father Mathew were worthy of commendation and might well be imitated in countries wherein the habit against which he battled was more widespread and more disastrous in its consequences.

Another illustrious follower of Father Mathew was the then young Lord Arundel and Surrey, the future Duke of Norfolk. During an administration of the "pledge" at a meeting in Golden Lane, Barbican, in England, the great Apostle came upon a kneeling figure which he at once recognized as that of Lord Arundel. Before administering to him the "pledge" Father Mathew spoke to him privately "and asked him if he had given the subject sufficient reflection. 'Ah! Father Mathew,' replied the noble convert, 'do you not know that I had the happiness to receive Holy Communion from you this morning at the altar of Chelsea Chapel? I have reflected on the promise I am about to make, and I thank God for the resolution trusting to the Divine goodness for grace to persevere.' Tears rolled down his cheeks as he uttered these words with every evidence of genuine emotion. He then repeated the formula of the pledge." Nor were there wanting other illustrious emulators. At the complimentary meeting held in Dublin in 1843 we find the names of two dukes, four marquises, nineteen earls, ten viscounts, besides a number of bishops, baronets and members of Parliament, a force that certainly demonstrated that the efforts of Father Mathew had gone beyond the humble cottages of the poor and had gained an honorable acknowledgment in every abode of wealth and refinement.

But there came a time, at length, when the force of adverse circumstances placed a barrier before the onward progress of the cause. One of the few faults of Father Mathew was his undue generosity. There was no cause for which money was asked that he did not hasten to aid. Very often, indeed too often, he thus allowed himself to run into distracting debt. The medals themselves, the regalia, and appurtenances of the several temperance clubs throughout Ireland were bestowed right and left upon every demand while scarcely any remuneration was ever asked by him in return. The consequence of such lavish outlay can naturally be seen. His debts increased

to such an extent that it became utterly impossible to provide for their payment. He was consequently subjected to a public arrest while in the act of administering the pledge in Cork in 1844. Public sympathy did much to ease the heavy burden that lay upon his shoulders, but even though the Crown, three years later, granted him a pension of three hundred pounds a year, he found it utterly inadequate to liquidate even the twentieth part of his indebtedness.

Then there came the famine, that night-time of horror for Ireland, when the efforts of Father Mathew were for a time deflected from the prosecution of his life work, and turned towards the more piteous calls for instant aid. It is to the honor of Ireland that even the cruel hardships of these times could not make serious inroads upon the spirit of abstinence inculcated by the zealous leader. This is not the place to dwell upon the details of that awful visitation. Suffice it to say that throughout it all the presence of Father Mathew was ever conspicuous, and the true picture of him from first to last would be that which should represent him in the very darkest of the desolation with hands extended bearing cherished aid, soothing the fevered brow, or bearing the consolation of religion to those upon whom death had set its seal.

In the very midst of the famine the clergy of Cork, remembering the incalculable benefits accruing to their city and to all Ireland through the efforts of Father Mathew, placed his name before the Holy Father as the most worthy candidate for the bishopric of Cork, just vacant through the death of Dr. Murray. The choice of Rome, however, fell upon another, the Rev. Dr. Delaney, whose prudent administration later showed the wisdom of the selection, and no one acquiesced more gladly in the decision than Father Mathew himself, who thus found himself at greater liberty in the care of his suffering poor.

The disappearance of the famine, however, brought little relief to the already overworked priest. To the inability of continuing his beloved temperance crusade was added the sorrowful spectacle of an exodus that beginning in 1848 has continued ever since draining off the population of Ireland until today when the country contains but little more than half the population of that day. The tender heart of the energetic priest was touched to the quick by the many spectacles of misery about him; he began to brood over them, until his nervous system was all but prostrated. Finally in the Lent of 1848 the weight of his feelings bore him under, and he experienced a paralytic shock. He recovered very rapidly, and although he disregarded all advice to give up active work, the trouble did not return with any degree of danger for several years after.

It had been a cherished hope of Father Mathew that he might some time find occasion to visit in America the hundred of thousands of his countrymen who had there sought for home and liberty, and to preach to them the doctrine which had been so well received in their native land. Nor were there wanting insistent and urgent appeals from that distant country, which had already learned of his immense successes, and desired a participation in his good work. Accordingly in the summer of 1849 he set sail, and arrived in New York in the first days of July of that year. His reception

was characterized by that enthusiasm for which the American people had already become well known, and resolutions of welcome from the City Council of the Metropolis were but the inauguration of the thousand and one messages of esteem that were to be cast before him during his triumphant progress through the country.

His visit to Boston, although marked by some serious unpleasantness, was, on the whole, both agreeable and consoling. It was during the heat of the Abolition movement when the sentiments of all aspirants to the honors of popularity were challenged in regard to their attitude on the Negro question. Father Mathew had scarcely reached his hotel in Boston when he was at once met by a committee of Abolitionists, who begged the favor of his presence and encouraging words at a mass meeting to be held at Faneuil Hall. Father Mathew declined to be present, declaring that the nature of his mission forbade any interference in the political affairs of the nation. His refusal was at once regarded as a condemnation of Abolitionism, and when the meeting came together the eloquent friar was accordingly denounced vigorously and unfairly as an enemy to suffering humanity, a foe to the Negro race, and thus an unwelcome visitor to the stronghold of Abolitionism in the North.

This incident, painful as it was to the humble priest, who had hoped to accomplish much through the example of the Boston people, could not, nevertheless, in any way dampen his ardor or discourage his purpose.

It was about this time that the Southern people, doubtless encouraged by the denunciations of the Abolitionists invited Father Mathew, through the Governor of Georgia, to visit their portion of the country. Before, however, he could write in answer to their warm invitation the great Apostle received another note from the same source referring to an utterance of his made some years before in Ireland in favor of Negro freedom. He was requested to retract what he had then said if he would wish to be received amicably in the cities of the South. Here again the venerable priest asserted that the object of his mission was entirely of a moral nature, and that he neither would nor could engage in any of the political questions then agitating the public mind. The animosity thus aroused in the fiery minds of the Southern people was destined to cause serious annoyance to Father Mathew. This was especially manifest during his stay at Washington, a few weeks later. His reception by the leading spirits at the capital was, indeed, enthusiastic enough to have compensated for all troubles hitherto experienced. Among the many honors showered upon him then was one so singular in its way as to merit more than ordinary notice. On his introduction into the halls of Congress, the Senate then in session moved a resolution to admit the distinguished visitor to a seat upon the floor of the Senate. This honor was all the more remarkable in that it had never before been offered to any foreign personage, saving Lafayette, whose services in the Revolutionary War demanded such recognition. It was certainly an unparalleled event that extended such distinguished courtesy to a modest friar from whose mind such honors were far removed. Upon the discussion of the resolution much opposition was found in the

Southern portion of the Senate, from men who still remembered Father Mathew's answer to the Governor of Georgia. The motion was, however, carried, and Father Mathew thus enjoyed the highest mark of esteem which America can offer to European citizenship. Father Mathew, who could not conquer the South by means of his written protestations set forth from Washington to effect his purpose through the magic of his presence and the influence of his eloquence; for the long months, in fact the two years of his stay in America were spent mostly in the sunny states. The harvest was, indeed, but slight if compared with that gleaned in his own native land, yet he had the satisfaction of knowing that quite 250,000 had signed the pledge before he at length set sail for the Irish shores.

Father Mathew lived only a few years after his return. He engaged with all the ardor his crippled and failing health would permit in building up the grand structure of temperance so rudely shattered through the misfortunes of the famine.

He died at Queenstown, through the effects of his old malady, on the 8th of December, 1856.

To show something of Father Mathew's world-wide renown for temperance work we cannot do better than reproduce here the words of Cardinal Wiseman, then the Catholic Bishop of Birmingham, on the occasion of the consecration of St. Andrew's Chapel, Dublin:

"A humble son of St. Francis has traveled your land, preaching against a vice which was the greatest bane of your domestic happiness and spiritual welfare; calling upon you to take up the Cross of the Church and place it in your hearts, and not on your garments. How has this mission succeeded, and how was that call obeyed. It has been obeyed beyond all human calculation; and the adhesion, not of thousands, but of millions, has proved the *authority* that sanctioned it. When you see the children of the poor decently clad, educated and supported, the young people sober, industrious, and virtuous; when you see the happy and contented family sitting round a well-furnished board, don't forget him who, through God, has given those blessings, and blessed the peasant as well as the prince, the cottage as well as the palace. Those blessings will soon be familiar words of the country; the traces of your feuds will be extinguished, education will be brought to every home, the prevalence of temperance will open new ways of industry for honorable ambition; and the neighboring nations will point to you as a country God has specially favored and munificently blessed."

Father Mathew's place in the records of the century in which he lived is thus considered by Dr. Channing:

"History records no revolution like this; it is the grand event of the present day. Father Mathew, the leader of this moral revolution, ranks far above the heroes and statesmen of the times."

OUT OF THE DESERT.

BY MADGE MANNIX.

Burnett moved back into the shadow. He was tired and his head ached. He leaned against the wall in the darkness with a sigh of relief. At the farther end of the room a violent dispute was raging; men turned in their places, their intent faces relaxed, to glance nervously from their cards to the scene of disturbance.

Burnett watched a lamp nearby flicker and go out. He was puzzled. Three months of this sort of thing—feeling it, seeing it, breathing it, and yet he might have come in out of the night for the first time, for all familiarity it held for him.

"Neither flesh, nor fowl, nor good red herring," he said, half aloud, and smiling at his fancy.

A man in the shadow near him sat up suddenly, with a sharp striking of his chair upon the floor.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Flesh, nor fowl, nor good red herring," repeated Burnett lazily. "Just talking to myself."

"Um-h'm. Thinking of yourself?"

"Yes," said Burnett.

The other rose with a yawn. "Well, the quicker you're good red herring, the better for you. That's all I've got to say. Either that, or get out."

He stooped to pick up his hat. "What I don't see," he added with a short laugh, "is how you ever got here."

Burnett looked after him thoughtfully; about the open door the clouds of tobacco smoke grew thinner and thinner, and for a moment, a bit of star-lit sky looked through. Then the door closed.

A girl came out from an inner room into the narrow space behind the bar. She leaned her elbows upon the counter, and resting her chin in her hands, began a low-toned conversation with the man beside her. His fat, dark face resembling hers with that curious likeness which ugliness sometimes bears to beauty, was shining with the heat. An account book lay open before him and he held one stubby finger upon a spot in its pages while he talked.

The girl's eyes wandered listlessly about the room, up and down, in and out, of the groups at the little tables. Presently with the air of putting an end to what she had been saying, she turned away; and into the listlessness of her eyes there sprang a certain insistence—a something like method in their wanderings.

Burnett smiled in his shadowy corner, and grew suddenly grave again. After a few minutes he stood up and made his way slowly to the door.

The girl glanced at him for an instant. He did not turn his head.

Outside, a steady wind was blowing; the air was sharp and dry. He buttoned his coat with a little shiver, moving forward uncertainly in the darkness until the road grew visible, slowly detaching itself from the masses of black on either side and winding an indefinite streak into the distance. At a point just ahead it swerved sharply aside from a clump of cotton-wood trees. Burnett paused in their shadow.

"Why!" he exclaimed, "I thought I left you back there!"

The girl laughed. "Did you?" she said. "I didn't know you saw me."

"You didn't? Well the fact is, I saw you some time before you saw me." Burnett shivered again, involuntarily, as he spoke.

"Cold? You ought not stand around after coming out of that warm room. I was asking papa what the row was about, but I might just as well have asked a post. Actually—he didn't know." She leaned back against the low boughs and looked at him. "Do you?"

"No," he answered, "I do not. I'm afraid I wasn't paying much attention.

"Happen! Why I heard it clear down at the house; I was just starting up to ask papa something—Say?" she asked—breaking off suddenly, "What's the fun of sitting around in there, every blessed night, the way you do?"

"There isn't any," he said, surprised. "Not a bit. It's a sort of habit I suppose; not having anywhere else to go."

The girl looked past him. She was thinking of other places in the camp where other men could and did go—and compared to them, her father's gambling hall was a paradise.

"Well—" she said, "I was just wondering—" She picked one of the soft burrs, and Burnett stood in silence watching her tear it to pieces.

"I'd be real glad to have you come down, evenings," she said at length, not looking at him. "If you'd like to. It'd be a good deal more comfortable than it is in there."

"Thank you," said Burnett, gravely.

"And it'd be such company for me. I just about die—honestly, with nobody but old Felicidad. Papa's so funny—he don't like me to have the men coming around. That's why I sneak out to talk to them," she added, with a laugh.

Burnett did not speak. He felt, somehow, that the deciding of this, which meant so much more than the mere spending of his evenings, was slipping from his hands. He could not think for himself—he had become, all at once, an outsider, looking on.

The girl drew her shawl about her.

"I must be flying," she said.

"Then you'll come?"

"Thank you," said Burnett again.

Her voice changed suddenly. "I wish you would. I—I'd rather have you than all of them put together."

The blood rushed to his face in the darkness, and something loosened about his heart. In that instant, with the curious sense of comfort which comes with certainty, he knew that the past had set him free. He drew a deep breath; it had been so easy, after all.

"Yes," he said. "I'll come, of course."

She moved away slowly. "Good-night," she said. After a few steps she turned and walked backward. "Say," she called, "don't come tomorrow night, nor Tuesday. I won't be there."

He stood looking after her. How pretty she was! "Well—what about Wednesday?" he asked.

She laughed. "I'm sure I don't know. *I'll* be there."

"So shall I," said Burnett. Then he went slowly up the hill.

. . . . .

There is no early morning coolness at Las Palmas. The sun springs up from behind the mountains, a ball of fire. Its first rays, level across the desert, scorch like the blast from a

furnace; the distance begins to shimmer, and the waves of heat rise and blow together, and spread dizzily over the burning sand.

Burnett was late. The overland train, westbound, had slowed up at the little station and flung out a limp and dingy mail bag. It whirled past him, sweeping noisily around the curve, and down into the bed of the river, dry so long, that its very right to the title was the vaguest of legends. He bounded across the ties as the last coach swung by.

The first carload of stone had started up the incline; he would have just time to run up his flag.

And then something bright glittered for an instant in the sunshine before his eyes, and fell in the dust at his feet.

He stooped, wondering, and picked it up.

It was a fragment of a rosary; he knew it, at once—three decades of mother of pearl with the curiously wrought silver chain snapped rudely at either end. He wiped the sand from it. A rosary—Burnett had not thought to see a rosary again. An odd pang smote him. How pretty it was! He drew it slowly through his fingers, and his eyes wandered to the spiral of smoke twisting its way farther and farther into the foothills.

"Burnett!" called a man from the top of the incline, "Get a move on, will you?"

He tossed the beads aside. "All right!" he shouted, springing up the bank.

It was the work of a minute to fling open his chest, seize his flags and run them up into the sunshine. The car which had lain empty all night at the top of the incline switched off on to the downward track at the first flash of his signal, and began the descent. Through the clear air sounds of unloading came to him, crashes of falling stone, and the murmur of voices.

He shaded his eyes from the glare and looked out over the winding road. In the distance, perhaps a mile away, a cloud of dust crawled along. He turned again to his flagpole—it was *her* wagon, but he had no time to watch it on its way.

Swiftly the white flag came down as the first load halted at the mouth of the mine, a flash of crimson fluttered up into its place—and the day's work was on.

The cloud of dust was a mere speck in the distance when he settled himself beneath the faded awning—his mind overflowing with a lazy content.

Everything was behind him but this; he was drifting at last—and it was good.

The night before he had lain for hours, while the men staggered one by one into the bunkhouse, staring out into the darkness. He did not care who or what the girl was; he was possessed by the memory of her—her eyes searching for him in the crowded room—her voice—her face in the shadow of the cotton-woods. All his doubts of her vanished; he forgot the shadowy fear which had haunted him, of that *something* in her eyes—what was it—her father's evil blood, an unconscious heritage, or the echo of a past he did not know, or was it a menace of future things?

He did not ask himself any longer what it was. He had forgotten it.

The day burned slowly out. Far away, so many miles that the sight of it was a miracle, a dim line of fog gathered upon the horizon. It was

the sea---over there where the fog rolled; but for once, Burnett did not think of it with longing.

At dusk, on his homeward way, his eyes caught a gleam of white upon a scrap of sage near the track. He stooped, unconsciously, and then he remembered. A broken string of mother of pearl beads hung where it had fallen from his hand. The sudden stab of memory which he had felt in the morning, returned. He sighed; this rosary with all it brought back to him, was the flaw in his perfect day.

But this time he did not throw it away.

. . . . . .

"Burnett," said the man sitting next him at supper, "don't you never play cards?"

"Sometimes," he answered. "There was a time when I played a great deal. Why?"

"I was wonder'n what you'd say to a game tonight. I'd like to play with you—if you say so?"

Burnett looked up with a faint suspicion in his eyes. The man's face held nothing but frank good-nature. "All right, Fletcher," he said, "I'm willing. But you'll find me out of practice—I'll tell you that as a starter."

Fletcher laughed. "We'll rub you up on it," he said easily. "Never you fear."

It was after seven when Burnett left the bunkhouse. He flung open the window near his cot, and put a bit of candle in his pocket. He would need it coming in.

As he did so, his fingers closed on an unfamiliar object; he drew out the white beads, and threw them impatiently on the bed, annoyed without knowing why. He wondered why he had picked them up at all.

Luck was with him, that night, the marvelous luck of beginners. At first he played cautiously—still vaguely suspicious—and kept himself well in hand. Then, little by little, the gambler woke in him and possessed him, he lost thought of everything but the game. Hand after hand he won—his face grew flushed, his eyes burned. He drank feverishly whenever the men about him drank, conscious of a dry throbbing in his throat, which increased as time went on.

Suddenly he put down his cards; the room had begun to whirl. "That's all," he said. "I've played enough for tonight."

The men at the table began a blasphemous expostulation. "Ah—shut up—will you," said Fletcher. "Can't you see he's dead drunk?"

Burnett tried to get on his feet.

"Steady, old man," said Fletcher. "That's it."

Burnett leaned dizzily on the table. "I'm going," he said thickly. "It's late."

"Ain't you going to count your chips?" asked a voice behind him.

He turned his head uncertainly. It was *her* father. Burnett wondered in a confused way how such a pretty girl could look like *him*.

"You count them," he said, "and get my money—will you?" He started for the door.

"Close on to a hundred dollars," he heard a man say. "Yes siree. Talk about luck!"

His muddled brain grasped that and clung to it. He realized, with pleasure in his own craftiness, that here was an easy way to make money. As he stumbled along he tried to make out how soon a man could get married at that rate.

(Continued on page 289.)

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

Oh, why are the bugles playing?
And the drums why do they beat?
And why are the pennants swaying
High over the crowded street?
What pageant is it appearing
Like verdant ribbon unrolled?
And why are the people cheering
A banner of green and gold?

The drums so loudly beating,
The bugles that gaily blow,
The banners that wave a greeting
High over the crowd below,
The stalwart ranks parading,
The cheers that deafen the skies
For a flag of green unfading
That over the column flies—

All these are the Gael's expression
Of love for a land afar,
All these are his soul's confession
Of the sweetest dreams that are;
The live-long year he holds it
Deep-hid in his heart away,
But wide to the world unfolds it
In honor of Patrick's Day!

This day wherever he wanders,
Whatever his name or place,
With faithful spirit he ponders,
The home of his ancient race;
In new lands over the ocean
Today he remembers the old,
And follows with deep devotion
A banner of green and gold!

OUR TRUE POSITION.

THE OUTWARD CHARACTERISTICS OF THE CHURCH.

BY REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL.D.

IV.

The Catholic Church is an institution which is perpetually troubling the dreams of the world. Men try to ignore her, but she thrusts herself upon their unwilling notice. They would gladly think that she is of the past, but when least expected she casts her shadow over the world, to its great dissatisfaction. Today her influence is more or less felt in every great movement, political, social, and intellectual. The world cannot understand her. Protestantism, Agnosticism, Buddhism, Ingersolism, and all other isms, —it can comprehend, for there is nothing unearthly or mysterious about these, but in the life and progress of the Catholic Church there is something which defies every attempt at a rational explanation.

Infidelity, in any of its many forms, does not stop to make war upon Protestantism. It is too cunning to quarrel with those who are unconsciously doing its own work. It has little time to waste, even in a nod of recognition, with a foe, whose demoralized forces are as impotent as a Chinese army, but goes to battle with its ancient and inveterate enemy, the Catholic Church. Behold the character of unbelief in Catholic and Protestant countries today. Why is there less irreligion in Catholic than in Protestant countries? The explanation is very simple. The Catholic Church makes no truce, holds no parley, with the world, the flesh or the devil. Her enemies can neither frighten her into compromise, nor silence her by flattery. At every point they find her guarded, vigilant and unrelenting. In Catholic countries a man is either a Catholic or an infidel; but in Protestant countries unbelief salutes Christianity. It puts on the livery of the saints, and builds its chapels, and pays its preachers, and in the course of a few years, it has made Protestantism as godless as itself. Read the history of Europe for the past two centuries and be convinced of the truth of this statement. The struggle has been waged against the Catholic Church and not against Protestantism, by Rationalist and Freethinker, Jacobin, Socialist, Agnostic and Christian scientist—all good Protestants,—for they all laud the so-called Reformation.

But why should we remain any longer divided? Christianity and Catholicism are one and the same thing, while Protestantism, in all its degrees, is a very poor imitation of the old religion. At best, the sects are considered, by the infidel and scientist, as stragglers hanging on the skirts of the great army of the church. "Everybody," says Auguste Comte, the father of modern Positivism, "knows well enough what a Catholic is; whereas no man of intelligence can flatter himself nowadays that he understands what a Christian is." Surely he is right, for a Christian may be one who can swallow everything except the Pope, or he may be one who reverences Christ as, on the whole, a nobler

character than Socrates, or Plato. You would insult either if you denied him the title of Christian. If you are a sincere inquirer, and want to know what sort of an institution the Catholic Church is, examine its outward characteristics. In one of her councils she declared herself to be One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic. These are the outward and visible signs whereby she may be infallibly recognized.

I.

Unity is her prime characteristic because God is one. The Church cannot be divided, for if it could be divided it would cease to be one, and then it would cease to be the true church. We speak of the undivided church the same as we speak of the undivided Trinity, because it is indivisible. Therefore, there is only one church, which holds and proclaims that her unity has never been, and never can be, severed. To prove this unity with which the Lord endowed His church, let us consult the primitive Fathers. St. Cyprian, in his treatise on the unity of the church, holds that though members may be cut off from the church, yet the church itself remains whole and undivided.

The Lord says: "I and the Father are one." And again, "Of the Father and the Son and Holy Ghost, it is written: and these three are one." Does anybody believe that this unity coming from the divine solidarity, cohering by means of heavenly sacraments, can possibly be divided in the church and divorced by the collusion of wills? He who holds not this unity of the church, does he think that he holds the faith? He cannot have God for his Father, who has not the church for his mother. A type of the church's unity is found in the seamless coat, woven from the top throughout, which even the Roman soldiers did not rend. In short, "unity cannot be severed, nor can the body be divided by laceration."

The "Branch Theory," which is held by many High Church Protestants, who love to cling to the old church, is as fantastic and ridiculous as any theory ever conceived by a learned body of men. Think of distinguished scholars attempting to explain how bodies which have ceased to have any connection with each other can still be parts of one organic whole; think of the supposition that a branch begins to exist as a branch the moment it is severed from the trunk. They reason in this way: The church is a tree. For eight feet above the soil its trunk stands one and entire. Somewhere along the ninth foot the trunk branches into two main limbs. We will call the eastern the Greek limb, and the western the Latin. Six feet further out on the Latin limb, the western limb subdivides into two vast branches. The outer of the two we will call the Anglican branch, the other the Roman. The two branches and the Greek limb run to a height of twenty feet from the ground. There they are, three great boughs, each with its foliage: the Anglican on the west, the Roman the centre, the Greek on the east. They claim that the Greek and the Anglican churches sprang forth into luxurious existence the moment they were cut off from the parent stem. What nonsense! A branch cut off from the trunk to live and bring forth fruit? Oh, no. Impossible. The bough may put forth a few leaves and may even present a few blossoms, but very soon these will wither and die;

because they receive no nourishment or sap from the trunk or root whence they were severed. This very figure, which has been used by all those holding the "branch theory," unfortunately for them, has been used by Divine Wisdom and the primitive Fathers to illustrate the unity of many members in one body. "I am the vine," says our Blessed Lord, "Ye are the branches. If a man abide not in me he is cast forth as a branch and is withered." "Some of the branches," says St. Paul, writing of the Jewish church, "were broken off." St. Cyprian says: "As the sun has many rays, yet only one light; and the tree many boughs, yet its strength is one, seated in the deep-lodged root; and as when many streams flow down from one source, though a mutiplicity of waters seems to be diffused from its broad overflowing abundance unity is preserved in the source itself. Part a ray of the sun from its orb, and its unity forbids this division of light; break a branch from a tree, once broken it can bud no more; cut the stream from its fountain the remnant will be dried up. Thus the church, flooded with the light of the Lord, puts forth her rays through the whole world, yet with one light, which is spread upon all places, while its unity of body is not infringed. She stretches forth her branches in the richness of exuberance over the whole earth, and pours abroad her bountiful and inward streams; yet there is one Head, one Source, one Mother, abundant in the results of her fruitfulness." We will conclude this mark of the church with the earnest prayer of our beloved Pontiff, Leo XIII, that the Great Shepherd may bring back in His own good time those sheep who have long wandered from the one true fold.

II.

The second mark of the church is her holiness. This is her very essence. Without this mark she would cease to exist. As the unity of the church implies her indivisibility, so the sanctity of the church implies her incorruptibility. She is holy because Jesus Christ is her head and because the third person of the Blessed Trinity, who inhabits her and guides her and controls her, is holy. The true church, then, has never been reformed nor can she possibly be reformed. The work of her councils during the centuries has been a reformation, not of the church, but by the church. For these reasons the councils have been assembled, and for this the church herself was created, viz.: To reform the degenerating tendencies, the evil passions, and the erring imaginations of men. But the church herself, in her faith, in the order of her government, and in all her means of grace, is incorruptible and cannot be reformed. The late Cardinal Manning expressed this thought in these words: "Men may gird a dome, or reform a political society, but they can no more reform the church of God than they can give cohesion to the earth, or control the order of the seasons or the precessions of the equinox." The church which Christ loved, and for which He died upon the cross, and which He has sanctified and cleansed with His precious blood, must remain forever holy and without blemish.

The church is holy and her office is to make men holy. By the communication of the merits of Christ, through the channels of God's grace, man believing is justified. If unjust he becomes just receiving the justice of God within him, which the Holy Ghost distributes to every one as He

wills and according to each one's proper disposition and co-operation. By the merits of the death and sufferings of our Blessed Lord man receives both the remission of sins and the infusion of faith, hope, and charity; for faith, unless hope and charity be added thereto, neither unites man perfectly with Christ, nor makes him a living member of His body; for which reason it is truly said that "Faith without good works is dead," and profitless, and "in Christ neither circumcision availeth anything nor uncircumcision, but faith which worketh by charity." Our Protestant reformers having declared the church herself corrupt, immediately denied the operation of grace in the justification of the sinner, and thus they destroyed the principle of divine sanctity in man, by the new and reckless doctrine of justification of faitn alone, which is contrary to the uniform teaching of Jesus Christ and the whole tenor of Holy Scripture. The church holds and always held that no man can be justified by good works alone, nor can any man be justified by faith alone,—which doctrine rests upon a Protestant principle, inconsistent with sound reason, logically subversive of holiness, expressly refuted by Scriptures, and solemnly condemned by the church.

"According to the teaching of the Catholic Church," says Moehler, "Christ, by justification stamps inwardly and outwardly His living impress on the believer, so that the latter, though a feeble and imperfect creature, becomes a real copy of the type; on the other hand according to the Protestant doctrine, Christ casts on the believer His shadow only, under which his continued sinfulness is merely not observed by God." Which one of these two doctrines redounds most to the glory of our Blessed Lord? Listen to His own words for an answer: "We who can do nothing of ourselves, as of ourselves, can do all things, He co-operating who strengthens us. Thus man has not wherein to glory, but all glorying is in Christ; in whom we live; in whom we merit; in whom we satisfy; bringing forth fruit worthy of penance, which from him have their efficacy, by him are offered to the Father and through him are accepted by the Father." On this principle we Catholics fully understand the great Apostle of the Gentiles when he says: "By the grace of God I am what I am, and his grace in me hath not been void; but I have labored more abundantly than they all; yet not I but the grace of God with me. God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." This is the doctrine that has made Holy Mother Church in all ages the fruitful mother of Saints. This is the mould that has produced those heroic men and women who stand out boldly through the golden mists of the past, when devotion burned at a white heat and when Catholic faith and Apostolic zeal knew no bounds. This is the mould that almost in our own day has given us children like St. Ignatius, St. Francis Xavier, St. Charles Borromeo, St. Aloysius, St. Teresa, St. Phillip Neri, St. Francis de Sales, St. Vincent de Paul, St. Alphonsus Liguori, St. De Le Salles, and a host of others whose lives are not so familiar to us because the church has not yet placed them on our altars by her careful and searching procedure of canonization. These are the hidden flower gardens of the Catholic Church that have never been discovered nor appreciated by the ordinary non-Catholic intelligence.

Today they are as unknown to the most of them as were the lands of the New World to the Genoese, before Columbus set sail on his voyage of discovery.

The church quickens the spiritual life of her children by exhorting them to peruse the word of God, the Holy Bible, the lives of Saints—the records of Catholic missionaries who died martyrs for the Faith. She has her books of devotion and meditation which serve like bright stars to guide them over the dark and stormy ocean of life to the blissful shores of eternity. Who can read without profit that inspired book, "The Following of Christ," by Thomas A Kempis, or "Christian Perfection," by Rodriguez; "The Spiritual Combat," by Scupoli; "Knowledge and Love of Jesus Christ," by Father Saint-Jure, the works of St. Francis de Sales, Father Faber's Works, or any other of the countless ascetical writers of the Catholic Church? The church gives her children the most potent means for their sanctification. From the cradle to the grave she supplies them at each step with the medicine of immortality. This she does through prayer and ritual, through Holy Mass and heavenly sacraments, through the Catholic school and the approved society. In a word she bids them be followers of the Crucified One.

I regret to confess that many Catholics are not what they should be, but we should remember that neither God nor His church forces any man's conscience. The choice always rests with the individual. These bad Catholics are a source of scandal to the weaker members of the church who forget that Christ Himself has said "that scandals must come, but woe to him by whom they cometh." They are a great detriment to many earnest seekers after truth who have never fully understood the meaning of the Catholic Church. They forget that she is a kind and affectionate mother who never disowns her wayward children. "Christ came to save sinners." He was the friend of the publicans and sinners, and even the poor frail woman taken in her crime found mercy and sympathy at His hands. Following in the footsteps of her divine Founder, the Church never repudiates nor cuts sinners off, as do Protestant sects, no matter how grievous or notorious may be their moral delinquencies. She bids them never despair, for she wishes to reclaim them and bring them back to the practice of their religion.

Bad Catholics among the members of the church do not invalidate or impair the Church's claim to the title of sanctity. As the spots on the sun do not lessen his brightness, as the cockle that grows up with the wheat does not destroy the beauty and abundance of the ripened harvest, neither do the moral stains of some of her unfortunate children sully the claim to the splendor of her sanctity. She is the only effectual spiritual reformer in the world today. This fact is being silently recognized by the thinking portion of the non-Catholic community, and this is a great step toward the reunion of Christendom under the banner of Christ's vicar.

III.

The true church is Catholic. This is her third mark. It flows from her unity, for there is only one church which claims to be the whole church. All other churches pretend only to be portions of the Universal Church. They are local, for they are not spread throughout the whole world.

The incomparable St. Augustine annihilates the sects of his day with all their versatile sophistries, by this very argument, in which he appeals to the common sense of mankind as to the popular use of the name Catholic. That is the Catholic church which the whole world calls Catholic. This is not a mere opinion expressing a theory, but it is a momentous fact, for there is only one body that always has been and that always will be known by the name of the Catholic church. Listen to the words of St. Augustine on this question. They need no comment and they admit of no sophistry. "We are to hold," he says, "the communion of that church which is called Catholic not only by her children, but also by all her enemies. For, in spite of themselves, even heretics and schismatics, when speaking, not with their own sect, but with strangers, call the Catholic church nothing else but the Catholic church; for they would not be understood if they did not call her by the name which the world calls her." In another place this great defender of the Catholicity of the church tells us that he is himself held in the Catholic church, not only by that true wisdom which heretics do not believe to be in her, not only by the consent of nations and peoples, not only by her miraculous and perpetual authority, not only by the succession of her bishops from the very chair of Peter to whom the Lord committed His flock down to the present bishop, but also and "lastly by the very name of Catholic, which this church alone, amid so many heresies had justly so appropriated that, though all heretics wish to be called Catholics, yet if a stranger asks them, where is the Catholic church? not a heretic of them all will dare show you his own church." This test is employed by St. Cyril of Jerusalem. In one of his catechetical instructions he tells his pupils: "When you go to any city, do not ask for the House of God or for the church merely, for all heretics pretend to have this; but ask which is the Catholic church? for this title belongs to our Holy Mother alone."

This is the title that we Catholics rejoice in, and that is forever vexing the peace of the non-Catholic world. They stigmatize us as "Romanists" and "Papists," forgetful that this is an old weakness of all heretics from the 1st to the 20th century. St. Gregory of Tours tells us that the Arians of his day were distinguished by the same spirit. The Protestant sects of today urge this same brilliant paradox. St. Augustine in refuting the Donatists in the 5th century turns the tables on the sects of the 20th century. Writing to one of their bishops, Petilianus by name, he exclaims: "How can we be schismatics whose communion is spread over the entire world? But just as if you were to tell me that I am Petilianus, I would not know how to refute you, unless by laughing at you in jest, or by pitying you as in saying, I don't see but that I must do the same now."

This mark of true church can only be found in the One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic church, established by Jesus Christ when he commissioned His Apostles to go and preach His Gospel to the whole world. "Go ye into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature." We are in possession and we have clung to this glorious title in troubled times when it meant persecution and death to profess the name Catholic openly. The churches having any pretentions to this title are too insignificant in point

of members and too circumscribed in their territorial extent to have any right to such a claim. Today the Protestant sects combined number less than eighty millions of active communicants. For instance, the late census of the United States gives a population of about seventy millions, —forty million of these profess no religion—twenty million are Catholics, Jews and adherents of the oriental Catholic Churches, leaving upwards of fifteen millions of Evangelical Protestants. This statement, founded upon the late census, will no doubt be a surprise to many, but to the thoughtful student it is no surprise, nothing more than the logical result of cause and effect. Today representatives of the Catholic Hierarchy are to be found in every part of the habitable globe. I have in my study a picture of the Ecumenical council of the Vatican, held in 1870, and presided over by Pius IX of happy memory. Bishops were there from Great Britain and Ireland, from France and Germany, from Spain and Italy, from Switzerland and Austria, from every nation and principality in Europe. They were from Canada, the United States and Mexico, from South America and the Islands of the Pacific and the Atlantic, from Australia and the South Sea Islands. They were gathered together from the different parts of Africa and Oceanica, from the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates, the cradle of the human race,—and from the banks of the Jordan,—the cradle of Christianity. They traveled to Rome from the suburbs of Ancient Nineveh and from Bagdad, founded upon the ruins of Babylon. They flocked from Damascus and Mount Libanus, from every portion of the Holy Land, made sacred by the footprints of our Blessed Redeemer. Those bishops belonged to every form of government, from the republic to the most absolute monarchy. Their faces were marked by every shade of color and they spoke every known language. Kneeling together in the same great council hall, truly could these prelates exclaim in the words of divine wisdom, "Thou hast redeemed us, O Lord God in thy blood, out of every tribe, and tongue, and people and nation."

Wherever we Catholics go, even though we may be strangers to the country, the customs and the language,—yet we are always at home in our churches, for there everything is familiar. The cross pointing heavenward, the altar of the living God, the tabernacle wherein He dwells beneath the sacramental veil, the Stations of the Cross silently preaching the way to heaven, the Baptismal Font, the Confessionals, the Statues, the priests robed in Sacred Vestments, the multitude of devout worshipers kneeling around:—all this makes us feel in our hearts that though strangers in a strange land we are brothers and sisters having "one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all." Everywhere the Catholic is at home, united by a genuine fellowship of Catholic faith, hope, and charity. Passion and prejudice, and bad manners may apply to us the epithets of Papist, Romanist, ultramontane, etc., but the calm, honest mind of every sect knows us by the name of Catholic. The Roman Catholic Church, then, has the exclusive title of Catholic because she flourishes in every part of the world and comprises the vast majority of the Christian family.

ST. PAUL'S INSTITUTE FIRE BRIGADE.

THE CHURCH IN THE LAND OF GAUDHAMA.

BY REV. JOSEPH M. GLEASON.

II.

The Missions Etrangeres with as many vicariates as they could well provide priests for were unwilling to take up the work in Burma now offered to them; but Rome, seeing the unparalleled success of this French society of secular priests in converting other parts of Asia, insisted, and four priests went to Maulmein from the missions of the Malay Peninsula in 1856.

Bishop Bigandet as Vicar Apostolic of Ava and Pegu was at their head and from the day of his arrival until his death, in 1894, at the ripe old age of eighty-two years, his personality dominated every move, infusing new life into the shrivelled corpse of a mission that in its infancy had given such hopes of a great future. He was the greatest Pali scholar of the nineteenth century, and knew Buddhism as no other European has ever known it. It was in recognition of this fact that the gold medal for research in Burma, instituted by the British Government in 1888, is called the Bigandet medal, and this is but one of the many memorials

to his fame. But the greatest of all is built in the hearts of the people of Burma, whether Christian or Buddhist. As a missionary he could tell a story of shipwreck and trials like that of St. Paul, and this experience of twenty years' active work before going to Rangoon stood to him. He studied the situation in Burma coolly and only then started on the visitation of a vicariate twice as large as New England, New York and Pennsylvania together. A man of keen perception, a profound scholar, a thorough diplomat, he was immediately appreciated at his worth, not only by the British authorities in Lower Burma, but also by the new Burmese King in Amarapura, and in later disputes between the two governments, and even in the internicine troubles of the Burmese he was the persona grata chosen by both sides to help conduct the delicate negotiations.

Conditions had begun to change in the country. The establishment of a stable government in the south by the British was in its initial stage; while in Upper Burma, Mindohn Min had deposed his foolish brother, who caused the disastrous war with England, and inaugurated his own prudent reign. On the bishop's arrival at the frontier he found the King's own elephants at his disposal for the inspection of the scattered clusters of Christians, and this reverence continued during the life of the King. Mindohn Min was a monk of the yellow robe and had gone to the throne direct from the phongyi Kyanng. There he was known for years as a great Pali scholar, and with the grace of a true student he always honored Bishop Bigandet as one more scholarly than himself. After this visitation, which laid bare the miserable condition material and spiritual

FATHER LUCE AND BURMA KARENS, PEGU HILLS

GOING TO MASS. UPPER BURMA.

of the vicariate, his next move was to reorganize the entire mission with the slight force at his command, and his prudent counsels prevailing, a new spark of life was kindled in the mission, which grew brighter with the passage of years, until today, under his zealous successor, Bishop Cardot, the fire of faith burns with most brilliant promise in this benighted land.

To relate the wondrous efforts of individuals under his spirited incentive from this time on would demand a monograph, but a few general words must be said. Bishop Bigandet and Father Tarolly first met when the former was working in the lower peninsula and Father Tarolly near Maulmein. As the first Catholic missionary among the Karens, he went all over the Bassein district until he finally made Myaungmia his residence. Crushed by the war, he started again with new vigor when released from captivity, and it was a joy to the bishop on this visit to find Myaungmia a Christian oasis in the desert of unbelief. The Karens are a race distinct from the Burmese in language, features, and details of costume. They are more timid and less crafty than the Burmese, and in consequence have been and are still the victims of their bullying and injustice. They are not Buddhists, and in their cult recognize only the wicked nats to whom they bow down; in fact in every house of the pagan Karens a light is kept burning before the cloth-wrapped cocoanut supposed to contain his evil majesty. The bishop seeing the slow hard road to the conversion of the Burman Buddhist, and the pious congregation that Father Tarolly had made out of this pliable Karen material, was naturally anxious to devote

TAMIL CONGREGATION IN PROCESSION MANDALAY, SEPT. 8th. NATIVITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY, FAVORITE FEAST.

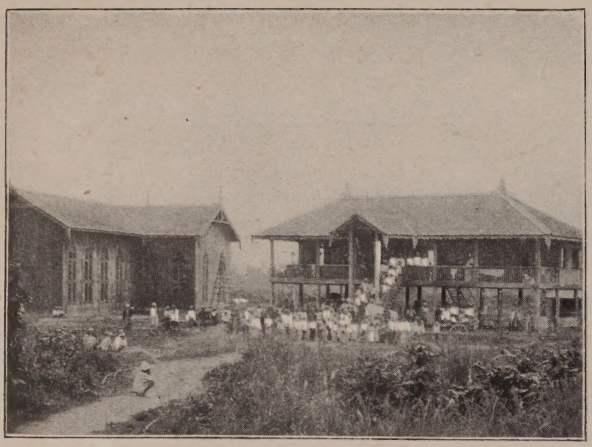
certain men to work among them exclusively. Father Naude, who came to the vicariate with the bishop, had mastered the Karen idiom while evangelizing the Southern Tenasserim coast. He was already formed as it were, and cheerfully took up the work beyond Bassein. Later, after ten years about Chimbo, he gave over the charge to another priest, and settled in Thinganaing, where a Christian had never been before. He soon won the confidence of the people, and within a few years men and women alike were working like beavers in building a chapel for the catechumens. There he remained for the rest of his days idolized by his grateful simple people. For his last twelve years a cripple from inflammatory rheumatism, he was unable to say Mass and received Holy Communion only on the days that his assistant was not in the jungle. Bishop Cardot came from Rangoon to preside at his golden jubilee in 1897. He told me that the old priest, carried to Mass in his invalid chair, wept like a child during the Holy Sacrifice he could not offer himself. Though crippled, he was to the end the oracle of the Christians of all Henzada who came to consult him in all their difficulties. When he came to that district there was not a single believer; when he died a few months ago in his eightieth year there were more than ten thousand. Father Lacrampe did similar work among the Karens near

FATHER DARUE.

Kanazogon, who were drawn to him first by his protecting them from the injustice of others Father Kern served with Father Tarolly. Now as his successor he cultivates the same field with ever-increasing results, and when he finished his present church the Chinese Catholics of his extensive parish showed their joy by supplying a tom-tom band for the procession and festivities.

Father De Cruz, a clever native priest, ordained in Rome the year before Bishop Bigandet arrived, was sent by him to Tongoo, where he began conversions among the Burmese and the Shans, a Chino-Burmese race of Buddhists whose states are now tributary to the British as they were formerly to the Kings of Ava. Ten years later in Bassein he took charge of the vernacular publishing department of the mission, and with the help of a Mr. Murphy, civil engineer, established an excellent industrial school for his Burmese and Karen boys. To-day in the twilight of his years, under Bishop Cardot's inspiration, he has formed his people into the model village of Yue, with its town council, local public works, modern sanitary drainage, etc., a village such as there is no other in the length and breadth of Burma. Respected by all for his simple and unpretending manner, he is yet known as the greatest authority on the Burmese language in the country, and the British government has actually nominated him as examiner of its officials in the highest grades of proficiency.

In 1857, led on by foolish advice of the court astrologers, the King changed the capital from Amarapura



DAMBI MISSION, HENZADA.

KAREN CATHOLICS AT ENTRANCE TO THARAWADDY CHURCH.

KAREN CONGREGATION OF PEGU, YUMAS HILLS.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

to Mandalay, and all inhabitants were forced to move with him. Father Abbona received land for a church in the new capital and the King, who respected him very much, gave him almost enough money to build his new dwelling. The French priests and the few Italians remaining labored hard to preserve the few villages of Christians in the realm. Their number had been greatly reduced through the unfortunate lack of priests who would stir up their indolent characters, while compulsory military service in the recurring revolts of the Shan States cut off many families.

In British and Independent Burma at this time the great desideratum was modern schools. Boys only were educated among the Burmans and these always by the monks in the phongyi Kyanngs, where they learned as mechanically as a phonograph the sacred books of Buddhism and nothing more except to write. The priests tried to found little schools in every Christian settlement, but of necessity they were under native teachers naturally following the Burmese system. If progress were to be made, the Burman

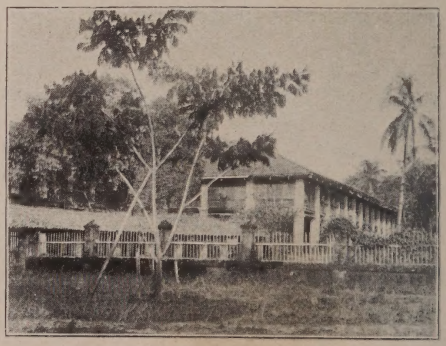
must be taught to think, and this could be done only through European methods. The Sisters of St. Joseph, the Christian Brothers, and the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, were in succession brought to the country, and the modest schools they opened in the larger cities have grown to the magnificent institutions of today. The convent school of the Sisters of St. Joseph in Maulmein has been ranked from its foundation the best girls'

RT. REV. ALEXANDER CARDOT, VIC. APOSTOLIC OF SOUTHERN BURMA.

NATIVE NUNS OF ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER, RANGOON DIOCESE.

school in Burma, and the same high reputation is maintained by these nuns in Mandalay and Tongoo, whether in their schools or their female orphanages. The convent they opened in Rangoon was turned over to the Good Shepherd Sisters on their arrival and has since grown into three distinct establishments in different parts of the metropolis,—the main convent school, —an industrial or technical school— and the original convent, the finest building in town when erected, and now the large orphanage for Burmese-speaking girls. The better class Burman has for some years sent his daughters to be educated by the nuns where they have schools, and fifteen years ago these schools had the distinction of passing into the Calcutta University the first young women from Burma, European or native, to present themselves for degrees.

The Brothers came to Maulmein in 1859, and to Rangoon two years later. The first place, with 430 pupils today, holds a high rank in class work and its athletes and acrobats are known throughout the country. The old school near the Soolay Pagoda in Rangoon was sold to the government as a vaccination depot, and the new buildings are barely sufficient for the present quota of 1,000 pupils, of whom 350 live on the premises. St. Paul's Institution has



MAIN BUILDING, CONVENT OF SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH, MOULMEIN.

grown steadily, not merely in attendance, but also in public prestige; first, because its students inevitably attain first rank in the examinations of the Calcutta University, and again, because of certain distinctive features that command public admiration. Before Rangoon had any municipal provision against fire, Brother Valens, the director, organized the larger boys into a fire brigade, and from 1872 to 1900 the active old man and his boys did valiant work at every fire in Rangoon save one. In this case the astonished citizens, on inquiry, found that Brother Valens had rightly ceased his work because of a slighting reference to the brigade made in the Municipal Council by a very modern member just out from England, and who was probably learning the Alphabet at the time the brigade began its career. A general public protest from officials and civilians alike, many of whom had been in the brigade in the past, showed the real estimation of its record, and the brigade with its hand pumps and chemical extinguishers was brought back amid greater glory, and today, though Rangoon now has a steam fire-engine, the boys running with the machine and always first on the ground are one of the sights to be seen. The municipality gives twelve rupees; that is, four dollars a month, to the firefighters, but the insurance companies and the owners of valuable property saved in conflagrations have shown at all times a gratitude less niggardly.

JUNGLE SCHOOL AT MYOKINE.

SAGAING, UPPER BURMA.

The 182 naval cadets of the Institution belong to the Port Defense Volunteers and are subject to the same drill and target practice. With their six seven-pounders and their carbines, these boys in their jaunty Jack Tar suits and brown leather accoutrements, headed by their band of thirty-six pieces under Brother Henry, at the same time the band of the whole naval corps, make an appearance of which the residents of Rangoon are justly proud.

The Brothers, it is true, have opened a third large school in Mandalay, but it is unfortunate that in a field as large as Burma, they have not opened small schools also in the country centres, where little by little they could found distinct communities of Burmese and Karens for the vernacular schools. The cosmopolitan character of every house

NAVAL CADETS, ST. PAUL'S, RANGOON.

GROUP OF STUDENT BOARDERS, ST PAUL'S

FATHER VEULLIEZ'S CHURCH, YAMETHIN, UPPER BURMA.

of the Christian Brothers in the Far East is the best witness of the fact that vocations would not be rare. In Rangoon the director, Brother Gregory, is an American, the sub-director is a Burman, one brother is a Brahmin, three are Cingalese, and so on, and the prefect of this very mixed fraternity of twenty-two members is not inappropriately an Irish ex-sergeant with a record in the Zulu war. As early as 1860 a normal school for native young laymen was established to meet this deficiency. Gradually the Karens, who, though great rovers, stick together in their wandering, were prevailed upon to allow their promising sons to separate from the family and take the course of instruction. The number has increased steadily, but an epidemic of beri-beri and fever carried off about fifty within three years and it was deemed wise a few years ago to transfer the institution to Thonze. There I found thirty-seven students, mostly Karens, under the guidance of Father Perroy, a scholarly missionary of twenty years' experience among the Karens and Burmese. The course of the last three years demands

OLD CATHEDRAL, RANGOON.

one day a week practical teaching for two years, and daily practice for the very last year, under the tutelege of the masters of the large Anglo-vernacular school, connected with the Normal school. These energetic Catholic young men after obtaining the government diploma at, say twenty-one years of age, go to the villages to take charge of the mission schools, and though they may seem too young to exercise the functions of a catechist, their youth is more than counter-balanced by their title of Sayah commanding reverence and dignity everywhere. They enjoy their sports as well as their study and they are worth seeing in chin-lohn or in their favorite recreation of Rugby Football. They play as all natives do, in bare feet and with their longyis tucked into the barest breech-clout about their loins, showing the artistic beauty of their tattooed trousers, for every native boy in Burma, you must know, is tattooed from his waist to his knees; he would be without respect of man or woman if it were otherwise. The establishment at Thonze has in addition to these two schools, a girls' school under the native nuns, and a hospital and pharmacy, looked after by zealous Burmese Catholic young women, government graduated nurses. Here, too, it must be mentioned, the young missionaries on arrival spend a year with Father Perroy mastering Burmese before entering on active work.

About twenty-five years ago the plan, successfully inaugurated by the Missions Etrangeres in Pondicherry in the early part of the century and since adopted in other parts of India was introduced; Bishop Bigandet founded the Order of St. Francis Xavier, to be composed of native nuns only. These Sisters make their vows annually and in addition to their regular costume wear a silver cross after four years of profession. Their formation in the novitiate of Bassein was originally entrusted to the Order of the Good Shepherd, but as these are cloistered and the native nuns are intended to work in the world, Bishop Cardot handed them over to the Sisters of St. Joseph, and the wisdom of the change is apparent already. The novitiate is at the same time a normal school, and only when the nuns have obtained the government certificate for teachers of vernacular schools are they sent to the different missions. Ten schools scattered over the Pegu, Bassein, Tharawaddy and Henzada districts are now taught by small communities of these nuns, themselves natives of the jungles, and they deserve praise for their work whether as nuns or as teachers. Their Kindergarten classes, full of bright-eyed native tots in all grades of mellow-tinted dress or undress, according to the observer's idea, who enter with spirit into the alternate games and tasks, are as good as any I have seen in America, and the best testimonial to their common school work is the government report on vernacular schools.

Bishop Cardot, thinking that circumstances demanded it, started a home for destitute old people and later brought the Little Sisters of the Poor to Rangoon to take charge of it, and the sight of these noble women daily begging for their old folks so moved every one that two years ago Burmese, Chinese, Mohammedans, Christians, all joined hands in building the present Home, whose inmates, though fewer in number, are even more varied

in race and creed than those of the great institution of these sisters in Calcutta, and needless to say under the kind ministrations of the nuns almost all die Catholics.

Activity prevails everywhere. New missions are opened as fast as funds and the number of priests allow. Within this year Father Cance settled himself on the Sittang river near Shwegyin, among the Hill Karennis. The districts of Bassein and Henzada are productive of numerous conversions every year, and the story of any single mission of that section would be interesting reading. To minister to and increase his congregation of 1,200 native Catholics scattered over a few hundred square miles is the steady aim of Father Chaignean, but, jolly Savoyard that he is, he insists that his work is far easier than that of the other missionaries of the great Irrawaddy delta depending solely on the tides for moving their small boats to the various points of their parishes. In places he can cut across the paddy fields. This is not so bad in the dry season, but in the monsoons it means all day for a journey of a few miles, what with slips on the clay ridges or the tiresome irregular stepping caused by breaks or the cotton-like mud sticking in dead weight to the shoes. Transportation is really a great problem. There is a line of railway from Rangoon to Prome and another via Mandalay to Myitkyina. There is no cross country line except the new short road to the Northern Shan States. The Irrawaddy is navigable for large boats for almost a thousand miles, but only small native craft are possible on the other rivers. What roads there are, are good enough, but they are too few. Yet missions are everywhere, and for the bishop on confirmation tour to reach even the Pegu Yumas within fifty miles of Prome means a terrible ride over bad country and across stony-bedded creeks in a byle gharry—a native springless cart drawn by trotting bullocks, which probably accounts for the healthy condition of the bishop's liver.

The large Burmese-speaking congregation of St. John's, Rangoon, is now in the hands of Father Perret, a white-bearded patriarch, who tells wonderful stories of his experiences with Dacoits. I went with him to the Burmese orphanage and would have given anything for a snapshot of the venerable old priest among these quaintly-gowned children who love him so dearly. Very different indeed, though equally zealous and beloved, is the boisterous, good-natured Breton whom I found in the Burmese parish of Mayangon near Maulmein, whose church, struck by lightning a few months ago, is now engaging his attention as a builder without capital. Sad to say, Father De Chirac is also a poet and, like most men who write sonnets, has a tendency to forget his meals. This is the only thing in which he meets censure. Mistaken zeal costs many a valuable life in the East, and Bishop Cardot tries to impress on the minds of his priests that living in a purely native style, irregularity of meals, and lack of the nourishment necessary for a European in the tropics is folly of the worst kind. It takes six or seven years for a missionary to make his impression, and then to die means an almost irreparable loss. The missionary should aim to prolong his life as long as he can.

Perched on a high hill, under the shadow of the great Uzina pagoda above Maulmein, and overlooking the picturesque meeting of the waters of

the Salween and the Attaran in its superb setting of blue mountain and green plain, is the preparatory seminary of the country. Here I found a grand old Burman of the Burmans, simple and whole-souled Father Moses, master of our classics as well as his own, after thirty years' missionary work among his people spending his later years in framing the minds of the young men. Burmese, Talaings, Karens, and Chinese who will make their final studies in the famous Foreign Mission Seminary of Penang, before entering on the work so well done by the few native priests now in Burma, invariably, as I found them, men realizing the full dignity of their calling and imbued with the spirit of the true apostle.

The wisdom of the ecclesiastical division of Burma brought about by Bishop Bigandet in 1873 is manifest today. Arracan, cut off from the rest of the country by the mountains, was attached to the Indian diocese of Dacca, and of the Holy Cross Fathers one especially, Father Peters of the Akyab district, had pronounced success as a missionary.

Tongoo and the mountains east of it became the prefecture and later the vicariate of East Burma, and the priests of the Italian Foreign Missions there have surpassed most sanguine expectations. It is the country of the Southern Shans and the semi-barbarous Karennis or Red Karens, very different from the Karens of the plains, and the constant zealous pressure of Catholicity in this mountainous, roadless tract, where even salt costs five times as much as in the lower country, has resulted in a flock of 12,000 irreproachable native Christians. When Bishop Rocco Tornatorre was appointed to the vicariate in 1892, he consented only on condition that he might leave his pro-vicar at the normal school in Tongoo, the see, and he remain where he was, at his labors in Leitho among the hills. It is this same disinterested apostolic spirit pervading his twelve priests that accounts for their wonderful success in the one hundred and thirty-eight villages they visit.

The see of Mandalay has been unfortunate in its succession. Bishop Usse, the third incumbent, a pious missionary but a poor administrator, distracted by the cares of the mission was obliged to resign. Thus for the last few years Bishop Cardot has had to supervise that diocese as well as his own. And this at a very critical period, for only since England took Mandalay has the Church had a free hand. King Thebaw, under dire penalty, absolutely forbade Catholic work among his subjects, and the priests of the country were thus confined in their efforts to the old Christian Kalas, and the few foreigners, Indian and Chinese: and the King's people could become Catholics only by stealth. But now it is another story. The Kingdoms of Ava and Pegu are memories of the past and their oriental despotism is dead and gone. The walls and, at present, lotus covered, moat of Mandalay now enclose the British cantonment of Fort Dufferin, and the very throne room of the Palace has become an Anglican church. Its blood-thirsty monarch has been since 1887 a state prisoner in Ratnagiri on the Malabar coast. The Chinese frontier is settled. The Dacoits, who began their terrible reign through a blunder of the British Commissioner in not disarming the Burmese army at annexation, are now paying up for their crimes in the nether

world or the Andaman Islands. The wild tribes have been relieved of their guns, and while England recognizes their clan chieftaincies, they in turn acknowledge British supremacy. Upper Burma with its wonderfully varied population is today an open missionary field, and our priests have not been slow to realize it as is evidenced by the humble bamboo and jungle wood chapels that have sprung up like mushrooms all over the country within the time mentioned.

Chinese, Panthays, Shans of two or three kinds, Katkyiens in the Eastern and Northern Hills, and Chins of a dozen tribes in the hills beyond the Chindouin river are races that must be dealt with in addition to the Burmans of the plains. About twenty miles beyond Bhamo, I came on a Katkyien village, Nang Kai Ba, in the jungle of the Taping valley, and met there a single European, Father Accarion, a prince of missionaries, the apostle of the Katkyiens. When I arrived he was actually in Shan pyjamas, behind a water buffalo, plowing the little clearing about his bamboo house. Here he has lived for ten years with his only neighbors, the tiger, the leopard and the barking deer, and of humans, men who wear a keen-edged dah ready for use at all times. He visits the settlements of this race for 50 miles around, mastering their idioms, reaching their hearts, persuading them of the virtue of soap and water, and thus gradually bringing these war-like semi-savages to a better state. For some days I rode a pony beside him through a tangled, trackless jungle of which by his woodcraft he seemed to know every leaf, as well as he knew the habits of its denizens from the rogue elephant to the tailless gibbon. In the different villages of his people I saw the slow but sure process by which they are drilled and Chrisitianized, the long probation of years before baptism, and needed not his word to understand that, though he sow the seed of the gospel until his death, the real harvest of numerous conversions may come only to his successor. The British officials think the world of him and his influence with the race. They in fact first told me of his work, and though not Catholics, they never tired of contrasting his self-denying apostolic life with that of the men who encourage trade for six days of the week and speak platitudes on the seventh, yet from their cosy quarters in towns write unctuous reports to gullible old ladies who subscribe for the heathen. Father Accarion and Mr. Rae of the Military Police are the two recognized masters of the Katkyien language, and the former in addition to his other duties is preparing a grammar and also a dictionary Burmese, English and Katkyien for the use of government. Six years ago he composed a crude conversation manual of this difficult tongue, but the manuscript, loaned to an official in Bhamo, disappeared and was lost for four years. In the interim something very akin to it was published by a Bhamo Protestant missionary, and later the manuscript was found in the government office; yet the Father is too good to say it was anything but a coincidence.

A military and political railway has just been completed between Mandalay and Lashio in the Northern Shan States, prompted by the French line on the other side of the Yunnan frontier, and the first priest has been sent to Maymyo station as a base of opera-

tions. How to get at the Chins is a problem. A year ago two priests went to live in their hills, but were driven away unfortunately by fever. The bishop considers it far better not to go, than to make a bad impression on these savages by going and having to come back; it is only by living long among them that confidence is won. The plan he has followed with the Chin clans of the Arracan mountains north of Henzada district, where there are now one thousand converts under Father Saint-Guilly, has been a slow flank attack, as it were, from the villages nearest the hills and thus gradually making a place among them.

Burma is generally spoken of, even here in the Orient, as if it were a unit, but not to mention the variety of races and costumes and the Babel of languages, the native religions of these very distinct and yet little known peoples present a gradation of geniolatries that it would puzzle Professor Tylor to classify. The Burmese, Talaings and Shans are Buddhists. All the other-mentioned tribes of the land are a nat, devil or spirit worshipping lot, as you will, devoid of cleanliness and, if the Karens be excepted, without even an elementary idea of morality. To deal with any of them demands on the part of the missionary a knowledge of their language in addition to Burmese and English, but much more than this essential, infinite patience and the tact of St. Paul.

Many of the Tamils and Telegus now scattered all over Burma are Christians when they come from India, and hundreds of others are converted from Hinduism. In Rangoon and Mandalay they are numerous enough to have their own churches. Father Bohne, though a consumptive, not only directs the large congregation of Rangoon with the assistance of a younger missionary, Father Mourlanne, but every three months visits, for twelve days, India's gigantic penal colony of Port Blair in the Andamans. The pretty Tamil church of Mandalay was built three years ago of the material of the dismantled old Cathedral, and that was constructed of teak wood taken from the Amarapura church when the capital was changed. They do not practice in the East the American fine art of moving a house entire. Father Darue is just the man to manage this mercurial race. A young man of varying moods, sad or gay as the moment catches him, exactly as a Father McQuaide I know, he handles his people with the deftness of a practical politician, and is idolized not only by the Indians, but by the soldiers of the garrison as well.

From Sagaing to Moganng, a distance of over 300 miles along the railway, Father Herr, one of the most active men I have ever met, visits the Christians of all places; and in Shwebo, called his home, though he is there only thirty-six hours in the week, has gathered around his little church quite a village of Burmese Christians; but the largest purely Burmese congregation in the North is that of Kyantagoung, where sixty adults after a lengthy catechumenate under Father Peltier, were baptized one Sunday during my sojourn.

Mandalay has besides its other Catholic institutions, an orphanage and industrial school for Chinese boys, where they get a common school education and are taught shoemaking and printing. A young Chinaman played the cottage organ during the Sunday Mass, and on remarking his creditable performance, I could hardly credit my

ears, when I was told that he was stone blind, but had learned very easily under Father Lafon.

The highest ambition of a Burman's life is to build a pagoda, by which he wins the title of Kyanng Taga during this incarnation and secures a mortgage on Nirvana. A Burman does not become a Christian easily, but when he does he brings with him the conviction he had as a Buddhist, that to build a place of worship is the most meritorious act of a man's life. This accounts for the present Cathedral of Mandalay, built at a cost of 60,000 rupees by Kyanng Taga Paul Obon, a Burmese ruby merchant, of that city. The old church of Amarapura was built by an Armenian, and the two churches of the Tennessarim coast by a gentleman named De Castro. Many of the seven hundred and more chapels and churches throughout Burma are built of jungle wood, which is destroyed in a few years by the white ants. To replace them by teak or pyingkado, not to speak of modest brick structures, is a matter of hope with every priest, but in their straightened finances, they do the best they can, and pray for Kyanng tagas to come along. In Rangoon no one materialized; so the old Cathedral on Barr Street, in the heart of traffic, has been sold to the Hong Kong Shanghai Bank as a site for its new establishment, and with the proceeds a fine cathedral is now under construction by Father Jansen, architect. The foresight shown by this move is but one of the many sterling points of the scholarly Bishop Cardot, esteemed by Catholics, Protestants and heathen alike as one of the ablest churchmen of the Far East.

Although today there are more Catholics of other stock than pure Burmese, they are the dominant race and our missionaries try hard to win them. The Karen is steadfast in his faith, but as a general rule the Burman, naturally brighter, makes the more intelligent Christian. Every Burman Buddhist respects the Catholic Church, as he cannot the sects of Protestantism. The celibacy of the Catholic priest appeals to him because his phongyies are celibates. He venerates the native nuns because they go beyond the holy women of Buddhism. In speaking to a Catholic priest he uses the same honorific expressions that are prescribed for conversation with his monks, while on the contrary he addresses the Protestant missionary only as, "teacher." Yet their conversion so far has been extremely difficult, more so than in any other Buddhist country. There are two great obstacles in the way. First, their state of mind regarding Buddhism, which even in the case of the educated interprets the abandonment of this faith as a rejection of their nationality, and in the case of the multitude is based on fear, not of Gaudhama, strange to say, but of the nats. And second, the phonygi Kyanngs in every corner of the country are also the primary schools of the people, and moreover every boy at some time of his life must don the yellow robe, cut off his long locks, and spend at least one wah or Lent in the monastery. Previous to annexation a man who had not passed through this religious conscription would not be allowed to testify in court. Though conversions for these reasons have been slow, they have nevertheless been steady. In Lower Burma, where the European schools have attracted the Burmans for years and their powers of independent thought have been developed, there have been some very important

conversions. There are a fair number of Catholic Burmese among the minor officials and here and there a phongyi after long thought has become a Catholic and braved the cry of "renegade." Men of position like these are not satisfied with a bare outline of the faith, but invariably acquire a thorough knowledge of it in order to explain and defend their position, here where religion is daily discussed even in the gatherings of the bazars. The more men of this rank brought to the Church, the easier it becomes for the humbler classes to follow.

Forty years ago there were only 5,000 Catholics in what is now called Burma—today there are 65,000 belonging to a dozen or more races. This is a glorious record, but priests are lamentably too few and those there are hampered by lack of funds. Anyone who takes the trouble to look up the reports of the "Propagation of the Faith" will see that the collections today are not a bit larger than they were thirty years ago, and that England gives virtually nothing to the Catholic missions that are civilizing her empire, and for the support of which there should be in justice a special annual collection in every Catholic church of the British possessions. The number of vicariates is ever increasing and because of it the amount apportioned to the missions grows smaller. In Burma the allotment for the priests is now divided among eight times the original number; still these men have not the vow of personal poverty. An ancient wag remarked that religious orders make the vow of poverty, but secular priests as a rule have to practice it. Not to discuss the epigram, the secular priests, French, Italian and Native of this great field of Christian labor at least, under the leadership and example of Bishops Cardot and Tornatorre lead a life of individual poverty and self-denial that is not surpassed in the annals past or present of any religious order.

"They were giants in those days," says the hero worshipper when he speaks of the past: but the age of unknown and unhaloed heroes is still with us."

(Space forbids taking up now the Catholic solution of the leper problem: this will be treated later.)

FRAGMENT.

BY EDWARD J. MCLOUGHLIN.

As ripened fruits their treasure give to earth,
And so return to her what from her came,
I come to thee and lay my throbbing heart
E'en at thy feet, full, full of love's sweet flame;
Not as a gift, but as a debt to one
Whose earliest glance hath wakened in my breast
The love that is her own, and homeward goes
To find its haven and to gain its rest.

IS RUSSIA TO BE THE FUTURE LEADER OF THE CIVILIZED WORLD?

BY LORENZO J. MARKOE.

The late Dr. O. A. Brownson, as far back as about 1872 or 1873, in his introduction to the Life of Father Gallitzin, remarked that "Russia is really the youngest and freshest of the nations of the Old World, and while she is sometimes their dread, she, perhaps, should be looked upon as their hope." Of England he said: "England is no longer a power in Continental Europe, and she has fallen so low that nobody fears or heeds her threats." And he concludes with these words: "It is because I firmly believe the reunion of the Russian Church with the Universal Church will be effected, and that Russia is destined to . . . . take her turn as the future leader of the civilized world, that I regard with such deep interest everything connected with her." And Mr. Stead, a writer of a very different character, but possessing much of Brownson's bold outspoken love of truth, remarks, in his more recent work ("Truth About Russia," page 2), "Whether for good or for evil, Russia holds in her hands the balance of power in Europe. . . . Russia alone of the great military Powers is self-contained and self-sufficing, free alike from embarrassing alliances and paralyzing antagonisms."

It is with a sense of relief that we turn from the sickening details of England's brutal career amongst the Nations of the earth, to consider for a few moments on what grounds are based the opinions of Brownson, Stead, and many others, as to the brilliant future that is dawning for this young giant, which is rapidly developing its strength and vigor in Europe and Asia. We have no desire to minimize the faults of Russia, or to hide from view her brutal treatment of Poland, so unspeakably cruel and so unnecessary; but that there is much to justify our hopes that Russia may yet prove a bulwark to hurl back the threatening horde of revolutionists, irreligionists, and haters of God and His Truth, now infesting the earth, we trust will be made manifest to the observant reader of these pages.

Our prejudice against Russia as an autocracy that can crush any subject under its heel without a moment's notice or a word of explanation is so deeply imbedded in our minds that we catch our breath in astonishment when we first discover that Russia is, in many striking instances, the possessor of the most democratic form of government on the face of the earth. Yet such is the simple fact. That the Czar is an autocrat who, at least ever since the days of Peter the Great, claims absolutely unquestioned and unlimited authority over each one of his subjects, high or low, is indeed true. Yet that power is used in actual practice much more rarely and sparingly than we have been led to suppose.

The first great sign of promise for the future of Russia lies in the fact that she has primarily an agricultural people. Her real strength is in her peasantry, who form the great bulk of her immense population, and who have a more absolute system of home rule than probably any other people on the face of the earth. The great majority

of Russians never come into close contact with the imperial administration, except in the three points of taxation, conscription, and the police. Aside from these, the Russian peasantry govern themselves by means of the Mir, or popular assembly of all the inhabitants of the village. This assembly is open to all residents of the village, and all equally share in its deliberations and conclusions. That this primeval institution or popular assembly, which once formed the glory of the Middle Ages and yet more remote periods of history, should still be found in its full force and vigor in modern autocratic Russia is indeed a startling surprise to many of us.

We are assured by well-informed writers that the authority of the Mir over its own members seems to be practically unlimited. It is for the vast majority of Russians the only form of government of which they have any immediate personal knowledge. Its duties are legislative, judicial, and administrative. Mr. Stead truly remarks: "All over Europe this ancient primeval institution has perished. Here it survives, the apparently one indestructible institution in the country besides the autocracy and the Church. It is the primitive cell, the water-tight, iron-bound compartment which keeps the Russian State afloat. This is the only Government of which the majority of Russians have any experience. For the peasants this is *the* Government." ("Truth About Russia," page 178-179.)

The Mir seems to be bound by no fixed set of written laws in its legislative capacity. It deals with cases as they arise on their individual merits; and the decision of the members after considering the matter in general assembly is usually final, and even satisfactory to all. There is no delay for a lot of red tape with a distant administration whose approval is required before the decisions of the Mir can become operative or have the force of law. The principle seems to be recognized by the Imperial Government that in all ordinary matters the local Mir is a far more competent judge of its own needs and the needs of its individual members than any department official away off in St. Petersburg. The idea of troubling the distant officials of the general government in matters of local concern never seems to occur to the villagers in Russia. Can we say as much for Ireland, under the supposed constitutional government of England? Can we even claim as much for our own villages and country towns here in the United States, with all our boasted freedom?

The Mir exercises judicial authority in a large proportion of the cases arising in the village. It is practically an elective peasant magistracy, which disposes of the ordinary cases of dispute or disorder that may arise within its borders, thus securing to the poor peasant a judgment at the hands of his peers and neighbors, without being dragged away from home before a strange judge who knows nothing of him or his, and has no interest in his affairs; whilst the Mir has a direct interest in the conduct and success of each one of its members, for which it is responsible. In more serious cases, not coming under the head of ordinary misdemeanors, the culprit may be brought before the whole Commune, which is practically a Mir covering a more extensive jurisdiction than a

single village. By this assembly members may be expelled from the Commune, sentences of flogging passed, and even decrees made out for the banishment of any of its members to Siberia. Mr. Stead declares that "The peasants themselves send more men to Siberia by the free vote of their own Mirs than all those exiled for political propaganda by the administrative process. . . . the contrast between from 200 to 400 political exiles out of a population of ninety millions in Russia, and 1,000 suspects or political criminals out of a population of five millions in Ireland, is sufficiently marked to carry its own moral; and of the 165 political exiles sent to Siberia in 1887, it is probable not five were peasants." (Page 193.)

The Mir also exercises administrative functions. It is in principle a co-operative association, owning the land which it has purchased from the former owners under the Decree of Emancipation issued by the Czar in 1861, and is jointly responsible for the payments still to be made under that purchase. Consequently the Mir partitions the land amongst its own members according to their respective actual needs, and re-partitions it whenever it deems that circumstances warrant it. If a family increases in numbers, it is allotted more land. If it decreases, some of the land is taken for some more numerous family. The Mir being directly interested in the success of each member, naturally uses its power in such manner as to advance the welfare of that member to the utmost point consistent with the prosperity of the village as a whole.

Even in the matter of taxation the villager does not come in direct contact with the Imperial Government. The amount of taxation is assessed upon the village, and the Mir then distributes it proportionately amongst its members, and selects the tax collectors for the village, who perform their duties under the guidance of the officials of the Imperial Government. So again in the matter of the conscription. The Government does not draw lots, as in European countries generally, to select the poor unfortunate who must leave home and family to serve his time in the army. Instead of this the Mir is notified that so many recruits are desired from that village. The Mir then makes the selection by the free vote of the members themselves. If a certain young man is rather a wild character, or is not making a success of his agricultural operations, he may be selected to be sent into the army; whilst his neighbor, who has a widowed mother entirely dependent upon him for support, is told by the Mir to remain at home. Besides taxation and the conscription, the peasant may come into contact at times with the police, but it is said that there is not one constable to each village. So that in the Mir we would seem to have the secret of Russia's rapidly growing strength as a nation.

In speaking of the police, we may be greatly surprised to learn that one feature in the Russian towns and cities which strikes the visitor from foreign countries is the marked absence of the military display, which is so noticeable in other parts of Europe. In St. Petersburg, the great centre of the police system of Russia, the police are not even permitted to carry clubs, as they do in our American cities. They are absolutely forbidden to strike a prisoner or one resisting arrest. They may call upon the by-standers to aid in

carrying forcibly an obstreperous prisoner to the police station; but to strike him? never! Where force is to be used in Russian cities, the Cossacks are called upon to do the work; and then you might as well stand before an avalanche on the mountain side as to undertake to resist their terrific onslaught.

In one memorable instance where three thousand workmen had struck, the police were sent to order them back to work. The strikers simply laughed at them, and the police retired quietly and reported to headquarters. The Governor of St. Petersburg, who is the Chief of Police, next day went to the scene at the head of one thousand mounted Cossacks. The three thousand strikers had been amusing themselves smashing windows, etc. The Governor walked in amongst them with perfect confidence, and in the most friendly manner informed them that they must return to work at once, with the positive promise that their grievances would be thoroughly investigated, and justice done them. They hooted and jeered at him, and finally assaulted him with various kinds of missiles. It was only then that he stepped back, and gave his orders to the waiting Cossacks. In an instant the mass of mounted men was in motion, and they rode directly through the hissing, jeering mob of strikers, using their heavy whips on either side as they rode. Then promptly wheeling round, they once more rode back as they had gone, again wielding their heavy whips as they rode mercilessly through the cowed and silenced strikers. By this time there was no appearance of organized opposition, and the next day the men were back at work as though nothing unusual had happened. No lives were lost, and not a shot was fired or a sabre cut given; but the work was done with a thoroughness that does justice to the Russian sense of order and mercy combined. Legitimate authority was enforced; but the Czar was still the Good Shepherd, and spared his sheep even at the height of their insolent treatment of his accredited representative.

It is claimed that of the one hundred and twenty millions of Russians under Alexander III not twenty millions lived in towns, the hundred millions living in villages, and each village being a microcosm of the Russian Empire. Russia is a nation of villages. These villages dot her territory throughout her possessions in Europe and Asia. Each is an independent republic, under its own Mir, as we have just described it. Surely we have here a solid foundation for Russia's present greatness and future growth.

Alluding to the popular conception in Russia of the Czar as the Good Shepherd, Mr. Stead remarks: "Far away in the fat valleys of Siberia, in the dense forests of the north, and in the fertile steppes of the south, you find the same little flocks, varying only in color and in numbers, but in other respects the same. All equal, all democratic, all owners of the land they till." ("Truth About Russia," page 173.) And again he truly says: "There is something very fascinating about the spectacle of communities thus planted out apart, and able to produce almost all that they consume, and consume almost all that they produce." (Page 182.) "Here in Russia we have such communities by the hundred thousand." (Page 183.)

We cannot refrain from quoting one more striking testimony from Mr.

Stead's interesting work. Speaking still of the peasantry, he tells us: "The country people that I saw were generally clean, and most of them seemed healthy and robust." (Page 184.) "The women can as a rule neither read nor write, but they can bake, and they can brew, and they can milk and spin, and in short have the faculty of using their hands, which is dying out among the English servant-girls, every one of whom can read the *Family Herald*, and even write letters to the editor." (Page 185.)

This system, as we have described it, may go far towards explaining the rapid and steady increase of Russia's population. We are assured that "the Russian cradle is never empty." "From a million to a million and a quarter is the annual excess of Russian births over Russian deaths. There are now nearly ten million more Russians in the world than there were when the present reign (Alexander III) began. Against that increase all allies will fight in vain. That is the solid fact that dominates the situation." ("Truth About Russia," page 93.)

The other great permanent force in Russia is the army. Her two main sources of strength are the peasantry and the army. Of the latter we will only remark that it has been greatly improved for the better in recent years. The soldiers all learn to read and write during their military service. This is shorter than formerly, and is a practical school for the acquisition of a knowledge of the world and its institutions which the peasant, shut up in his little village, would otherwise never acquire. The soldier is treated more humanely than formerly, corporal punishment having been entirely abolished under Alexander II.

Those who take an interest in political life in Russia are a comparative handful of the population. They are the intellectual class, which is not yet very numerous in that country, as compared with the millions of its peasantry.

Undoubtedly the greatest incubus which has weighed upon the nation and retarded its progress has been the enslavement of the Russian Church ever since the cruel and fatal domination of Peter the Great. He set the tidal wave of progress back many degrees by his usurpation, with its accompanying assumption of absolute autocratic power, which has been jealously retained and exercised ever since by his successors. The condition of the Church is described on all sides and by writers of many shades of opinion as pitiful. It may be well, then, to consider for a brief moment the causes which have contributed to place the Russian Orthodox Church, as it calls itself, in such a degraded condition. The separation from the Holy See was of course the first step in the downward path. History contains no instance of a church which has separated from Rome without losing its power of expansion and its vitality. Russia is no exception to this rule. But in her case other causes contributed to emphasize and hasten this natural process.

During two centuries Mucovite Russia was under the domination of the Tartars. During this period the churches and monasteries retained their property and administered it themselves. Czars and Czarinas of Russia, greater robbers than the Tartars, confiscated the whole, promising in return a suitable indemnity. This

indemnity has been so manipulated and so poorly paid as to deprive them practically of all revenue. The miserable condition of the Russian priest, one author assures us, enables us to understand why we see him mixing with the lowest class of society to seek there the means of existence, why we sometimes find him stained with the most enormous crimes and abandoned to the most shameful habits of disorder. The Regular Clergy, who are celibates, inspire more respect amongst the people than the married clergy. "Like pastor, like flock," is especially verified in Russia. There are millions of Russians formed into various sects, independent of the National Church, and no longer acknowledging her authority. Peter the Great completed her misery by enslaving the bishops, and doing away with the patriarchal dignity, substituting for it his own direct authority as Pope or Head of the Russian Church. One historian asserts that when some of the clergy dared to question him on this point, he pointedly replied that he knew but one patriarch who had a right to their submission, and that was the Bishop of Rome, adding haughtily: "As you reject his authority, I will be your patriarch." Verily he had the schismatical bishops in a tight corner when he made that sharp thrust at them! He governed the Church through the so-called Holy Synod, which even now is usually presided over and controlled by an officer of the Czar's army or a civilian appointed by himself. To their credit be it said, there are still today millions of Old Russians, as they are called, who have never acquiesced in this ecclesiastical usurpation, and still look to the Episcopate as the only legitimate authority in the Orthodox Church of Russia.

It has several times seemed as though the light of true spiritual authority were about to shine once more in Russia, but the happy day has unfortunately been postponed. Prince Vasili Gallitzin, as prime minister of the Empress Sophia, was working earnestly for the express purpose of effecting a reunion with the Holy See; but his plans were frustrated by the revolution and usurpation of Peter the Great. The Emperor Paul, we are told, loved Pius VI, whose merits he had appreciated in his voyage into Italy in 1769. He asked him to send an Apostolic Nuncio to his coronation in 1797. His design of re-establishing the United Ruthenian monasteries and bishoprics was frustrated by the intrigues of the so-called Holy Synod, aided by the Roman Catholic Archbishop of the Latin Rite in Mohilow. But Pius VI re-organized the Latin dioceses of Poland in concert with the Emperor Paul. In later years the French Revolution sent many Catholic refugees into Russia, where no doubt their influence did much at the Imperial Court to give a better impression of the Catholic Church. The Jesuits were protected in Russia by Catherine II and Paul when they were exiled from the rest of Europe. Count de Maistre could not spend the time he did as an ambassador at the Russian Court without leaving a salutary impression behind him. Several notable conversions in high places and distinguished families had their effect.

One peculiarity of the Russian remarked almost everywhere is his intense love for his country and devotion to the Czar, who is universally known amongst his people as the "Good Shepherd." Converts to Catholicism from the Russian Church have retained this love and enthusiasm, and

they have devoted their lives and their prayers to secure the conversion of Russia. Father Schouvaloff, a distinguished convert, organized a league of prayer for that special purpose, and his fellow-converts took it up with characteristic enthusiasm.

Alexander I was deeply impressed by the saintly character of Pius VII, and favorably impressed by what he saw of Catholicity amongst the French and Spanish during the war. In 1815, in the new Kingdom of Poland, Pius VII, in concert with the Emperor, established a new ecclasiastical organization. It is stated by Rohrbacher, who gives his authority, that Alexander I and his wife, the Empress Elizabeth, both died Roman Catholics, and had been in the Church for some time before their deaths. However this may be, there were indications of the dawning of a better era for the Church under his reign.

Nicholas I was a brutal persecutor of the Poles. Yet he kept his ambassador at the Vatican, although he steadily refused to receive one from the Vatican at his court. It is a noteworthy fact, perhaps too much lost sight of in forming our opinions as to the character of Nicholas I, and the possibility of the reunion of the Roman and Russian Churches, that one great factor in the persecution of the Catholics in Russia during his reign was the corrupting of the sources of authority in Russia by apostate Roman Catholic prelates, men who succeeded in inducing the Holy See to appoint them to their bishoprics, despite the protests of those who knew their real character, and then set themselves to the devil's work with that demoniac hate and fury which only an apostate can show or feel. It was they who spared no pains to poison the mind of the Czar against Rome, and who left no stone unturned to prevent him from showing any leaning towards friendly relations with the Holy See.

Pius IX sent an ambassador extraordinary to felicitate the Emperor Alexander II on his coronation, and succeeded in partially restoring the Roman Catholic Hierarchy in Russia. Under Leo XIII the rapprochement seems to continue, and it is generally understood that it was the influence of the Holy See that induced the Czar to bring about the recent Peace Conference at The Hague, from which the Holy Father was excluded by the opposition of Italy, supposed to be a Catholic country.

Lack of space precludes us from dwelling on many interesting points concerning Russia; but if we have said enough to induce our readers to make a closer study of that great country, so full of promise for the future, our task will have been accomplished. The friendship between Russia and the United States has always been most marked. Let us hope that it will ever continue so.

Russia, with all her faults, still retains some religious principle. She is not abandoned to modern irreligion and godlessness, which are making such cruel havoc in our own country and throughout Europe and England. Russia has the real sacraments and a real though deteriorated priesthood. Her people retain their love for the Blessed Virgin and the Saints. She only needs the reinvigorating influence of the Holy See to set her once more in the path of a healthful and lasting spiritual growth. The political rivalry between Constantinople and Rome no longer exists, to hold the Russian

Branch of the Greek Church apart from the Holy See. The apostates who worked so zealously for the corruption of both clergy and people have passed away. The Czar may yet realize the fact that an enslaved Church can never be a prop for him to lean on to repel the revolutionary movements that are now threatening his throne. Only in a Church such as the Holy See alone can give him, will he find a sure support for lawful authority, and a defence against anarchy and discontent. It is amongst the university students and certain malcontents in the ranks of the workmen in the cities that Nihilism has found its recruits. Were those universities once more controlled by the true Church the modern irreligious ideas which are now rampant there would find small favor and little chance to spread their noxious poison. The Governor of St. Petersburg at the time of Mr. Stead's visit insisted that Nihilism found no followers amongst the peasantry. We do not approve of an absolute autocracy; but there are worse things in the world, and it is at least preferable to the anarchy and contempt for all authority which are being so sedulously inculcated into the youth of the day.

With an enfranchised and contented peasantry, looking up to the Czar with genuine enthusiasm as their Chief and their Protector; a population steadily and rapidly increasing each year from its own natural growth, without being dependent on fresh accessions from outside sources; a Church restored to its original union with the Holy See as the true source of its spiritual vigor and life; a Hierarchy restored to that independence with which our Blessed Lord endowed it at its institution; a clergy once more restored to that dignity which such a Hierarchy alone can ever secure to it, constituting a pious, learned and devoted Priesthood, wielding over the people that salutary influence for which it was instituted by its Divine Founder; and a Czar supported in his just measures of reform and true progress by this independent and divinely instituted Church within his own dominions—who can fail to experience a thrill of enthusiasm at the possibilities for good which would then await the Russian Empire! The Czar, now a mere irresponsible and absolute autocrat, might then indeed become a second Charlemagne; and, acting in union with the beneficent designs of the Holy See, which seeks solely the only true and solid advancement of the peoples of the world of every race and clime, he might well be the founder of such an era of civilization and happiness as has never yet dawned upon this poor old earth of ours. This may be too roseate a view of the outlook; but, even though never realized in its fullness, yet is there enough of possibility, —nay! *probability*,—in it to warrant us in praying earnestly and persistently for the reunion of the Russian Church with the See of Peter, that source of all the Christian civilization with which the nations of the earth have been blessed at any and all times.

Let us hope at least that the friendly relations between our own country and Russia may be long continued and unbroken; for there is much in common in the brilliant destinies awaiting both nations if they are true to their God and their conscience.

BEFORE THE DAWN.

BY MARY GRANT O'SHERIDAN.

Night lingers on the moorland and the sea,
Yet in the misty heaven its stars are paling.
Mother of Christ, to thee we pray, to thee
For help we look, through tears our sad eyes veiling.

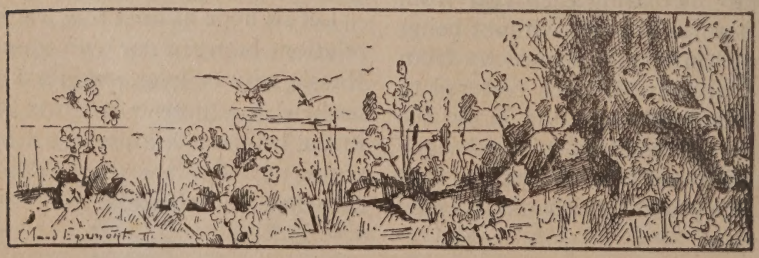
Dark is the tempest-laden cloud, above,
Unto the golden gates of morn down-sweeping.
Mother of Christ, unfailing is thy love,
Safely we rest if only in thy keeping.

The morning star with light ineffable
Blessing upon the grieving waves bestoweth,
Mother of Christ, to thee our griefs we tell,
O Morning Star, whence consolation floweth!

Like to the fallen angel's swift-winged flight,
Rushes the tempest all the heaven obscuring,
O Morning Star, though hidden from our sight,
We know thy light forever is enduring!

Mother of Christ, the hour of dawning breaks,
Breaks without joy or beauty; brings but sorrow;
Still, in our hearts the light of love awakes,
Its power shall keep us through the darksome morrow.

Mother most pure, to thee we pray; we are
Thy children, helpless, in thy love confiding,
Illumine all our lives, O Morning Star,
Show us the calm beyond all storms abiding!



ON THE HILLS OF SLIEVE-NA-LEAGUE WITH DERMOT O'RORKE, THE FIDDLER.

THE HOMES OF SLIEVE-NA-LEAGUE.

AN ULSTER SKETCH.

BY CAHIR HEALY.

The peasants dignified it by the name of town, but in reality it was only a makeshift for a village, with its population of five and thirty souls. The town-bred folks used to say that Slieve-na-League was the end of God-speed, whatever that meant, but to us, who had been born and bred there, it was the very centre of the universe.

Under the steep, shaggy sides of the Croachgorm Mountains it stood, nestling fondly to the base of the grey-white rocks as if inviting their shelter and protection from the cold, bracing northern blasts. From the green and brown of the valley below a white road stretched, coiling itself in a serpentine fashion round the knolls and rocks, and climbing up the high, bare hills, till, as if by a supreme effort, it reached the village. Whatever doubts there may have been as to the exact locality where it began its journey, nobody disputed that it ended here. Maybe, as the *sennachies* sometimes said, it had no beginning, and many

WHERE THE POTTEEN MAKERS HAD THEIR QUARTERS.

a gorsoon of the lonely mountain hamlet made a resolve to start out some day when he grew bigger and stronger and determine the matter for himself.

If there was one object more than another that excited our boyish wonder and awakened awe it was the wild heather-clad hills that ever dominated the peaceful vale below. Ever-changing in its aspect was this grim height, or so it seemed to us. Smiling and fair when the soft winds of summer wooed the queen of the heather bells daintily perched on nature's throne on the topmost peak, dark, and sullen and forbidding when the wintry mists descended from its summit like a tattered robe of mourning. The potteen makers of Slieve-na-League had their secret quarters somewhere near, and far away out of the reach of youth's nimble feet was the cavern where the dreaded pooka dwelt. In other days the rebels found the mountain wastes a haven of peace and security, when, with a price upon their heads, they bravely defied alike the minions of a cruel law and the bribes of the law-makers.

Newspapers in Slieve-na-League were like winter swallows, few and far between, and the place and the people were nothing the worse for that. American letters used to reach us now and again, the most notable being that of Neddy MacManus' son Dinis, who was fast becoming as grand as a prince, out in California. But the village folks didn't quite approve of a decent man's son taking to play-acting. "It might be worse," said Norah Keeney, addressing Neddy, "look what befell Barney Owens' son Thady?"

"What might be worse?" said the other angrily. "Shure th' boy is doin' well, an' sendin' us home a power of money."

"If it was anythin' else but play actin'? There's Brian O'Donnell that's ridin' about in his coach every

day in the week; an' Seumas Boyle that's a shop-boy in a grand public house, where the Lord Mayor himself comes of a mornin' for his punch."

Brian O'Donnell was a coachman, and Seumas Boyle an under-paid barman, frequently out of work. Neddy MacManus gazed into the fire meditatively. He didn't approve of play actin' himself, but he could not be expected to say so, for he loved the boy.

Away across the sea Dinis was earning the plaudits of the multitude.

At the end of the hamlet, and nestling closer to the mountain side than any of the others, was the cottage of Sally MacGuire. Condy Boyle, the schoolmaster, used to remark that Sally was "Jack of all trades and master of none." If a neighbor chanced to get a sprained ankle he invariably sent for Sally, who being the seventh daughter of a woman who was herself a seventh daughter, had a charm for sprains. Some of my readers may smile. Well, just let them! Young Cathal Boyle, with all his airs and grandeur, and fresh from behind the counter of the grand drapery firm in Doire, turned up his nose and said it was all superstition, and that Sally was only an ignorant impostor. Long ago he, too, believed in Sally, but that was when he was running bare-footed and bare-headed over the bogs and heather that surrounded his home. At that time he would bid you the time of the day in Gaelic, now it was in smart phrases which nobody exactly understood that he would salute you. The fine boots that he wore were not well suited to the bog-lands; as someone remarked they did not take kindly to each other. And small wonder, for the one was made by consumptive hands in the shoddy factory of a wealthy English sweater, whilst the other, . . . it was the handiwork of God himself. These same boots had such a gloss that the dandy from the city could see his graceful shadow reflected in them,

NEIGHBORS. THE OLD LADY ON THE RIGHT IS MISTRESS O'RORKE, THE TINKER'S WIFE.

but the folks of Slieve-na-League would much prefer gazing down into the placid waters of a boghole with the canopy of heaven at the bottom. Cathal's boots not being made for the bogs had no nails, and one day he accidentally slipped on a ridge of turf, and a sprained ankle was the result. It is strange, but nevertheless true, that after suffering pain for days and days he consented to see Sally. Next morning he could walk about, and by evening he was as lithe and active as ever. When he went back to the big drapery firm in the city there was a new ideal and a new thought in his heart.

I have often wondered how the good housewives of Slieve-na-League managed their domestic affairs in the days when they had yet to make the acquaintance of the O'Rorke family, tinkers and smiths. At daylight one morning they entered the hamlet, uninvited. There were three souls in all —the father, a tall, dark man, with wild eyes that reminded you of a thing from the wood. A wild creature he seemed, but unusually kind to the little woman and the boy.

In the course of time the wild-eyed man went the way of all flesh, and the woman and the boy had to make an effort to maintain themselves. Dermot O'Rorke had no particular love for the trade of his father. His delight from sunrise to sunset was fiddling in the sooty corner, with his feet in the warm ashes and his eyes fixed on the black rafters overhead.

But withal, he never became a good musician of his class, which surprised us all. Sally MacGuire used to tell us a characteristic story of his love for music. On a wintry evening the boy took up his stand outside the door of a widow woman's house in the village. The woman was singing "Aileen Aroon" to her sleeping baby, and when the numbers of the song fell upon the boy's ears, he forgot the sharp hail that beat against his face, and the cold rains that drenched his poor

A BIT OF THE ROAD.

clothing, and statue-like he stood there till the spell had passed. When a lad in his teens prefers the warbling of a thrush in the thicket to a caman match in the meadow, you may be sure that there is something akin to music in his soul. The old woman used to say that he had no ear for music, but Dermot always maintained, with a wistful look at the discarded tools in the corner, that it was the thickness and clumsiness of his fingers that was doing the mischief. He detested the hammer quite as much as he loved the violin.

But nature's laws are the same everywhere, whether in the crowded city or the mountain fastness. There is no relaxation, and no exemption. Mistress O'Rorke first entreated and then demanded that he wield the hammer and mallet instead of the bow. He smiled to himself and paid no further heed to her words. By and by, however, his thoughts unconsciously traveled wider than his vision. The oaten meal stored away in the bin by the sidewall must be nearly finished, and the turf clamps on the brown boglands below . . . were there any of them left? The woman didn't deign to enlighten him very much, and for answer pointed her finger down the valley, where away on the horizon the steeple of a church reared its head. Near by was the town, and the workhouse, and although she made no mention of either her meaning was as clear as noonday to him.

"Poor thing," said Sally MacGuire in a whisper, when we told her how poorly off the O'Rorkes were. "When God makes a gorsoon like that He has some wise ends of His own, an' mark my words."

For a few minutes we sat in silence by the fireside, our hearts full of pity for the two creatures at the head of the street. All of a sudden Sally jumped to her feet, slapped my companion on the back, and laughed outright. "I have it!" she said, "I have it!"

"Have what?" he demanded, facing her.

"Sit down, an' I'll tell ye," and she put her hand to his shoulder and pushed him back in his seat.

"We must get up a dance for the boy."

"A dance!" we echoed, in astonishment, for Dermot could play next to nothing in the way of dance music.

In a whisper she told us of her plan, and we loved her the more for conceiving it.

When we asked the boy to attend, he opened wide his eyes with sheer astonishment. He wanted to tell us that he couldn't play—I could see the words on his lips—but the effort was a failure. "Maybe it would be better to ask Keaveney from th' Rock? He's accounted to be th' best fiddler in th' parish."

But we wanted himself, and nobody else, and his pale set face lit up with real happiness, and the eyes rolled and danced in his head with the joy he felt.

It was the greatest of all dances when it came off. From far and near the people came, and they praised his music, and made him feel as proud as a peacock in the sunlight.

I was young and foolish at the time, and, unthinkingly, I took the lend of a brand new sixpence that my mother had laid by for the priest's Easter dues. The old people assured me that it was theft, and made me promise to tell it in my confession, but may

God forgive me for the sin, for whenever I thought of the happiness we brought into the life of the pale-faced fiddler, I never could feel sorry.

The oddest personage in the village was Padriac MacCallog. He had a great, black, bushy beard; little grey eyes that had ever an inquiring look in them; and his gait was shambling and ungraceful. He didn't own as much land as would cover the point of a tailor's needle, but he used to remark now and again that he was lord and master of the bleak, wild hills of Croachgorm, that nobody else ever claimed. He would earn a day's pay with a neighbor, or help the illicit distillers to convey their kegs of malt to a place of safety, and when a bailiff made his appearance at rare intervals, and when a ducking in the wee lake at the end of the hamlet became a necessity, Padriac could always be relied upon to lend a willing hand.

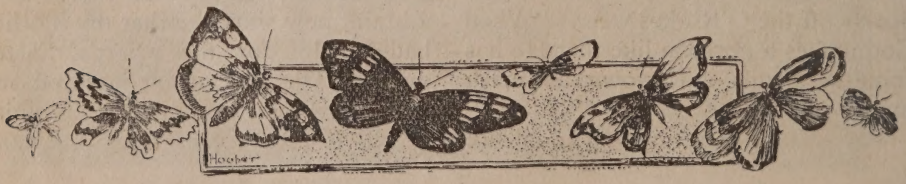
If simple-minded Padriac had not fallen over head and ears in love with the Princess Lena—the strong woman of the two-penny circus that visited the neighboring town—all might have been well. His love-making was a foolish enough affair, and his friends told him so, but he only made merry at their "ignorance." He never told us how they arranged the preliminaries, or by what means she persuaded him to give her the loan of five pounds—his savings of years. Love is blind, even in Slieve-na-League.

It was Seumas Cirrigan who told us next day that Padriac's lady-love had fallen into the hands of the police; that her golden hair and pearly teeth were both false; that her face was powdered, and that her name was plain Jenny Smith, the daughter of a London rag gatherer. Seumas should know, for the circus man told him all about it.

The village folks were model neighbors, it being a county proverb that a Slieve-na-League man would give the shirt off his back for an obligement. In the winter evenings we usually congregated round the fireside of Sally MacGuire, and the tales and jests and songs went round. In return for the unlimited hospitality thus accorded us, we were wont to spend a day or two in making Sally's turf, thatching and limewashing the cottage, and planting her potatoes. What Slieve-na-League would be without Sally, day would be without the sun, and life without love.

. . . . . .

I wonder if they still make the bonfires on the eve of St. John's Day, and light their torches in the middle of the harvest fields to keep away the blight? Do they have the harvest home gatherings, the Sunday evening dance at the cross roads, and the crowning of the village queen on the first day of May? It would be the pity of the world if modern ways and manners should ever destroy the simplicity, the charity and the love that, in the old days, endeared to us all the people and the homes of Slieve-na-League.



THE MERCY OF A MAIDEN.

BY CHARLOTTE MOLYNEUX HOLLOWAY.

Two young men were crawling with slow panting of breath like animals near to their end through the thick furze of the long moor which skirted the outer slope of the hills whose friendly reach they were so anxious to gain. They were worn and weary, and the face of one showed that some great trouble had left a mark which had triumphed over the naturally careless brightness of his countenance. There was something almost boyish in his look, but, as he now turned to the older man and spoke gaspingly, the quick deference and concern of the latter betrayed their relative standing.

"It is no use, Dick, I cannot get on. If I had the art of crawling on my stomach, its emptiness would defeat me. I am sure I would give my kingdom—" he laughed, a genuine laugh of amusement which suddenly changed into a bitter sob.

"Nay, say not so, dear King," said the other, rising from the stooping position with difficulty, and rubbing his knees. "The way will lighten for us after a while. There cannot be continuance of this ill-fortune."

The youth shook his head.

"I am chilled through by the dews, and the raw flesh is cut by the ground. Do, dear Pendrell, say that you believe we can now gather some of this stuff and light a fire. We are so many miles from Worcester that it must be safe enough."

"God knows that if I could warm thee, my King, I would gladly do it at expense of my life. But we cannot count on the distance. The whole country has been alarmed and there is not one of these long-faced scoundrels who would not sell his mother to curry favor with old Noll."

"Very well. Charles Stuart has borne so much that he can well summon endurance to bear more. But, oh, Dick, thou dost not know how the thought of that great-nosed rascal in my poor father's place, the feeling that all is over for me, has struck the chill of death to my heart. My poor mother! What high hopes were hers, what plans of vengeance had she made! And now she must resign herself to live on the grudged charity that is doled out by France. Oh, I am not going to be a woman after this"—the tears were streaming down his cheeks, "Dear Dick, grudge me not this moment of weakness."

The elder man said nothing but pressed his lips firmly together, and rising as if the tumult of emotion was too great to hold him to his caution, he strode up and down the narrow path they had made, impatiently slashing at the furze with his sword.

Charles Stuart sat on the ground and watched him. He felt like a child who had resigned himself to the guidance of another, and who has no chance to use his own judgment. To his sense of reliance on the good-will of the other was added as much of affection as could flourish in the disappointed heart of a king already bitterly familiar with the contempt that common mortals feel for royalty without power.

It was good to know here was one on whom he could depend, who would

not sell him like his Scottish subjects, and whose deeds were more significant to his devotion than his words.

It was long enough after the terrible rout of Worcester for Charles to have taken measure of his changed circumstances and to understand that he was absolutely dependent on the pity and loyalty of others for the means of escape from the land that would have him not. He had lost his pride, had lost all but the desire to live, to evade the clutches of that merciless arm which grasped and crushed the weaklings it seized, as if they were made of paper. That he might one day be able to return to his own had even left his hope. His whole desire was to find a place of safety.

For a while Pendrell raged back and forth, then he turned abruptly to the king:

"We have been three days without food. It would be dangerous to try to kill any game even if there were any for us to kill. We shall have to risk throwing ourselves on the mercy of some of the neighboring farmers."

"Rather try the gentry," quickly rejoined Charles, "I have found the farmers far more in love with Cromwell than with myself."

"It is not a matter of choice," said Pendrell, with a half smile." "But if we come where there are pretty maidens it may be their hearts will not be so hard to the sight of one of their own age in distress."

Charles looked ruefully at his garb. It was a singular compound. There was little of royalty in that strange mixture of dejection, dirt, and fatigue that made up the king. He was clad in a long green coat that might have served for a peasant of twice his proportions, and his shapely limbs were concealed in breeches of the coarsest and most primitive country make, while the huge boots in which his small feet wandered had so cut him at every step that his feet were glued to them by his own blood. His curls were gathered up under a short and unkempt wig, and only the small, well-formed restless hands, the eyes with their look of reliant individuality and the melancholy sweetness that were the great charm of the Stuart's glance betrayed there was behind the uncouth exterior more than common.

Dandy to the heart, he felt almost a thrill of pain at the suggestion that any maiden of high or low degree should see him thus. He said, petulantly:

"We need not expect any mercy from the louts hereabouts. Let us tighten our belts and push on."

"As you say," responded Pendrell, briefly. "There is some support in the embrace of leather."

The two plodded on, but at each step Charles faltered and only by resolution could he repress the cry of agony that came to his lips as his tortured feet stumbled in their vain endeavor to keep up with his companion's stride.

At last he said, pantingly:

"Dear Dick, thou wert right and I am wrong, as it seems to be my fate. Let us stop, if only to lie in the bush. I cannot go a step farther in these boots."

Even as he spoke Pendrell with a quick movement dragged him down to the ground and placed his hand over his lips.

A shiver went through Charles. The love of life sprang into being, and quivering with fear, all thought of his sufferings forgotten, he hugged the

earth while his companion sat by his side with eager strain of every nerve. His quicker ear had caught the sound of voices not far below them.

The two remained motionless for what seemed to the king an eternity of suspense, then Pendrell, with a gesture that he should remain where he was, arose, and creeping to the top of the slope looked over.

There was no attempt on the part of those who had set up their encampment below to conceal themselves. They were talking loudly, and busily gathering brush to make a fire. The cry of a child attracted attention to the great wagon which stood at one side. The horses to which the covetous eye of Pendrell instantly went were tethered near by, a strong pair of draught animals, and just then feeding them from a dish of oats was a young woman of comely presence whose face he eagerly scanned to see if there was aught of her disposition to be read. But as far as Pendrell could see it was heavy and coarse, and there was little chance that the coquetry of her sex would aid Charles. He nearly laughed, forlorn as was their plight, at thought of the appearance of the latter and the small chance there was of his being able to play the gallant.

On the ground at a short space from the wagon were many bags, and these and the dusty frock of a man who came from the back of the wagon, bearing in his arms the crying child, told him it was a miller who was carrying grain from some distance to his mill. The company had evidently withdrawn from the road for greater safety and were preparing to pass the night here.

Pendrell thought rapidly. Neither the garb nor the movements of the four persons who now stood around the fire were that of the region. The huge traveling van, the quantity of grain, showed they had come from a distance. It might be safe for them to throw themselves on their mercy to the extent of begging a part of the meal whose preparation already made his mouth water.

He went back to Charles and briefly related what he had seen, concluding by saying:

"It is the horses that we want and if we can get them we can manage to go a good distance toward safety."

But Charles shook his head.

"The sight of the little money that we have with us would at once betray us for no matter how ignorant these louts they know enough to suspect the possessors of French coin. Besides, we could not travel on horseback. Our only safety is in crawling like insects in such places as these."

"Curse it, thou speakest truth," said Pendrell, mortified that he should seem to Charles to have overlooked the great fact that the safety of the king should be the first thought. With the keenness of mind that seemed to give him insight to the thoughts of others, the king said gently:

"Nay, dear Dick, do not reproach thyself with having forgotten thought of me. I am ever first in thy heart and there could be none who could do more than thou hast done for me."

Pendrell took the hand which he extended to him, and kissed it, then helped him to arise. Charles bravely smothered the groan that wanted utterance, and said:

"Dick, we shall go to them for I swear there is such enticement in the smell of that roasting meat that it would make me almost an Esau. We

shall have to trust to their compassion as a pair of footsore beggars."

"And to my sword," said Pendrell grimly.

"Beggars do not usually carry swords with diamond studded hilts," said Charles, touching that of Pendrell, and smiling slightly.

"I must conceal it, but how?"

Charles laughed.

"Easily enough can I do that to mine, thanks to the cunning of the French artificer who made me a present of it, and wished it to bring me good luck. It hath failed in that, but, who knows?"

As he spoke he took his sword, and with a wrench detached the hilt and the blade and shoved the latter up into the former till it seemed as if he carried a short club. Pendrell looked half enviously as he lovingly handled his own, then, taking off his cloak, he wrapped the sword in it and bound it about as well as he could with a piece of cord, and slung it over his shoulder.

"Forward," said Charles, with a lightening of his heart and some of the merry curiosity of youth. His volatile disposition was already aiding him to forget his misery. There was more in action than in passive endurance, and no matter how their adventure turned out it might be a great relief from the pressure of maddening thought.

They did not descend the abrupt hill down which they looked into the little dell, but cautiously skirted it and came out for a moment on the highway, Pendrell glancing about him with more anxiety than did Charles, so completely had the latter yielded to the anticipation of some good from the miller's party. They soon plunged into the little clearing and as they made their way it came suddenly to Pendrell that no one who was not familiar with the region could have selected the spot. It was a most cunningly contrived hiding place, for the ordinary traveler would never have dreamed there was aught but tangled underbrush beyond the formidable hedge of briars.

As they pressed forward he whispered a few words of rapid caution to the king, and then they were in the midst of the clearing.

Near the fire stood a tall, strong woman of the early evening of life. She was busy adding to the savory compound which had so tickled their nostrils and the younger woman was hushing one child to sleep by a tender crooning while a boy of ten stood at her side, gazing at the miller. The latter was sharpening long poles which he had cut down among the saplings and so intent on his task that it was only the sharp exclamation of the child that made him raise his head. He paused and straightened up while he eyed the intruders with frowning suspicion.

The slight figure of Charles was a little in advance, and the king tried to put as engaging and supplicating a smile on his face as he could muster, but the effect on his begrimed and briar-torn visage caused the boy to set up a howl of terror.

"What brings ye here, ye rogues?" roared the miller, lifting his voice to give himself the more courage. "What do ye mean to intrude on honest people who are journeying to their homes? Get ye gone at once or I will bore a hole through ye!"

Considering that he was weaponless his speech savored more of intent than

ability and Pendrell smiled grimly, almost unconsciously fondling his concealed sword. But he took on himself to answer quickly for he feared the quick pride of Charles.

"Sir, we are honest men, in search of work. We have had the misfortune to fall in with some thieves who despoiled us of our little store of provisions and we ask you for the help of food to give us strength for our journey."

"Faith if your tongue can move so glib, your legs ought to follow suit," said the miller, abruptly and with a keen look at the speaker. "I am not much of a meddler with other folks' business, but I never heard an honest workingman speak as you do. Get you gone. There is no room for you here. Nay," answering the light that came into Pendrell's eyes, "do not reckon on being two to one for my nephews who delayed a little will soon be with us."

"We cannot go on," said Charles, breaking silence for the first time, and instinctively turning his eyes to the younger woman. "We are starving. If for nothing but the sake of the child you have in your arms, that in time some one may do him a kindness—"

"What, you young limb of Satan," roared the miller, "do you mean to hint that a son of mine will ever be travelling the road? Get out of here at once, do ye hear?"

"That we will not," said Charles, coolly, "had you as many nephews as there are devils in Hell we must have food."

The younger woman, who had not spoken, now interposed:

"It is easy enough to give them something," she said in a conciliatory tone, "and let them go."

"No," thundered the miller, "I don't work to feed lazy vagabonds or maybe worse; maybe they are some of the band of the Stuart who tried to bring his accursed followers to eat of the substance of the land."

He suddenly seized Charles by the arm and drew him into the circle of the fire for the light of day was waning fast.

The king made no resistance, and Pendrell, who had been about to spring on the miller, held back.

As the two women saw the utter weariness and emaciation of the boyish figure, they both sprang forward as by one impulse and took him from the hold of the miller.

"Stay, father," said the younger one, using the same term that her children gave to her husband. "He do be ready to drop with hunger, and he's naught but a lad, you might say. What matter be they vagabones? A little of our plenty won't hurt us to lose. Lie down, lad," indicating a couch that had been made of hay and empty bags, "I'll tell ye now that his bark is worse than his bite."

"I thank you," said Charles, faintly, for the revulsion had almost deprived him of voice, "you will not regret—"

The miller had turned to his poles again after listening to the gentle words of the elder woman who motioned Pendrell to a seat. The latter curtly expressed his thanks and sank down on the spot she indicated, though his eyes and heart were with the king, whom the two women seemed to have suddenly received into their very hearts.

"Peace," said the younger of the two, in a half whisper as she turned to leave Charles. "I was a kitchen maid at Sir Peter Ken's and I never saw

such hands as yours except on a gentleman. It don't matter to me what you've done. You need something and you shall have it. But my nephews who are soon to be here are mad to be with Cromwell, and 'tis best for ye to eat and then pretend to be asleep. I'll manage them."

"God bless you," said the hunted one, his heart more touched with her pity than he had expected ever to be moved, so lost was his faith in human kindness, "I am only a poor—"

"God bless ye, lad, you are only a little while out of the nurse's arms."

The elder woman said nothing but looked at him with such attention that Charles felt the pallor that overspread his face must betray him. But she ended her scrutiny by saying:

"Have patience. Hold your own for a time, a weary and a long wait, and the sun will shine for you yet."

"Mother do be able to see things," said the daughter in a whisper.

"Here, Tibbie, what are you wasting time with that good-for-naught for?" said the miller, "here's your husband and your children a-wanting their supper sore."

Tibbie hastened away and soon dished out in big wooden bowls most generous portions of the meat and vegetables from her huge pot and the two wayfarers fell to with ravenous haste. It seemed to both that never had they had such good cheer, and they took quite a different view of their chances for life when they had carefully scraped the last from the trenchers and returned them. Charles took a deep draught from the gourd of water which Tibbie handed him, then overcome by the heat, fatigue, and the generous food, he leaned back and was soon asleep. Pendrell was between two minds as to following his example. Toughened by long exposure and greater age he had more reserve to draw upon, but even his iron will could hardly fight off the demands of the flesh. Yet the thought that asleep they would be utterly defenseless served to give him resolution and he lay down by the side of his companion with his hand grasping the sword in his bundle.

The miller had relaxed something of his severity as the meal warmed him up, but he was far from having faith in his companions, and he arose and securely fastened the horses and at the same time tightened the belt which held his store of money.

He looked down at the pair a moment, marked the evidence of travel on their garb and boots, and tried to see something of their faces, but Pendrell had pushed Charles' battered hat well forward, and his own was partly over his eyes. Those eyes, keen and alert, were watching the man above him, and at first sign of hostility to his king, he was ready to spring upon the miller.

But the latter walked away, and, lighting his pipe, prepared to enjoy the rare enough treat of the American weed.

"Tibbie," he said, as his wife joined him after the older woman and two children had gone to sleep in the caravan, "I don't know as I ought to go to sleep till the boys come. These two might steal the horses and we a good forty mile from my father s yet."

"Oh, Nicholas, they won't. They be nought of that sort, I believe. I wouldn't be afraid to trust them. Let us thank the Lord that softened your father's heart and made him leave ye the mill if ye did marry me."

"My girl," said the miller, "there's nothing I ever did or can do that was so good as marrying ye. There's not your like anywhere. But that doesn't mean we're to have no common sense and protection of our own. I've a mind to bind the arms of these two whilst they sleep and then I can shut my eyes."

"'Deed I wouldn't," said Tibbie. "I'm no fool and I know they are too tired to move. Besides, the boys will soon be here. Hark! There be they."

The miller started up, taking a fagot from the fire, and waving it above his head as he started for the path.

"Maybe 'tis highwaymen," said Tibbie, apprehensively," 'tis strange he thought not of that and he so suspicious of the lad and his companion. Ah, 'tisn't. 'Tis Nick and Will at last. Now I hope they'll leave the two wanderers alone."

She turned to the pot and scattered the fire so that the heart of the burning wood might heat the stew more quickly, and wheeling about gave a hearty greeting to the two tall, spare and determined-looking men of nearly thirty who came forward with a haste that showed their appetite had been whetted by the savory odor.

"Aunt Tibbie, ye have ever ready something the like of is not to be had in all the inns of the road," said the younger and more genial-looking as he took his heaped-up portion. "I only wish I could find some maiden that would make half so good a wife as my aunt."

"Ye haven't searched hard enough," she said, blithely. "Here Nick, ye'll have a good race with Will to see which ends quickest."

But Nick had now espied the two prostrate figures and, with his eyes on them, demanded, gruffly:

"Who are they. Where did ye find them, uncle?"

"I didn't find them," said the uncle, "they came to us and asked for something to eat. They're a pair of ne'er-do-wells, going from one town to another, I suppose."

"These are no times for taking things by supposes" said Will, rising and laying down his dish, "I'll look at them and see if they aren't a pair of Cavaliers—"

"First," said Tibbie, sharply, "as they're asleep, ye'll eat your portion and let me clean up my dishes for tomorrow. There's time enough for minding other people's business when I've finished mine."

The miller laughed as Will rather sullenly took his seat, and his brother said jokingly:

"Will don't take things on chances. He thinks there may be something in this which will be the means of raising him in the world."

"Not so, judge me not by the carnal instincts of your nature," said the other, hastily. "I feel that it may be I am the instrument selected by the Lord to bring the guilty and the bloody to justice, and I ought not to refuse the call."

"It is often that I meet a kind of conceit that is as bad as anything the Cavaliers ever done," said Tibbie aloud. "I think myself that it is your duty now to finish eating that I may have the dishes out of the way and the pot ready for the morning's work."

"Aye," said her husband, heartily."

"I am going to see who these are, though," said Will, determinedly.

"There's nothing wrong about that, surely," said the miller.

"Come on," said Nick.

Tibbie said nothing. She was sorry that her mother had retired, but she dared not further interpose, and besides what cause was this of hers? The two might be thieves, might be only what they seemed, although her swift woman's instinct told her otherwise.

Nick and Will strode over to the prostrate figures and Will rudely passed the light of the flaming fagot he bore over the eyes of both, several times. There was not a wink of disturbance from Charles who was so sound asleep that nothing but the crack of doom could have wakened him, and Pendrell had schooled himself to stand the ordeal.

After a long scrutiny, a careful dwelling on every bit of their garb and a lifting of the hats which shaded their faces, the two turned away.

"I don't know," muttered Will," but by morning light I can judge better. They may be naught but some of less degree whose pulling would do us no good. Be that as it may when day comes we will hark them to Sir Ralph Peyton who will put them through and find out if they are of the unsanctified."

"Yes, that will be best," said Tibbie, readily.

After a little more talk the two younger men threw themselves on the bed they quickly made, and Tibbie and her husband retired to the caravan. Soon the snores of the miller announced that he had fallen readily into the arms of sleep.

Pendrell could no more have yielded to the fatigue that tortured each nerve of his body than he could have betrayed his precious charge. It seemed that every minute he remained inactive he was wasting time that could not be valued, but he was an experienced enough campaigner to understand that it was well to err on the side of safety.

And how to wake the king? He knew that to rise in those boots was a process of agony that drew from Charles groans he could not stifle.

While he was deliberating a hand touched him and he sprang up with a fierce resolve to murder. It was Tibbie who stood by his side.

"Hush!" she said. "God forgive me, but I can't see ye given over to the butcher. Ye must go at once. By taking the second road to the right, straight across through the forest, and then one turn to the right again ye will come to the grounds of Sir Paulet Stevens. He would give his life for the King, and he has protection because his nephew is one of the greatest of Noll's friends and wants to stand in good favor to get the store of gold that Sir Paulet has hid somewhere. They do say that he has often harbored priests. He was an old friend of my master's. Now, sir, do ye and the lad get up and make for your life, for Will has his suspicions."

"Thank you, thank you," breathed Pendrell, "you do not know what service you are doing."

"Maybe it is better I don't."

"But I cannot raise the—my friend. He is like a log, and his feet are so cut with the boots—ah, the poor lad—that he is sure to groan and thus arouse the others."

Tibbie thought a moment. "I see a way," she said. "I'm sixteen stone and he's not much for my back. I'll

just lift him and carry him for some distance along the road you ought to take. Do you lift up that bundle. There is a bit to eat in it for ye may have to hide."

Without more ado, she put her arms about the neck and feet of the king and lifting him in her arms as if he were her child, she started off as light as a feather, with Pendrell at her back. He marvelled at the ease with which she bore her burden, and he wondered why Charles made no outcry though he was so near that he could easily have stifled it with his hand. But the young king lay in her arms in the deep exhaustion of fatigue and it was not till they had gone far that Tibbie, who trod the narrow path with the experienced alertness of one to whom it was familiar, placed him down and shook him gently.

He woke with a start, crying out: "Ha! Dick! where are you? Are we caught?"

"No, no," said Pendrell, gently. "Be still. There is need of the greatest caution. The good woman who so kindly fed us has brought you from the camp. There are enemies there. Now, can't you walk?"

"Curse these boots," said Charles, fiercely. He strove to move his feet and after a moment of anguish found that he could endure the pain. He turned to Tibbie.

"Madame," he said with the grace and earnestness of the king, "I owe you my life. I shall never forget it. God will reward you for this and if ever—"

He choked and the impulsive woman took his hand in her own firm palm and lifted it to her lips.

"I know nothing of ye," she said, doggedly, "but I count it reward to have the opportunity to kiss this hand." She pressed her lips to it, and then yielding to the mother in every woman's heart, she threw her arms about his neck, and gave him a sounding smack on the lips, which he returned with interest.

"God be with ye," she said. "Ye can't get out of this too fast. I must go."

Before Charles or Pendrell could say more she had turned and disappeared.

Pendrell acquainted the king with the cause for their rapid flight and Charles needed no urging to hurry as best he could. He clenched his teeth firmly, and by following the directions of Tibbie the two made fair enough progress away from the inquisition of Will.

When morning dawned they were nearly at the second turn, but Pendrell deemed it prudent to burrow as deep as they could in the bushes and wait till night.

As soon as it came they set forth again, and thanks to the good cheer of Tibbie they made such good time that it was not far from midnight when they saw the square towers of Paulet Castle looming up.

Pendrell silently reconnoitered. He knew that it was possible the baronet might be entertaining some one who would recognize Charles.

While he was moving cautiously through the grounds, nearing the castle, a swift, light shape suddenly arose from the earth at his feet and confronted him. With a muttered oath, Pendrell drew his sword, but the apparition said, hastily, and with a soft laugh:

"Be not over quick. You are watching the castle to see who is there and I

have been watching you for some seconds. I am Paula Stevens. Who are you?"

"That, fair lady," said Pendrell, with a sigh of relief, "is a bit of information that I prefer to keep to myself for a time."

"Of course," said the young lady, moving a step nearer and letting the hood of her cloak fall so that he could see the outlines of an exceedingly beautiful face in the soft glimmering starlight and feel the flash of her lustrous eyes, "you are Royalists. I have just been conducting one to a place of safety. He is now far on his way across the river and may soon bid farewell to England."

"Oh, that we had been here sooner," groaned Pendrell. "Yes, I will trust you. The wit and courage of woman have often saved a nation."

He leaned forward and whispered a few words in her ear. She listened without a movement and then said, briefly:

"I will not earn your bad opinion. Bring your friend here at once and I will see that he gets into the castle."

Pendrell hastened back to where he had left Charles and acquainted him with their good fortune, but to his surprise, the king held back.

"Paula Stevens!" he said. "That is the name of the most beautiful maiden in this shire. Don't you remember how the gallants in Worcester were talking of her beauty? I would not appear before her thus—"

"What do you think of," said Pendrell, patiently," it is the greatest good fortune that we have come upon her and she will be sure to aid you. Come, what matters your garb? It is the king whom she welcomes and who will honor her with his gratitude."

"True," said Charles, irresolutely, "I would there were more visible evidence of the inward divinity."

He stiffly arose, and tried to walk with as jaunty a grace as possible, but it was so wretched a failure that when they saw the tall straight figure waiting for them and it advanced rapidly and gave him the support of an arm, he could not protest, but only murmur thanks.

Paula and Pendrell supported Charles, whom Pendrell privately thought resigned himself rather too willingly to their help, toward the castle. She said nothing and neither of her companions thought it fit to interrupt her silence. Instead of approaching the main part, Paula Stevens skirted the grounds till they came to the north tower. Its base was overrun with ivy, but the girl walked up to the very thickest of the vines, parted them, showing that they had been trained like a screen over a small door and taking a key from her dress inserted it in the lock of the door and threw it open.

"Enter and welcome."

She motioned Pendrell to support the king within and he did so. Then Paula entered and closed the door quickly. She stood a moment as if debating with herself and then turned to her guests:

"You are safe now. There is in the Castle a guest who was one of the king's officers at Worcester. My father is entertaining him and the better that there be no suspicion of the more important one whom we have here, I think it well that you come to table after you have changed your garb. I shall light you up these stairs

which are into a room unknown to any but father and his man and myself. Bertrand shall help you. There is much raiment of various classes. I should advise you to be a pair of merchants from some country town. Then you will not have to be familiar with much that will be current in talk and can keep silence." She lit a taper as she spoke and then pressed a knob in another door to the right. "Here is Bertrand. He will bring you to the table if it is best for you to come. Au revoir. I shall see you with my father."

She disappeared, and in less time than they could collect their thoughts a man of active middle life stood by their side. He took the arm of the king and almost lifted him toward the stairs, while Pendrell, with as much of a prayer of thanksgiving in his heart as he had entertained for weeks, followed. They were ushered into a large low room with a comfortable fire on the hearth.

Bertrand devoted himself at once to the needs of the king, and with the aid of good cordial, the soothing ointments of the old man, and the marvel of clean soft raiment, Charles was really well enough to go down to the company.

Pendrell counseled against the step but the king was obstinate, and the faithful follower had nothing to do but submit and hope some good might come of the venture.

As they entered the great dining hall they saw that Paula in radiant costume was presiding at the table. She gave them a quick look of caution as she arose and, coming forward, said:

"My father, you will pardon my adding to the company, but a woman must have news of the modes and these traveling merchants have been showing some of their wares. They are so good I bespeak your gentle consideration."

Sir Paulet Stevens, a stout, jovial-looking man with a keen eye and a face full of dignity arose and said heartily:

"Paulet Stevens has ever room for more at his board. Sit ye down, sirs, and have as much of good cheer as the lateness of your coming will give."

Mindful of the difference in their ranks, he did not offer his hand to his guests. Pendrell bowed with a sweep that was a bit too deep for the character he assumed, and it was instantly remarked by the third of the company of four men:

"Upon my word, merchant," he said in a tone of easy insolence, "you have caught the regular court gallantry. Where were you schooled?"

"In my day," said Pendrell with ready tongue, "many of the gallants did patronize me, and I was ever a mimic."

"Come forward," said Sir Paulet, indicating a place at the lower end of the board, and then turning to the man who had spoken, he said in a low tone:

"You know very well, nephew, that I wish you to observe courtesy in my house to the humblest. Your Parliamentary sympathies are not as old as your manners and there is nothing in devotion to the cause of Cromwell which should make you forget all the outward marks of a gentleman."

The man addressed wore the uniform of a colonel in the Parliamentary army. He was handsome enough of form and feature, but the expression of his countenance was cold and

sinister. A flush now overspread his face and a hasty retort seemed trembling on his lip when he thought better of it, and turned to his cousin with a smile:

"We can forgive a lady anything, can't we?" he murmured, "and as I am going in for equality, I surely should not take umbrage. But I am not to be beguiled into losing my wits, and I swear there is something odd in the presence of your merchants."

Paula looked him steadily in the eyes, and smiled:

"The fact that you have come here and found us entertaining one of the king's officers."

"There is no king," interrupted the colonel.

"Pardon, I have one," continued Paula, "has made you suspicious of even me. Now there is one thing that I cannot forgive, lack of confidence in me."

He bent eagerly forward.

"If I thought that you cared enough for me to value my opinion—ah, Paula, there is nothing that I would not do for your sake." Paula laughed.

"You would leave old Noll and kiss the king's hand if he were to let you?"

"I would kiss the hand of one far superior to any of the Stuarts, did she permit me. No, Paula, much as I love you I must hold to my loyalty to Cromwell."

Paula sighed.

"I should not care to have you sacrifice what you thought was principle for me. But why should you take prisoner this poor wretch of a captain who is trying to get out of the country and all mischief? He would be out of your way. My father was entertaining him when you came and he is really his guest."

The Cromwellian glanced at the other man. He saw a look of careless ease on his face as he bent forward in conversation, and the man who did not know their relative positions might have imagined the captor to be pitied rather than he.

The third man was a pale, rather ascetic-looking individual, who lived with Sir Paulet under the vague title of friend. It was rumored he was a priest, and there were many who had had chance to find he was deeply versed in Latin and could wield a sword with the same ease that he turned out a neat sentence. He was looking at the king, and Morton Stevens following his intent gaze was struck by the resemblance of the profile of Charles to his father. He suddenly leaned forward and, addressing the Royalist captain, said:

"Sir Herbert, you were one of those who fought close to Charles Stuart. Saw you ever a man who looked more like him than yonder young merchant?"

Sir Herbert turned deliberately, and looked at the king, over whose pale face a flood of crimson poured, leaving it yet paler. But his eyes did not falter and something like a smile moved his lips as he met the gaze of all at the table concentrated upon him. Only the quivering of the lips of Pendrell showed that he was moved. Sir Herbert looked long at the face of the king. Then he said deliberately:

"I was in the close company and had the honor of being partly the companion of the king, but there is not much resemblance in this young man's face. King Charles is at least

four inches higher and fully a half yard wider in shoulders. I fancy bending over cloths in the haberdasher's does not develop the chest."

"Indeed it does not, my lord," said Charles with well simulated awkwardness, "but I thank the kind gentleman who has honored me by thinking I look like the unfortunate Stuart."

"What nonsense," cried Sir Paulet with a hearty indignation. "The Stuart would be angered did he hear. You may well feel proud, young man."

"Yet I'll be bound the same thought that was in my mind was in yours, Father—I beg your pardon, Mr. Henry," said Morton Stevens, addressing the friend of his uncle.

The latter turned upon him a smile of singular sweetness.

"I was thinking how modest was the lad to show such good manners in such a promotion as the present company must be to him. I have too much honor for my king to trace his features in country boys."

Pendrell laughed heartily:

"For myself, I am a man of peace, but I feel that there was more honor paid to us than we are like to receive again in our lives. I crave pardon for having been the subject of your talk."

"It is granted," said Sir Paulet, "now tell us something, Morton, of the adventures of which you spoke so largely, but a half hour gone. We can stand listening, whatever our sympathies."

Morton Stevens had by no means relinquished his suspicions, but he knew that it would not help him to further show them, and he was anxious to conciliate Paula all that he could without loss of his own principles. So he cheerfully complied with his uncle's request, and with such good effect that it was long past the midnight hour when the little company separated.

Morton took his candle first and ascended the stairs a few steps, then concealing it in the folds of his cloak he looked down at the company that was separating. As he did so he saw that his prisoner whose word he had taken passed by Charles with no sign of recognition, but as the friend of the house was waiting for the guest to pass out from the dining hall he saw him take the hand of the younger of the two merchants and raise it to his lips. It was enough. Morton Stevens hurried to his own apartment and waited, with a heart that was beating long exultant strokes, for the household to quiet.

He was fully determined to take the young man prisoner, but he did not wish to arouse his uncle if he could do it quietly. He must communicate with his men, and he could not expect to remain in the castle after the deed was done. It was something of a wrench at his heart when he thought of the feelings which Paula would entertain toward him, but there was no setting of love against his fanaticism and ambition and he resolutely thrust aside all tenderness. He had divested himself of his heavy boots and was approaching the door when it was suddenly pulled shut and the heavy key turned in the lock. He was a prisoner himself. It took a moment to realize this. Then he dashed his shoulder against the door. He might as well have tried to pull down the stone walls.

"I shall overcome you," he shouted, literally grinding his teeth with rage. "I know it is you, Henry, you Jesuit, who have done this, but there is no

chance of your getting free from punishment. Nor can you save the king, for I have recognized him."

"Be quiet, cousin," said the voice of Paula. "Do not impugn a man who is probably sleeping the sleep of innocence now. It is I. There is no excuse to be offered, and if you want to denounce me when you are at liberty you may. But this house is not to be the scene of treachery. Be comfortable. Do not rage too much. I will come back and release you in good time."

Before he could answer, she had flitted away and was soon in the apartment to which Bertrand had again conducted the king and his companion. She burst in without ceremony.

"It seems that my cousin has recognized you, sire. There remains but one thing to be done by me now, and that is to conduct you to a place more safe than this. I have confined him in his room, and it will be hours ere any of his men come to get orders. In the meantime with the fleetest horses in the stable and Bertrand as guide you two can be far on the road to safety. He will bring you to friends."

Charles took her hand in his and raised it to his lips:

"Never did I long for the power of my crown as now," he said, "when that alone would let me thank thee fittingly. We may never meet again, but ever thou shalt be shrined in my heart. There will be joy in the thought that it was to the mercy of a maiden, and such a maiden, that I owed my life."

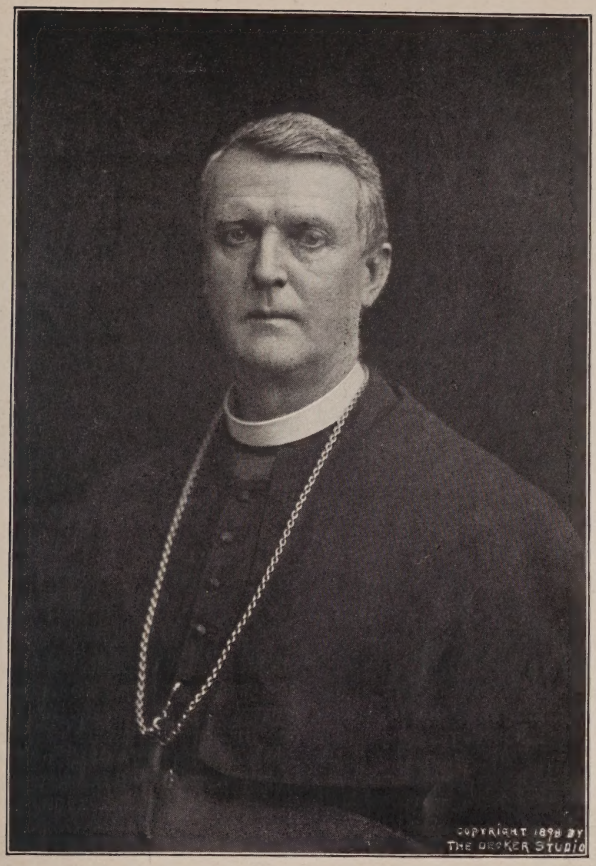
Paula looked at him with unshed tears.

"Adieu, my king," she murmured, "'tis not so much the mercy as the duty of a loyal maiden which hath stirred me. God grant that thou mayst find safety. Bertrand will guide thee to trusty friends. And the thought that I have been able to help thee will ever be consolation to Paulet Stevens and his daughter."

"Say not adieu but au revoir," said Charles, almost gayly as he prepared to follow Pendrell, already in the passage way. He stooped and kissed her on the brow and was gone.

Paula rose slowly to her feet.

"'The mercy of a maiden,'" she repeated. "At what a cost? Nay, nay, love will conquer Morton's anger, and did it not, I have happiness in saving my king."



RT. REV. IGNATIUS HORSTMANN, D. D.

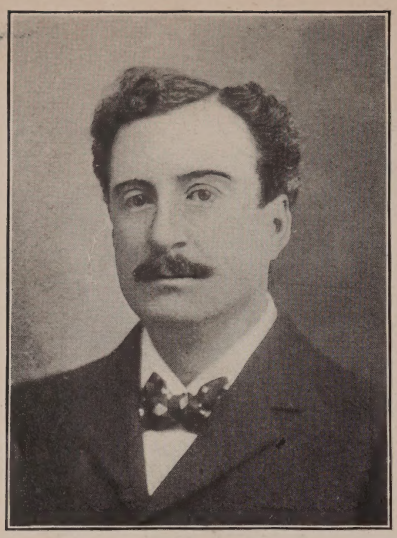
PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

Rt. Rev. Ignatius F. Hortsmann, Bishop of Cleveland, Ohio, is prominent among the American hierarchy for his zeal in behalf of young men. He gives special encouragement to all kinds of organizations for the betterment of the younger elements under his care.

Bishop Hortsmann's diocese is brilliant with successful societies for young men; representing, as they do, something similar to "a milky way" in the Catholic heavens.

Bishop Hortsmann's recent letter regarding the Indians of this country has attracted wide-spread attention. His tribute, in this document, to the gift of Faith is full of eloquence. "Without faith," he says, "it is impossible to please God. There can be no supernatural virtue, goodness or holiness without faith. Faith is the foundation of every virtue. It is the route of justification, of all righteousness. If we realize what a blessing our faith is, gratitude to God for this immense blessing and privilege must force us to desire that the same blessing may be the privilege of those who do not enjoy it, nay, must force us to do what we can that they may obtain that blessing.



WILLIAM H. K. REDMOND, M. P.

JOSEPH DEVLIN

"How few of us ever think of thanking God that we had Catholic parents, and through them received this priceless grace of true faith. Do we pray that the light of faith may be granted to those who are in the darkness of infidelity and that the labors of the missionaries amongst them may be blessed with abundant fruit? Have we, in times past, made any sacrifice for the support of the missionaries in pagan lands?

"Have we thought of how much Catholic Europe has done for the spread of the faith in the United States; how many priests and religious she has sent to us to build up Catholicity in our republic; how, to our shame we must admit that even now the poor peasants of France are still sending thousands of dollars for the support of the missions amongst our Indians?"

Two eloquent organizers of the United Irish League have arrived in this country, William H. K. Redmond, M. P., and Joseph Devlin. An elaborate welcome was accorded them in New York, February 10, when addresses were presented from various Irish societies. Sunday evening, February 16, the visitors addressed a mass meeting in the Academy of Music, at which the Hon. W. Bourke Cockran presided.

Dates have been arranged for the establishment of branches of the United Irish League in various sections of New York city and the surrounding cities in New Jersey and Connecticut. After visiting Boston, Baltimore and other Eastern centres, the delegates go West, speaking in Chicago on St. Patrick's day.

The greatest interest is being taken in the United Irish League, and it is anticipated that in a short time the movement will have spread throughout the country.

The personality of the two envoys is striking. William Redmond is almost as well known to his countrymen throughout the world as is his brother, the present chairman of the Irish party. He has visited Australia twice in the interest of the Irish movement, and this makes his fourth visit to the United States in the same work. He travelled all over the American continent at Parnell's request in 1883, on his way back to Ireland from Australia, addressing meetings and arousing interest in the Land League movement.

He came again in 1884, when, with Thomas Sexton, then the orator of the Irish party, he visited Boston to attend as Parnell's personal representative at the great convention of the American Land League held in Faneuil Hall in August of that year.

William Redmond represents in his own person some historic episodes in Irish history. Some of his family shed their blood for Ireland in the memorable struggle of 1798. He is a descendant of some of the brave Wexford men who made the last great armed stand against English rule on Irish soil more than a century ago.

His companion in the work in which he is at present engaged, Mr. Joseph Devlin, is a younger man than Mr. Redmond. He is just thirty years old, but looks younger.

He possesses a mental development and a grasp of practical questions connected with the Irish situation which might be envied by many a man twice his age.

ST. CATHERINE OF RICCI.

BY HENRY COYLE.

Beneath the crucifix she knelt in pray'r,
And kissed the image of her Lord so dear,
When suddenly she felt His Presence near,
And saw her bleeding Saviour standing there.

Her heart grew faint with grief for Him—her Love,
But soon she heard His voice in accents low:
"Wouldst thou receive stigmata? Wouldst forego
This world, to win immortal life above?"

St. Catherine of Ricci heard the call,
And falling low in loving rapture sweet,
Her soul's desire was sacrifice complete—
She gave into His hands her life—her all!

The Spirit's bride, now ever more to be
A virgin pure; to win the pearl unpriced,
Renouncing Self, she gave up all for Christ,
And sought by pray'r the suff'ring souls to free.

May we, like Catherine, renounce our pride,
Receive stigmata, crown of thorns and pain,
And walk the road to Calvary again,
And bear the Cross of Jesus crucified!

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DAY DREAMS.

OUT OF THE DESERT.

(Continued from page 228.)

The moonlight was streaming across his bed when he reached the bunk-house. Something gleamed in the midst of its radiance—something white and silvery and small. It disturbed him. He sat down heavily and reached out his hand.

Beads!—a necklace—he could not remember how it had come there.

Then—with recollection, a sudden wild anger seized him. It turned up on every side—that piece of a rosary—it haunted him! What had it to do with him—following him—lying there accusing him? A savage hatred of it filled him—hatred of all it stood for—of the world that it came from. He struck it fiercely from him with his clenched fist.

The morning sun was shining in on his face when he awoke. He was conscious of a dull sense of misery; the events of the night before crowded back upon him. With a groan of disgust, he turned restlessly away from the light, and lay, with aching head, trying not to think.

After a while he raised himself on his elbow and looked steadily at the floor nearby. The three decades lay there, where they had fallen after his fury; the sunshine gleaming on them as the monlight had done. For a long time he did not stir. At last he got up slowly, and took them in his hands. His fingers closed over the beads, mechanically—tingling in an ecstasy of remembrance. He put them down on the bed beside him, and drew a long breath; he had given up the struggle. It was his rosary; it was *his* world from which it came; he loved it—he exulted in it—he ached in every fibre of his being with his longing for it. Was it too late?

His eyes dwelt upon the broken decades hungrily—he touched the first bead. "Our Father," he began—

And suddenly his head went down upon the pillow in a rush of sick shame.

. . . . .

"Fletcher," he said to the foreman that evening, "how soon can you get a man to take my place?"

Fletcher stared. "To take your place?" he repeated. "What's the matter with you? Going away?"

"Yes," Burnett answered.

"Kind of sudden, ain't it?" His eyes were fixed on the distant horizon, meditatively.

"Well," Burnett admitted, "perhaps it is—a little. I only made up my mind today." He paused. "How soon did you say?" he asked.

"Don't know as I said. I was thinking it over." Fletcher brought his keen gaze back to his companion's face. "You ain't going to be good red herring—then?" Burnett laughed. "No," he said. Fletcher smoked for a moment in silence.

"There's Davis, now," he began, at length. "Seems to me he'd be a pretty fair man for that job. What do you think?"

"I don't know," said Burnett.

"I suppose he would. It's not very hard."

"No—it ain't hard, but it takes a good deal of watching. I'll tell you—you take Davis up there with you for three or four days, and let him do the

signalling, and if he gets on all right—Well, what do you say to Saturday? That'll finish up your week."

Burnett nodded, "Saturday will do—first rate." He turned away.

"Where are you going?" Fletcher asked. "East?"

Burnett hesitated. "No," he said. He realized in that instant that he did not know himself. He was going away from Las Palmas—that was all he knew. And that was enough.

. . . . .

"Burnett," said Fletcher on Saturday night, "Rufina came back today." He had seated himself on Burnett's bed, and was watching him gather up his few belongings. "She stayed longer than she thought to, didn't she?"

"I believe so."

"She was asking for you, just now. I guess she'll be kind of surprised when she hears you're going." Burnett got down on his knees.

"Move up just a little, will you?" he said. He hauled his valise out into the open space. "That's all right."

Fletcher regarded him for a time in silence. "Well—I'm sorry you're leaving us, Burnett," he said at last.

It was growing dark and he rose to go. "I've got a notion that you're going on a wild goose chase. You ain't fool enough to throw up a good job unless you're getting something better, are you?"

Burnett's hand stole to his pocket—he felt for his broken rosary.

"Something better?" he said. His fingers closed round it like a caress. "Why—yes. I'm quite sure of—something better."

. . . . .

Mary Percival looked thoughtfully at Burnett across the fire-lit space.

"I don't think so," she said. "I don't want to think so. It does not seem Christian to me—or Catholic. Do you really mean, Robert, that you believe that a man, because of some little thing—by his stopping to look into a shop window, for instance, can alter his whole life?

"Yes," said Burnett, "I really do."

"But that's awful, Robert!" she protested. "Why—if that were true, we couldn't do anything—not the simplest thing for fear of making a mistake!"

Burnett laughed. "It isn't so serious as that. And yet—after all, it is," he went on thoughtfully. "Something happened to me once—which changed my whole future—and my body—and my soul;—and it happened because I was late. If I had been one minute earlier—*only one minute, Mary*—I should have been—well I don't know what I should have been today."

She looked at him in surprise. "Why, Robert," she said, "you never told me."

"No—I haven't thought about it—lately. You see, when I'm with you, I become a man of but one idea."

"One idea?"

"Yes—'Mary.' That's the name of it—'Mary.' Curious, isn't it. A sort of monomania."

"Don't be silly, Robert. Tell me—won't you—?"

"It isn't much of a story. I was a pretty bad man, and was in a fair way to become a worse one. No—don't look so doubtful—that's true.

"And then this something happened. You see—it was this way. I was down at Las Palmas—you've heard places called "the sinks of the earth"—well—this was one of them. There wasn't a man, not one, to whom I could talk. I used to sit and look at them, and

wonder where they came from, and why, of all places on the green earth, they chose that one."

A log fell upon the hearth. He put it back upon the glowing embers.

"There was a girl there," he said slowly. "Her father was a Frenchman, and her mother was an Indian, I think—I'm not sure. She was good to me, more than good. I believe she was the only one in the wide world who cared whether I lived or died."

Mary drew in her breath quickly. "I didn't know," she murmured.

"Of course not, darling." He laid his hand upon hers. She pushed it away gently.

"Go on," she said.

"After a while—I began to think about her, and finally, well—I made up my mind to marry her, if she would have me."

Mary got up slowly. "Was she pretty?" she asked. She crossed the room and stood looking out at the driving rain.

"Yes," said Burnett. "She was pretty, very. I don't understand, now, how I ever dreamed of marrying her. I never was in love with her, really. I don't believe, even then, that I thought I was."

Mary was beating a tattoo upon the glass. "I daresay you forget."

He glanced up at her. "And then —I found the rosary. That's what I started to tell you. You can't imagine how it looked to me in that desert."

"Was she in love with you?"

Burnett started. "Why, Mary!" he said, "You seem to be more interested in her than in me."

She did not look at him. "Well?" she asked coldly, "doesn't it amount to the same thing?"

Burnett felt his world grow suddenly dark. "Why, Mary!" he said. There was, all at once, nothing left for him to say.

The girl at the window turned her head. He sat looking drearily into the fire, in pained and helpless silence. Her eyes grew soft.

"Is that all?" she asked at length, very gently.

He shook his head. "No," he answered.

"Tell me, then." She watched him with a faint smile which had in it much tender understanding. "where did you find the rosary?"

"I'm afraid I'm not a very good story-teller," he said. "I didn't find it —it found me. It was one morning just after I'd made up my mind to stay there, and live out my life; and lose my soul, very probably. I was late; the train had never passed me before—usually I was on the hill before it went by. But this day I got to the track just as it came along. And the rosary fell at my feet. That was the beginning. The sight of it—the thoughts it brought back to me. Well —it was my old life come back, just when I was making it too late. I tried to get it out of my mind, but I couldn't. I kept remembering things and I began to see what a fool I was. and worse than a fool. And then such a horror came over me, such a loathing of the place and the people—Oh -- I can't tell you!"

He crossed the dusky room and stood beside her. He held out the pearl beads with their broken chain, and she took them in her hand. "I came away," he said, "and all that God has helped me to be, today;—all that I have of good—even you, dear, and our love, I owe to that rosary." He laughed uncertainly. "That min-

ute late counted a little, didn't it, Mary?"

"A little," she repeated softly. "Oh, Robert, a little?"

He stood silent, looking out into the darkness. "I wonder why—or how—I was worth it," he said at last.

She was bending over the beads in in the dim light. "When did you find them, Robert?" she asked in a low voice.

"Four years ago—in October."

She looked up at him with wide tender eyes. "You're not a very good story-teller, Robert," she said softly; "you leave out too much. No—wait, dear,—I want to tell you something, now. You didn't say, but it was a westbound train, wasn't it?

"And it was four years ago—on the twenty-sixth of October—and, wait, dear,—and there were five great palms by the track—and a hedge of cactus? and—wait—wait.—And a girl was saying her rosary in that train—you, didn't tell that, Robert; and it broke on the window ledge." She caught her breath. "And it made you happy, Robert? It saved you—is that what you said? And made your life all that it is?" She lifted her shining eyes. "And mine! You forgot what it did for mine!"

"Mary!" he cried, "was it?"

Her hands went out to him, trembling. "Oh my dear," she said, "my dear! *It was mine!*"

LINES.

BY JULIA TERESA BUTLER.

No song however sweet but breathing thro' the metre,
Is the unsung strain that is diviner, sweeter.

No rose however fair but hidden in its bloom
Is the fairer grace that exhales in its perfume.

No joy however pure but a spirit whiter
Enshrines it with a bliss holier and brighter.

Genius can never soar but its inspiration
Outdoes in rarer hues the interpretation.

THE CATHOLIC IN FICTION.

BY CAROLINE M. BEAUMONT.

It is surely not an exaggeration to say that there is no class that has suffered more from modern fiction than the members of the Church of Rome; therefore, the writer proposes a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Catholics.

It is exceedingly doubtful whether writers of fiction really desire to be unjust to Catholics and their religion —one does not want to say so—yet it is certainly more than a coincidence that in nine-tenths of the novels in which Catholics figure they are made to stand for all that is evil, while the virtuous characters are represented to be either Protestants or unbelievers.

Even the most rabid Catholic-hater does not believe, or would not assert that all Catholics are evil, vicious and ignorant; neither could he desire to give the impression that in the largest Christian body in the world, numbering nearly three hundred million souls, there are no virtuous persons of holy lives. Why not then at times give us a good priest in fiction? Or let us read of a nun who is true to her vows and does not steal down to the Convent walls at night to meet a former lover? Why not portray a Catholic family that is above reproach, as there are so many in reality?

If those writers who give us such accurate (?) pictures of Catholic customs and practice, knew aught of their subject and ever gave a fair portrayal of what they caricature, we would not complain, but they do not.

Given a priest with a bad face and a thick neck (it is not absolutely necessary for him to have a thick neck, but a bad face is indispensable), an ignorant Italian calling upon the "Virgin" to assist him in robbing some virtuous Protestant, and the thing is done. The Catholic atmosphere has been supplied and Catholic life portrayed!

Nor is this all. If in these wonderful books that purport to show forth Catholicity there happens to be a Catholic, priest or layman, who is really good, one is sure to find, after a few more pages have been turned, that he is not in good odor at Rome. He is in conflict with his Bishop and all higher authorities. It seems impossible for a novelist to portray a priest who is at once virtuous and orthodox. If he is the latter, he is shown as crafty, tricky, with a veneer of piety, but his influence at Rome is great! If he is a simple, good man, he is sure to be leaving the Church!

And so taking all these things into consideration we propose a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Catholics.

This protest is not against the appearance of Catholics in fiction, but against misrepresentation of their religion and their practices. There is, unfortunately, a large class of persons who firmly believe that the caricature of Catholics so often found in books is a true picture of their doctrines and habits of thought. And this is an age when religious tolerance is rather the rule than the exception.

Where are the works of fiction by Catholics in which Protestants and their belief are misrepresented and

vilified? The writer, with a fair knowledge of Catholic fiction so-called, has never seen one.

Romances of Catholic nuns by non-Catholic writers are common. They are usually somewhat on this order:

"The holy nun (she is almost certain to be a holy nun) had her eyes fixed upon the altar, a rapt expression upon her beautiful face. But in reality her whole soul was listening for a familiar footfall upon the narrow path outside. He had said he would come and she had half promised to be there after Vespers, for it was one of the never-to-be-broken rules of the Convent to attend Vespers, etc., etc."

This is so true to life! Finally "the nun renounces her vows and finds true peace at last," in the arms of the gentleman of the aforesaid footsteps. It is remarkable what beautiful love-stories can be made upon a foundation of perjured vows. Still more wonderful that the sweet "home-life" of apostate monks and nuns is held up for the emulation of the young.

Then there is the priest of fiction whose "bad face" has already been referred to; he in his time has many parts to play, but he makes a most convenient villain and is oftenest cast in that part. He is always well supplied with money—in books—and with fair words he conceals that mental twist that no well-regulated priest is without—in fiction. He usually interferes in family matters, marries the wrong persons to each other and generally gives his congregation an impression that their religion is a kind of plaster to be applied at the hour of death and which will take them straight to a heaven where no Protestant "need apply." Thus the priest in fiction! To supply him with lax morals is cheap and easy, and there is nothing mean about our modern novelist.

And here it would be well to give due credit to Mr. Gilbert Parker for his portrayal of the priest in his latest book, "The Right Of Way." Oh rara avis! Here is a good priest in fiction. Can imagination go further? In taking up the book one shudders a little—if one is a Catholic—on coming to the priest, and at every page expects to find the little idiosyncrasies with which fictional priests abound, but lo! with great surprise we read on and on, only to discover that this priest is always on the side of right, that he is a man of virtuous life, and of pure intentions. Indeed we are led to believe that Gilbert Parker has at some time come in contact with a priest, and has realized that lives of self-sacrifice and holiness are common in the priesthood. But we are forced to confess that this "good priest" in modern fiction is so rare as to make a positive sensation. If our Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Catholics was in good working order, some token of esteem would, we are sure, be at once forwarded to Gilbert Parker, accompanied by a letter beginning "To Whom It May Concern," and testifying that the said Parker is a good young man who dared to tell the truth.

There seems to be a tremendous fascination about Catholicity for writers of fiction, and the fact that they know nothing about it does not deter them from giving elaborate descriptions of customs and doctrine. There is the case of George Moore with his highly seasoned heroine, Evelyn Innes, who has now become "Sister Teresa." Making due allowance for the literary value of Mr. Moore's work, surely no

one will deny that there is in modern fiction no more degrading portrayal of a woman than that same Evelyn Innes. Now,—we ask purely for information —why did Mr. Moore feel compelled to make her a Catholic? Catholics are not all saints by any means, but—let us whisper it—they have no corner on sin. Sister Teresa, even in her hours of repentance is not exactly inspiring. There are Protestant sisterhoods now and surely they can furnish as legitimate material for romances as Catholic communities. If Mr. Moore will kindly transfer Sister Teresa to one of them he will greatly oblige. Or should Sister Teresa stub her toe while fleeing from the devil some day—and come to an untimely end—make it soon please, Mr. Moore,—there would be a great many dry eyes among Catholics, for they cannot breathe easily until she is properly interred.

Catholics have troubles enough of their own without shouldering the imaginary sins of an imaginary heroine of fiction.

Very few persons take Marie Corelli seriously, so it is hardly necessary to refer to that unspeakable—and ridiculous—book of abuse, "The Master Christian." The Master Christian! No one but Corelli could portray the poor old pope completely bowled over merely by one glance from the eye of her hero, whom she profanely calls the Christ. The book is one that no self-respecting person would have upon his library table if it did not attack "Romanism." By the way, in that book also there is a Cardinal who is very good, but alas! he is not in harmony with his ecclesiastical superiors, nor does he believe in the "dogmas" of the church which he professes to believe in. But he is very good and very holy. It is indeed characteristic of Cardinals in fiction that they are good in inverse ratio to what they believe.

Is it too much to ask of those writers who are determined to give their characters the real Catholic atmosphere, that they find out the meaning of terms before making use of them? To read that "the priest advanced slowly bearing an acolyte within his hands and upon his head a solid gold pyx," makes Catholics sad. The wicked Jesuit is also a pleasing character to whom all kinds of terrible iniquities can be traced, although he has certainly been worked over time for several centuries. Here is a charming bit taken at random from a book at hand, one of Henry Seton Merriman's, and referring to the wicked Jesuit in question.

"With his right hand he held a crucifix to the blue lips that would never breathe a prayer to the Virgin again. . . . To be a sincere member of it (the Jesuit Order) a man must be a half-witted fool, a religious fanatic, or a rogue for whom no duplicity is too scurrilous. . . ."

We would like to call the attention of literary authorities to the cruelties practised upon helpless millions and ask if there is no means of prevention.

And, apropos of nothing at all, this makes us think of the story of a woman who was admiring one of the famous Madonnas in a foreign gallery when suddenly it occurred to her that as a Protestant she was going a little too far in admiring so "popish" a picture, so she turned to a friend and said that it made her sick to see the Virgin so large and the Child so small!

BOOK REVIEWS.

"The Faith of the Millions." (First and Second Series by George Tyrrell, S. J.) Longmans, Green & Co., New York and Bombay, 1901.

To have been greeted as the successor of Newman, to have been accorded the unstinted praise of the hereditary foes of the Catholic Church, and to have won spacious notices in the leading literary journals is surely no slight honor. Yet all this has been secured by the two volumes under consideration. There must, then, be something more than ordinary in these essays. And truly may we say that both as regards subject and as regards manner of treatment they open a new field of religious thought. The subjects are, for the most part, the very latest which agitate religious centres; while they are treated in a calm, dignified manner, free from all vehemence and from all biting sarcasm, with a wide grasp of collateral issues, with a frankness that is as consoling as it is rare, and in clear-cut, direct, well-balanced sentences that are a charm to the ear accustomed to the sonorous cadences of literary English. Is it any wonder, therefore, that these two volumes have met with so warm a greeting, and that we can truthfully assert the duty incumbent upon every educated Catholic of immediately adding these treasures to his storehouse of books?

A glance at a few passages will enable us to glean a fair idea of the whole work. Take, for example, Father Tyrrell's view of the work with which the modern theologian should grapple:

"Above all, it is important that the Catholic faith should be interpreted and brought home to the intellect of our times. As a whole, as an articulated body of truth, it is as little known to men of education as the British Constitution is to the New Zealander. They have heard of this or the other monstrous doctrine—monstrous enough, perhaps when viewed out of its proper connections—they are acquainted with odd passages of its history, but the "idea," even in its least developed form, they have never laid hold of. True, the authority-question is the first thing to face; and the Catholic controversialist naturally insists on this and postpones all other explanations and discussions for afterwards. It is the most logical method, but is it the most practical? Do not the dispositions with which one approaches the authority-question depend largely on what that authority wants to impose upon one? And is it not often the intrinsic beauty, completeness and soul-stayingness of that body of doctrine which clusters round the Incarnation, that first draws the restless intellect towards the Church, and lays even firmer hold upon it, as light after light flashes upon it, revealing subtle and unsuspected links, pointing to a unity in variety beyond man's devising, and so stamping the whole conception with the seal of divinity as to supersede all apologetics and appeals to miracle and prophecy? To present such a conception of the faith to the modern world is only possible for those who possess it themselves and can translate it into the language and imagery of their hearers. To some extent, no doubt, in the case of certain individual theologians, the exigencies of these three centuries of Protestant controversy, diverting theology from its normal course, and giving it a polemical character, have interfered with the noble work of perfecting the synthesis of faith and reason, begun by certain of the Fathers and furthered by the scholastics. As has been already observed, Catholicism repudiates the divorce between nature and grace, reason and faith; and as soon as the Church has established her title as light of the world and teacher of nations, she at once proceeded to her task of marshaling all truth, natural and revealed, into one harmonious whole. It was in the hands of the schoolmen, and notably of Aquinas, that this work advanced rapidly. No discovery of physical science such as it then was, no fact of history, no speculation of the human intellect, whether Greek, Jew or Arabian, was despised or neglected. All were carefully considered in their bearings on the whole body of known truth, natural and revealed; each was fitted into its proper place in the mosaic, leaving us in the *Summa* of Aquinas a monument of that comprehensive sympathy which hails every truth from whatever source as the gift of God. It is to this labor and method that His Holiness bids us devote ourselves, rather than perpetuate in an uncongenial age the con-

troversies which appealed to the taste of what may be called the polemical centuries. We have to take up that unfinished work and carry it out on the same plan up to the present day; and this, in the broad sympathetic calm spirit of Aquinas, so different from that of controversial theology. For without the sympathy of comprehension we may silence or exasperate an adversary, but we can never solve a difficulty or banish a doubt."

How well, too, Father Tyrrell emphasizes the need of changing certain forms of discipline in modern times.

"If the Church of today is to retain her hold of the crowd in modernized or modernizing countries, it must either be by renewing her ascendency over those who form and modify public opinion, who even in the purest democracy are ever the few and not the many; or else by a reversion to the methods of primitive times, by some palpable argument that speaks as clearly to the simplest as to the subtlest, if only the heart be right. An outburst of miracle-working and prophecy is hardly to be looked for; while the argument from the trees' fruits, or from the moral miracle, is at present weakened by the extent to which non-Christians put in practice the morality they have learned from Christ. Other non-rational causes of belief draw individuals, but they do not draw crowds.

If we cannot see very clearly what is to supply for the support once given to the faith of the millions by public opinion, still their incapacity for dealing with the question on rational grounds will not justify us altogether in silence. For in the first place it is an incapacity of which they are not aware, or which at least they are very unwilling to admit. A candidate at the hustings would run a poor chance of a hearing who, instead of seeming to appeal to the reason of the mob should, in the truthfulness of his soul, try to convince them of their utter incompetence to judge the simplest political point. Again, though unable to decide between cause and cause, yet the rudest can often see that there is much to be said on both sides—though what, he does not understand; and if this fact weakens his confidence in the right, it also weakens it in the wrong; whereas had the right been silent, the wrong, in his judgment, would thereby have been proved victorious."

How strikingly he marks out the difference between non-Christian and the Christian religion:

"This is the great difference between the ethnic religions and a religion that professes to be revealed—that is, spoken by God and put into language by Him. The latter is, so to say, cased in an incorruptible body, its very expression being chosen and sealed forever with Divine approval, and rescued from the fluent and unstable condition of religions whose clothes are the works of men's hands. Here it is that Catholic Christianity stands out as altogether Catholic and human, adapted as it is to the worldwide cravings of the religious instinct; satisfying the imagination and the emotions, no less than the intellect and the will; and yet saving us from the perils of the myth-making tendency of our mind.

The same thought is pressed upon us when we view the collective evidence as to the universal demand for a heavenly court surrounding the Heavenly Monarch; a demand often created by and tending to a degradation of purer religion, yet most surely embodying and expressing a spiritual instinct which is only fully explained and satisfied by the Catholic doctrine of the communion of saints and souls in one great society, laboring for a conjoint salvation and beatitude. We Catholics know well enough that the degraded and superstitious will pervert saint-worship as they pervert other good things to their own hurt and to God's dishonor, but we also know that of itself the doctrine of the Heavenly Court is altogether in the interests of the very highest and purest religion."

How prudently he draws the line of demarcation between true and false Liberalism:

"Rightly understood, there is a "Liberalism" which, combined in due proportion with "Conservatism," is a necessary ingredient in the life of every society, and therefore in that of the Church. But the true Liberalism is really for the very few who have the leisure, capacity and education for thinking widely, deeply, and temperately; whereas, for the great majority, who form the receptive and conservative element of society, and who have none of these advantages, they must take their thought ready-made from others. It is when Liberalism becomes "popular," when it is affected by the half-educated, and is made the catch-word for a party,

that it becomes ridiculous, shallow, and irritating.

* * * * *

Taking the words in their literal sense, there is no sane man who would not claim to be at once liberal and conservative; but, so far as they are party names, he is a wise man who declines to label or brand himself even in his liberty of mind by introducing into it an unnecessary bias.

* * * * *

If to be "Liberal" is to be a utilitarian of the vulgarest type; if it is to have a secret contempt for anything that savours of mysticism, or that cannot be rationalized or made "common sense"; if it is to be dead to the "liturgical sense," and to have lost all love and reverence for what has come down to us through the ages; if it means playing fast and loose with dogmas which martyrs have died for; in a word, if it means obliging the world to the extent of sawing through duty or greater good exacts of us, surely it is wisdom to swear neither by Paul nor by Apollos nor by Cephas, but to be a Catholic, unqualified even by the glorious but hopelessly perverted title of "Liberal."

Little, indeed, has been written in recent times upon matters of religious controversy that can at all compare, in originality of plan and in brilliancy of expression, with these essays.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York and Bombay. $3.50.

The Way of Perfection. By Saint Teresa. Edited by A. R. Waller.

The excellent paper, clear print, and dainty binding of this exquisite volume are a fit setting for the treasures of spirituality containing within its pages. The saint of Avila composed this work to help the nuns of her order advance in the way of perfection. The principles she formulates, the reasons she urges, the applications she makes to every day life will be found beneficial even for those who are living neither in a cloister nor in a monastery. Saint Teresa was no dreamer, but a practical woman with a more than ordinary allowance of common sense, and it is unusually interesting to note the blunt, outspoken manner in which she attacks certain failings, frequently found among aspirants after the higher forms of prayer. What could be more direct than her advice concerning those candidates for the nun's habit, who lack humility, the foundation-stone of sincere spirituality!

"I speak not of faults relating to penance and fasts, for they are not things that do so much harm. But I speak of certain notions peculiar to persons who love to be esteemed and respected, who curiously eye others' defects, and never acknowledge their own, and other like matters, which indeed spring from want of humility. If there be any such among you, unless God be very favorable to her to give her much of His spirit, and unless after many years amendment appears, God deliver you from retaining her in your order. Know that she will neither rest herself nor let you, but disquiet all."

Even out of religion, in the various confraternities and sodalities, do we not meet these sham pietists, who, while making parade of spirituality, spend all their energies in destroying the reputation of others St. Teresa points out the only way to rid the association of these arrant impostors. So much sound, spiritual counsel is found in this valuable book, that we are sure it would prove a most acceptable gift, not only to any member of a religious congregation, but also to those persons, who, though living to the world, are striving to lead lives of prayer and of close union with God.

London: J. M. Dent & Co. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.00.

"Sermons for the Sundays and Feasts of the Year," by the Ven. Cure of Ars (Jean Baptiste Marie Vianney).

Who has not heard the touching story of the simple-hearted Cure of Ars, who drew all men to him by his boundless charity and by his apostolic zeal. We learn from his biographers that Pere Vianney was convinced that his first and only title to the esteem of the faithful was his priestly character; his sole claim on their affections, the overflowing love of his priest's heart—a love which had its source and pattern in the Sacred Heart of the Great High Priest. The fruit of this unquenchable love for souls we behold in these sermons, which have the true Gospel ring about them. Entirely devoid of the pomp of declamation and of the figures of studied rhetoric, they breathe the spirit of their speaker, the spirit of close union with God, of deep self-sacrifice, and of generous zeal. The touching simplicity, the homely phrases, the intense earnestness of these sermons, must make them an effective weapon in the spread of divine truth and of Christian morality. It would

be well if every Catholic household were supplied with a copy of these sermons for the instruction and for the spiritual training of the family in true, deep, abiding piety.

Joseph F. Wagner, New York. $2.00.

"The Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament," by Rev. A. Tesniere—translated by Mrs. Anne R. Bennett-Gladstone.

The Blessed Sacrament is the crowning glory of God's gifts to us. It is the most precious treasure we have; it is the jewel which makes our churches the torch of light and the fire of comfort in a world of spiritual darkness and of desolation. It is, therefore, extremely necessary that devotion to our blessed Lord, hidden under the sacramental veil, should be cultivated by clergy and laity with unchanging fervor. Pere Tesniere's excellent collection of meditations, prayers and practices will help in many ways to foster this fundamental Catholic devotion. The book will be, in particular, a valuable manual in those places where the "Holy Hour" flourishes, and where visits to the Most Holy form an integral part of Catholic life.

Benziger Bros., New York. $1.25.

"The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass Explained in Seven Sermons, and Eleven Sermons on the Sacred Heart," by the Rev. J. Fuhlrott.

These two topics form natural companions in a series of sermons, seeing that the devotion to the Sacred Heart is so closely allied to the motives which impelled Our Lord to exhaust Himself in the cancelling of the debt humanity had incurred through its legal head. These discourses are plain, practical explanations of Catholic doctrine upon the two important subjects of the Eucharistic sacrifice and of the Sacred Heart. The different points are illustrated by a wealth of quotations from the Fathers and by striking examples.

Would it not, however, be wise to divide the first sermon into two? As it now stands, sufficient prominence is not given to the difference between sacrifice as an act whereby God's absolute and universal dominion is acknowledged and sacrifice as an act whereby God's outraged majesty is appeased. The two lines of thought are, and should always be kept, distinct. Sacrifice is not, in its essence, the act of a sinner. It is, in its root, the act by which a *creature* acknowledges his dependence upon the *Creator;* and, therefore, it does not, in this sense, imply estrangement. In a sinless world that entire oblation on the part of the creature would have been an act of rapturous joy. It was only when sin entered into the world and marred the fairness of the original creation, that sacrifice became, in addition to being an act of praise, an act of propitiation. We should like to see this point, so little understood, fully developed.

Joseph F. Wagner, New York. 75 cents.

"Sermons on the Stations of the Cross, the Our Father, the Hail Mary, etc.," by Rev. B. J. Raycroft, A.M.

This volume of sermons, dedicated to the memory of those heroic missionaries who erected the standard of Catholic Faith in the wilderness of this country, is sent forth by the author in the hope that it may lighten the burden of some poor mortal, or convert the gloomy forebodings of despair into faith, hope, and charity. We feel sure that Father Raycroft's hope will be realized because the sermons breathe that solid piety and that practical faith which are the foundation stones of abiding consolation.

The book contains forty sermons in all, fourteen on the stations of the Cross, five on the Our Father, five on the Hail Mary, and sixteen on such useful topics as the Destructiveness of Divorce, the Perniciousness of Conceit, the Need of the Word of God, Gambling, Anger, Catholic Education and similar subjects.

The deep value which the Church has always placed upon the devotion of the Way of the Cross lends a special interest to the discourse, in the beginning of this work. For this devotion may well be called a *favorite* devotion of all Catholic peoples. Hence the wisdom of preaching upon the incidents belonging to each station and upon the special lesson to be drawn therefrom. These concrete applications to daily life form a delightful feature of Father Raycroft's teaching. In place of dreamy, vague, abstract generalities, the particular lines of duty are marked out with clearness and with vigor. Thus in the sermon on the First Station we have the following admirable application:

"How many an innocent person has suffered since that declaration of Pontius Pilate! Justice has been bought and sold; and the rights of human creatures trampled upon by tyranny, intrigue and gold. How well should the

jurist dwell upon this great trial which took place in the presence of the Roman governor! How unfaltering and inflexible should be his will in protesting innocence and administering justice! He should engrave upon his reason and judgment the lesson taught by this awful travesty upon justice in the judicial hall of Pontius Pilate. . . . Well may every judge learn his judicial duty from this trial."

Again in the sermon on the Eighth Station we have a most apt illustration of twentieth-century life:

"Parents who are good themselves may prove bad guardians of their children. They are too indulgent to them, pet them too much, and overlook their mischievous inclinations. They are good themselves and by some blind infatuation they think their children can do no wrong. Their children neglect their prayers sometimes, but this is nothing in the eyes of such affectionate parents. On account of one whim or another they refrain from hearing Mass, but this is easily pardoned; they begin to associate with vicious company, and to be out late at night, yet this conduct fails to bring more than a slight reprimand—"When such a child reaches the age of fifteen the parents become timid. They are afraid even to advise him, and the child's waywardness goes steadily on."

Enough has been quoted to show how serviceable these eminently Catholic addresses will be to the apostolic priest. A few expressions could be improved, and some of the sentences fail to meet the requirements of modern fastidiousness, but these trivial short-comings can easily be remedied in a second edition. The book, on the whole, is a welcome addition to our rapidly-growing sermon-literature.

Pustet & Co., New York and Cincinnati.

Biblia Innocentium. Part II.: being the Story of God's Chosen People After the Coming of our Lord Jesus Christ upon Earth, written anew for Children. By J. W. Mackail, sometime Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford.

The author in this volume gives us the complement of his former work, in which the Bible story from the creation to the end of the Old Testament was told in a manner adapted to the understanding of the little people. In Part II we are treated to the Gospel story, the history of the Apostolic Church, and the incidents of the early Christian life down to the fall of Rome, with a glance at the visions of the Apocalpyse. It would be difficult to find a volume which displays so much inventiveness and so much taste in the way of titles for chapters as the present. Thus we have, among many others equally well-chosen, the following attractive titles: The Angel with the Lily; The Vision by the Altar; The Preparer of the Way; The Boy in the Temple; The Voice in the Wilderness; The Hill of Evil Counsel (The Temptation); The Message from Prison; The Dance of Death; The House of Birds (Parable of the mustard seed); The Storm on the Lake; The Pool of the Five Porches; The Alabaster Box; The Parting of the Ways (Judgment); The Fire in the Courtyard; The Darkness of the World; The Opening of the Gates; The Fire on the Beach; The Pilot Angel; The Earthquake in the Prison; The Indian King; The Winter Island (St. Paul in Malta); The Trumpets of God; The Eternal City. From these examples it will be seen how suggestive the book will be to those who wish to break away from the old, threadbare terms, which fail at times to arouse listless hearers.

The title of chapter CXIV (The Lord's brother) is misleading. It ought to be, as it is in the text of the book, "The Lord's *kinsman*." It is difficult to explain to children how both the Greek and the Hebrew word for "brother" may mean either a real brother or a near relative (Gen. xiv, 16; xxiv, 28; xxix, 12, 15; I Kings, xx, 9; etc.; Plato, Phaedo, 57; Crito, 16; Xer. Cyr., i, 5). There is no warrant in Scripture for contending that the so-called "brethren" of Christ are his real brothers according to the flesh. But the entire Gospel narrative, and the doctrine of the perpetual virginity of our Lady, *which has always been part of the tradition of the church*, point to one conclusion, that the word "brethren" in Matt. xii, 46, 47, is used in the general sense of kinsman. To avoid confusion, this should be the term adopted in any translation.

A few choice illustrations would greatly improve the book.

Crown, 8vo. London: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75.

Kinkead's Baltimore Series of Catechisms, Nos. 00, 0, 1, 2, 3, 4.

These Catechisms are arranged on a progressive plan by the well-known Rev. Thomas L. Kinkead. They are intended

to furnish a complete course of religious instruction, when used as follows:

No. 00 (containing the prayers and acts) for very young children.

No. 0 (containing one-half the questions of No. 1) for Confession classes and certain adults.

No. 1 (containing half the questions of No. 2) for First Communion classes.

No. 2 (containing one-third the questions of No. 3) for Confirmation classes.

N. 3 for Two Years' Course for Post-Confirmation classes.

No. 4 for Teachers and Teachers' Training classes.

The questions and titles are printed in large, heavy type, the answers and explanations in smaller type. The progressive plan aims, as Father Kinkead tells us, "at lessening the expense in providing children with Catechisms, by furnishing just what is necessary for each grade; it aims also at encouraging the children to learn by affording opportunity for promotion from book to book." The wisdom of all this is evident, and we cordially wish these booklets a wide circulation.

The difficulty of teaching children the tenets of religion is one that has caused learned men in all ages much thought. How can we best impress upon a youthful and undeveloped mind those truths which either require a mature intellect or which pass the understanding of human intelligence? It is obvious that the writer of a Catechism must study, above all things, simplicity and clearness. The words chosen must be those which can be easily grasped by the child and faithfully retained. We have all witnessed the utter bewilderment of a child struggling to divine what "*the indissolubility of matrimony*" meant, or what wonder was contained in "*the indefectibility of the Church.*" Father Kinkead has evidently had wide experience in Sunday school work, and he is making praiseworthy efforts to improve our present methods. It has always seemed to us that, since many of our theological terms are either from the Greek or Latin language, both of which are unknown to the masses, it might be well to add simple sub-titles to the general terms for a definite dogma. Thus the sub-title of *original* sin, could be *inherited* sin; that of the *Trinity—one God in three divine persons*, and so forth. For similar reasons, the *Angelical Salutation* might be called "*The Angel's greeting;* the *Confiteor*, the *general acknowledgment of fault; Baptism*, the *Sacrament of Spiritual Birth; Confirmation*, the *Sacrament of Spiritual Strength*," and so on.

Moreover, would it not be wise to introduce a longer explanation on Sacrifice in general into No. 4? So few seem to understand why sacrifice is a *necessary* part of religious worship. Since the sacrifice of the Mass is the highest act of our religion, it is most important that all should understand why this is so. Hence the wisdom of establishing clearly the necessity of sacrifice in general. It would also help, we think, if a few illustrations were added to give some idea of the supernatural life and of the Beatific Vision. It is astonishing what curious thoughts most people have upon these fundamental points! These, however, are only minor details. Father Kinkead's work as a whole should find ready adoption in the numerous Sunday schools of the country.

The conscientious Baptist reviewer, who in commending the first booklet of the Boy Savers' Series, by Rev. George E. Quin, S. J., added, "but it is a pity that any Catholic priest should have charge of four hundred boys," will experience a quickening of this regret when the second number of the series reaches his hands. It is devoted to "Natural Attractions," suggested "*strictly as attractions*—as mere inducements which, chiefly by filling and strengthening religious societies, *can draw juveniles to life-long and practical profession of the Catholic faith.*" Father Quin follows up this italicized thought by showing abundant proof of the wisdom of the director who stoops to conquer through such means, and contends that most frequently the amusement-seeker who comes to play remains to pray. "Clearly then, praise, not adverse criticism, is merited by religious workers for boys, who hold out natural inducements in properly limited profusion. Our cities swarm with frolicsome, but more or less careless young Christians; begin with them at their play, and finish with them at the altar. It is a most inspiring fact that, under tactful manipulation, agencies, intrinsically of trifling value, avail to thwart even the demon of irreligion and anarchy who waits on the maturity of our juvenile element and, with increasing success, diverts its energies into iniquitous channels."

This energetic friend of the boys has

studied his subject closely, and wisely turns to account even the weakness of juvenile masculinity for "blowing its own horn." He advises keeping organized juveniles before the public, creating a sentiment of pardonable pride in their achievements, and winning for them a local prominence that serves as an incentive to would-be members.

As another means to the desired end brief private visits are recommended, and hints given to aid "non-magnetic but willing organizers" who find difficulty in acting the host to their youthful callers. Even mercenary visits may be turned to account, says this expert manager of boys who humbly classes himself among the non-magnetic but willing. Badges, torchlight parades, and out-of-door sports are given due consideration as aids in bringing lustre on an association, "lifting it to the very clouds" in the estimation of its members. The financial question, always a delicate and difficult one is given a chapter to itself, a claim on space that is fully justified by the importance of the subject. This chapter alone is worth four times the price of the book. Honor and honesty in money transactions cannot be kept too insistently before boys, and juvenile organizations enforcing strict observance of the monetary obligations of members are rendering invaluable service.

This little book is so useful, practical, and clear, that not only every Catholic association, but every Catholic home as well will be benefited by its contents. There are suggestions in it that should come under the notice of every parent or guardian of boys.

The Messenger Library, 27 West 16th street, New York. 25 cents.

When "The Watson Girls" appeared, the author, Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, promised a series of such books if a favorable reception were accorded the first. The publication of "Belinda" is therefore proof of public approval. It is also a guarantee of good things to come. Belinda Murray, who will be remembered as the particular friend of Bob Watson, is promoted to the rank of heroine, a mark of favor that might have been expected, so evident was the author's partiality for the merry hoyden. With a nice sense of the fitness of things Dr. Egan adapts Belinda's conduct to the requirements of changed conditions, and in fact makes of her such a model girl that his readers would be disappointed were it not for the occasional lapses he indulgently permits, as when the child engages in London Bridge with the children of the street, throws a stone with unerring aim, and climbs the wisteria vine. These facts convince her friends that she is the same Belinda. It would not be fair to tell here the details of the plot that Dr. Egan works out so skilfully on original lines though the plot itself is not new, nor are the characters unknown to fiction readers. The action is so rapid and the scenes so exciting that the end is reached all too soon.

H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia. $1.00.

CATARRH CAN BE CURED.

Catarrh is a kindred ailment of consumption, long considered incurable; and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarrh in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Catarrh, Asthma, Consumption, and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers block, Rochester, N. Y.

THE WORLD IS ALWAYS READY FOR A GOOD THING.

The saying "there is nothing new under the sun" is not always true, as shown by the recent decision of the U. S. Circuit Court sustaining the "Velvet Grip" patent for Hose Supporters. Judge Coxe says: "The proof shows that the Velvet Grip clasp was the first perfectly successful and operative supporter ever made."

QUESTION BOX.

Q. I have a few queries about baptism:

1. Christ was not baptized in infancy; why, then, should baptism be now given to infants? Is it not better to wait until persons are old enough to ask for baptism, and to receive it when they know its meaning? Anyhow, I believe in following Christ's example in the matter.

2. Again, is it not true that Christ was baptized by immersion, and that He instituted baptism to be given in that way, and that the Apostles so performed it? For these reasons, I hold the Catholic method of baptizing by pouring the water is not correct.

3. Finally, I do not believe that any one is to be kept out of heaven because he has failed to receive baptism. I feel that this is unjust dealing towards little children, and I believe that the baptism of the Holy Spirit, of which John the Baptist spoke, is conferred by being repentant of sin, and that for grown persons the baptism of water is not necessary.

It is a good ceremony, and in imitation of Christ at the Jordan, we should receive it, but there is no obligation.

A. 1. Christ was not baptized in infancy. But he was circumcised eight days after His birth. He obeyed the law of His time and nation. Baptism for the remission of sins is of later date. It is His own institution as are all the Sacraments of the New Law. The baptism of John the Baptist was not able to remit sins. It was a sign of repentance in those who sought to flee the wrath to come. As such it had its value in stirring up the sentiments that would bring the grace for sorrow and forgiveness of God. And our Divine Lord submitted to this baptism to give us an example, and to show us how to receive the baptism which He Himself was to institute later on. As Christ in His infancy conformed to the law of circumcision, so do Catholics follow His example and obey His word in the baptism of infants. There can be no "better" against the example and the teaching of Christ. Both are for infant baptism. His words we will look into further on in these queries. For the soul it is better to have baptism in infancy. God infuses virtues into the soul, at the same time that he frees the soul from original sin and the power of the devil, and that He makes it dear to Him, clothed with His friendship and heir to immortal life of happiness. Better to give all these benefits to the child and to establish Him in God's favor than to subject him unaided and unprotected to the dangers and temptations of life. When in his youth and manhood he has established himself in sin, he may despise the spiritual and the supernatural with which he has never made acquaintance. Better, too, to give the child the right to heaven, since so many die in the earliest years, than to expose him to the likelihood of dying without baptism, in as much as he may never live to the age of choosing. Better be sure than sorry: in matters of necessity, trust not to chance; do all that can and should be done.

2. It is true that Christ was baptized by immersion. But the baptism He Himself instituted may be given by immersion, by pouring, or by sprinkling. Our Lord gave command: "baptize." The word itself does not declare the method. It signifies to dip, to immerse, to cleanse or purify by washing. In the action of the Apostles, we have the best interpretation of the meaning of Christ's word. The Apostles baptized by immersion, indeed, but when they baptized three thousand or five thousand persons in one day in Jerusalem, it is evident that they could not have used this method. Sprinkling would have been the readiest means. And they baptized often in prisons, they baptized the sick frequently. Evidently, they baptized on these and similar occasions by pouring the water. Immersion at such times was impossible. Yet baptism was given. For the reason that the Catholic church follows the Apostles she finds ample reason for using methods other than the method of immersion. And so she finds that uniformity is of great benefit, and as immersion is very often impracticable, even impossible, she administers baptism in the practical and convenient form of her discipline, and that is by the pouring of the water upon the forehead and head—the principal part of the body—of the child.

3. "Unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." These words pertain to baptism by water, whereby the grace of the Holy Ghost cleanses the soul from all stain. Water *and* the Holy Ghost. The water of itself has no effi-

cacy to take away sin. But it has efficacy from the will of Christ, so that when used in baptism, while he who pours it says: "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," it does cleanse the soul. The hand of God is not shortened, and it is His privilege to communicate His mercy as He wills. He has chosen this most simple and easy way that all may have at hand this necessary means of salvation.

The baptism of the Holy Spirit spoken of by John the Baptist was the baptism to be instituted by Christ, and to have its power by the Holy Spirit, and to communicate to the soul the Holy Spirit with his benefits and virtues. All this was beyond the power of John's baptism. In this was the distinction of the two baptisms: they agreed in the use of water.

To accuse the all-good, the all-wise, and the all-just God of injustice, under any circumstances, is a most grievous crime and folly. God is just always. He cannot be otherwise. He will deal justly by the unbaptized children. In what way he will dispose of them we know not. That they shall not be in heaven Christ expressly declares, saying baptism is necessary for heaven. And that is all we know. We in our human estimation can imagine this earth, after the great upheaval of the last days, restored to safety and to beauty, fitted up again for these children of men. It is a fancy. We may imagine in other ways. But the God of infinite knowledge knows how to be just and yet merciful to the unbaptized. Original sin not removed from the soul keeps from heaven. We cannot solve the mystery of sin. Baptism is required for entrance into heaven. Baptism of blood or baptism of desire can supply for the baptism of water.

Q. Isn't it rather an assumption on the part of the priest to bless persons or things?

A. A blessing is good. Other things may be hurtful. A blessing never harmed any one. Christ blessed many things, the loaves and the fishes and how great was the miracle of that blessing; He blessed persons, as is witnessed by the eagerness of the mothers, who brought to him the little children to be blessed. The Church has the power of Christ: her mission is to do good. She herself is the great dispenser of blessings in the name of the Saviour. She prays that through His Sacred Name all may be blessed. She dispenses the blessings of God through the prayers and ministrations of the priests. The priests here assume nothing. In the solemn rites of ordination blessings of immense value and energy were imparted to them, and they were commissioned to bestow blessings. Is it not good for the child to have the father's and mother's blessing? Is it not good for the Catholic to have the blessing of his spiritual father, the priest, and of his spiritual mother, the Church? Is it not good to ask the blessing of the Heavenly Father upon His children, the earth and the fruits thereof?

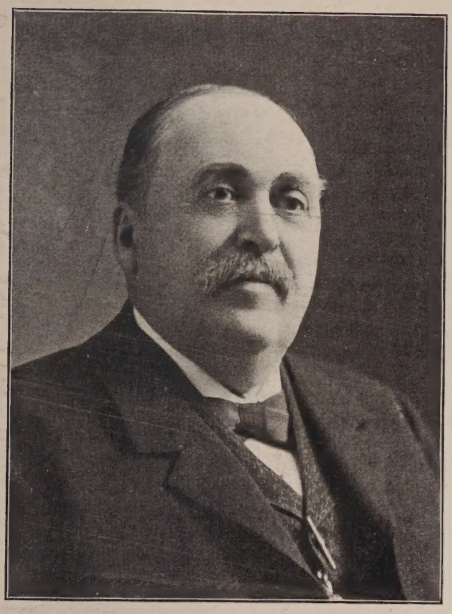
PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE.

A life insurance company with a record of over a half century of successful business effort may well command the respectful consideration of all desirous of making secure provision for the dark and gloomy days when it is no longer in their power to care for dependents. Such a company is the Phœnix Mutual Life Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn., which is known throughout the country as one of the most reputable corporations of its class of which the nation can boast and as one having the utmost confidence and regard of its policy-holders.

The man who is seeking life insurance above all things desires that his policy shall have behind it a company with a record for security and liberality of method. He finds both of these in the Phœnix, and the vast business that has been built up by this company is most practical and substantial recognition of the fact. A company with a surplus of assets over and above all computed or contingent liabilities of $624,728.21 may well have the confidence of all its present policy-holders and commend itself to prospective candidates for the protection which life insurance affords.

Its special statement issued January 1, tells its own story. It total assets on that date were $14,409,255.21 and its total liabilities $13,784,527.00. In addition to the force of the logic of these figures is the reputation of over a half a century of conscientious business effort which counts for more than any statistical compliments, let the latter present ever so brilliant a showing. Men are invariably conservative in the matter of their investments. They seek the most absolute security and the test of time is everything with them as a matter of confidence. Measured by this test, as well as every other that can be applied to a life insurance company, the Phœnix Mutual of Hartford, Conn., has no need to fear the verdict.

EMERSON.



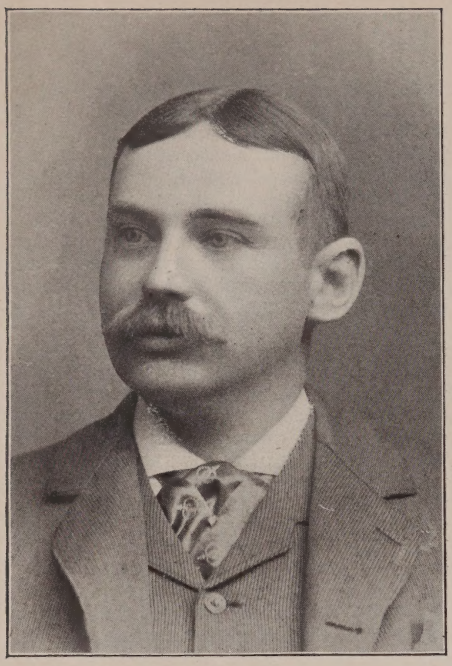
ROBBINS B. GROVER.

Shakespeare makes Juliet question the value of a name; but, notwithstanding the doubt implied in the much-quoted query of the daughter of Capulet, the fact remains that there is a great deal in a name when it is employed as a talisman to success in the business world. The romancer may ask, "What's in a name?" but the business man is not found putting such an idle interrogatory. In business a name counts for everything. When attached to or associated with a particular product it is a guarantee of an approved standard of excellence. Neither an individual or a firm desires to have his or its name allied with an inferior article. Human vanity, if no higher motive would resent anything of the kind. Then, again, when the reputation of years is at stake in the article bearing such label of responsibility, we realize how much the name means.

This is particularly true in products of general utility in which the popular interest and regard must be retained in order that the business may prove successful. The name, therefore, stands for a particular order of merit, and thus in the case of the Emerson shoe, the name is a synonym for a fine and popular grade of footwear, the worth of which has won the popularity it enjoys in this country and abroad. No better proof of the excellence in material and workmanship of all shoes bearing the Emerson trade-mark could be desired than that shown by the growth of the business since 1889, the year in which these shoes were first sent forth to command the interested attention of all desiring a fine grade of footwear and at a popular price. The fact, too, that the Emerson shoe is only to be found in the company's own stores in various cities of this country is likewise a guarantee of their uniform excellence, since the standard must always be maintained. The manufacturers are in close touch with the wearers of their product and are thus held to a closer accountability than when the distribution of the manufactured article is through jobbers. So, too, are they in closer touch with the desires of the wearers of their shoes as regards the popular styles and needs.

This country leads the world in shoe manufacturing as in other lines of skilled industrial effort. There is nothing equalling the fine American-made shoe to be obtained at any European

CHARLES O. EMERSON.



J. FRANK HILL.

factory and thus the American shoe is meeting with splendid recognition abroad, although its introduction there is comparatively recent and the Emerson shoe is in the fore-front of claimants to interested European attention. Within the past year two stores have been opened by the company in London and one in Liverpool, while the opening of a store in Paris and one in Dublin is contemplated the present summer. Thus with their thirty-five stores in this country, the distributing points for the Emerson shoe are certainly so located as to give it the widest popularity. In the factory of the company at Brockton, 450 men are employed and from twelve to fifteen hundred pairs of shoes are turned out in a day on an average. The company realizes that good stock and good workmanship are essential to getting good results and therefore nothing but the best material obtainable enters into their shoes and they employ none but the best workmen money can procure, paying the highest wages.

The three men comprising the firm represent a trio well calculated to accomplish the best attainments in the shoe manufacturing line. Captain R. B. Grover was brought up in his early days in the tanning and currying business and is an expert in judging and selecting leather. He worked at tanning until he entered the army during the civil war, beginning as a boy of fourteen years, and at the age of nineteen was employed at the tannery of Neal Dow in Portland, then one of the chief enterprises in its line in the country. He is as well a practical shoemaker. His attention is given chiefly to the work of selecting and buying all leather. Mr. C. O. Emerson, a practical shoemaker whose name the product of the firm has made a familiar one to lovers of fine footwear, has charge of the factory and all the departments are under his direct supervision, while Mr. J. F. Hill, also a shoe manufacturing expert and a third member of the firm, has supervision over all the company's stores, the selling of the goods and the extension of the business here and abroad.

A visit to the factory reveals a busy abode of skilled and energetic industry and shows as well the perfection of detail attending every department of the large business. It is the ideal of a modern shoe factory in the precision with which the work goes forward, the earnestness of the workers and the evident interest which each manifests in the task in hand. All seem to share in the feeling of responsibility attaching to the production of a shoe that has won such splendid and general recognition and determined that the best standard of workmanship will be maintained in every part.

In the sole leather department Rock Oak tanned leather from the American Oak Leather Company, of Cincinnati, is used. The leather is put into water to temper it, and is then put through an ironing process to kind of iron it out. The Packer hide of Texas is the best. Union leather partakes of oak and hemlock tanning, the oak of oak-bark tanning and red leather is all hemlock tanned. Particular parts of the hide have to be used in certain parts of the shoe, and the nearer the neck of the leather the better the quality. The best upper leather is chrome leather, which is tanned by a chemical instead of bark. Much depends upon how leather is finished and there are various processes, some affording a hard and some a soft finish, the latter being considered the best. Bark tanning gives a hard finish and chrome a soft one. A point of superiority possessed by the Emerson shoe is that the firm only uses the best leather the market affords. Nor does the firm use the entire hide, as some of the

leather is not considered good enough for their popular shoe.

Leaving the sole leather room where the soles are cut out of the various kinds, sizes and styles desired, one turns to where the work of skiving is done on the upper leather, that is, removing the heavy edge so that the leather can be folded. Then the linings of the shoe are prepared and one of the first steps is to stamp on these linings the size of the shoe, in which they are to have a place. The size, width and case number are stamped thereon. Next the facing is cemented on the lining, the latter is tagged and numbered according to order and properly placed in a rack. The stitching of the toe-cap on the vamp is the next step, the machine doing the work employing three or four needles. The best of silk thread only is used, as it is stronger and permits of using a fine needle. Next the vamp seam is closed with a California welt which gives it strength and the side line of the vamp is cemented. Thereafter the seam of the vamp is rubbed and the heel turned. An interesting work that follows is the folding of the tops, which is done by a machine which likewise makes the eyelet holes at one operation, after which the eyelet holes are stitched and the seams stitched. Attention again turns to the linings where the stitching of the facing, seaming the line of the heel, stitching the label, seaming and turning the top and then the work goes forward through the various stages until the upper is laced and ready for lasting. There is no copyright on lasts. Men make a special business of getting out styles and designs. They get out a last and send it to the pattern-makers. Various tastes have to be met; what would suit one party might not suit another. The machine shoes are lasted on a machine that expedites that work. The uppers are put into the machine and the nippers of the latter catch and pull them into place, an automatic driver fastening the innersole to the last. Custom shoes are hand-lasted. Next the lasted shoe is made ready for sewing on the welt, and after such sewing is accomplished, the work of trimming is taken up. Then follows the rounding of the sole and the cutting of the channel for the machine to sew on the sole. Thus the work proceeds and a perfectly made shoe is the completed result. One pair of shoes seen in this factory were enormous, being size 14½. They were not for exhibition purposes. On the contrary, they were made for a customer.

The care evident in every detail of the manufacture of the Emerson shoe, the intelligent concern for the best material and workmanship, show how well-grounded is the reputation it has won and also indicate how expansive must inevitably be the demand. The firm does not confine itself to one grade of shoe. There are two, one that retails at $3.50. The other at $5. Extensive advertising has made the phrase of the firm (Honest all through) known everywhere.

"The Emerson Shoe,
Honest All Through."

POPULAR GOLD BOND ISSUE.

In no way is the intelligent and benevolent spirit that is abroad so signally attested as by the vast development of the life insurance business, and the wondrous growth in this direction is the best possible answer to the pessimist who mourns over the supposed decadence of the world as shown to his jaundiced eyes. In no single way is a more practical and complimentary unselfishness displayed than in thus making provision for dependents in the days when the head of the family can no longer attend to the burden of support. The man who carries as much life insurance as his means will admit gives the best possible evidence of his right comprehension of his duty toward those with whose care he is charged.

It is not necessary at this late day to enter into a discussion of the benefits of life insurance. The happiness and comfort of the world has been too well subserved and advanced by this splendid means of provision to require any worded

MAIN OFFICE NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INS. CO.

emphasis. It is, however, always a timely matter to direct public attention to the companies in whose policies the fullest confidence can be placed and whose efforts have ever been directed to such development of the principle of life insurance that the policy holder may reap the fullest amount of benefit from his wise and benevolent investment.

To the people of New England there is no company that has such claims to consideration as the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company. It is the oldest life insurance company doing business in this section of the country and officered by New England men, its policies are made specially applicable to the wants of the people with whom long years of business acquaintanceship havemade those at the head of the affairs of the company familiar. A record of fifty-seven years of generously helpful existence, during which time it has paid to policy holders $79,216,720.79, carries with it its own source of confidence.

The New England Mutual has always been in the front of the van in the matter of devising new and attractive forms of insurance investment in the interest of the policy holder and a most striking evidence of this fact is found in its plan of Twenty-five Year Annuity Gold Bonds, bearing interest at the rate of four per cent in gold, and which may be purchased in ten, fifteen, or twenty annual payments, which bonds are issued in amounts from $5,000 to $50,000. Bonds have ever been the most satisfactory kind of investment on account of the security they afford. In proof of this fact one has only to recall the avidity with which every bond issue of the government is subscribed for. The same is true, although in less striking measure, of the bonds of states, municipalities, railroads and corporations. These bonds, however, are beyond the reach of other than wealthy people. The New England Mutual Life Insurance Company, recognizing this fact, places before those of more moderate means an opportunity for bond investment, which has at the same time the added attraction of insurance benefit, inasmuch should death of the investor take place while the instalments are being paid, all the benefits of the bond accrue to the beneficiary without further payments, the bond immediately going on interest and earning its annuity for the twenty-five years pending the time of maturity. A plan such as this shows the broadly progressive management of the company and the manner in which it is reaching out to confer all possible benefits in the insurance line. The investor in such a bond, after it is fully paid-up has all the benefits and satisfactions belonging to the holder of other bonds, and the same is true of the beneficiary who has inherited it. Surely this is an investment commending itself to all who desire to make proper provision for the future, and one that must materially increase the clientele of this great New England insurance corporation, a corporation partaking of the sturdy, far-reaching character of the section of the country that is honored by its name and business. Such an annuity bond gives an assurance to the holder that in case of his demise his beneficiary has a secured income during the life of the bond, and is, therefore, spared the possible pitfalls that might be prepared for the innocent possessor of the full amount of insurance in bulk whose inexperience with the ways of the world might cause a speedy loss through a too confiding trust in the gilded promises of monetary sharks and kindred schemers. To those seeking an insurance investment of the most inviting character, these Twenty-Five Year Annuity Gold Bonds of the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company, with the company's assets of over $30,000,000 behind them and their four per cent. gold interest-bearing feature, should most assuredly commend themselves.

THE SQUARE, WESTPORT.

MURRISK ABBEY, CO. MAYO, FOUNDED BY THE O'MALLEYS.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

From a painting by Mantegazza.

FRA ANGELICO PAINTING THE MADONNA.

Donahoe's Magazine.

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Vol. XLVII. MAY, 1902. No. 5

A SCENE IN MAYO.

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THE STORM CENTRE OF IRISH LAND WAR.

BY MAJOR DUDLEY COSTELLO.

Crossing the broad Shannon at Athlone, the Midland Great Western railway, turning by the grey ruin of thirteenth-century Rinduin, scene of many a bitter siege and bloody storming, enters the province which Cromwell and after him the Orangemen offered their Irish enemies as a special alternative to Hades. On first appearance it does not seem to have been such a very bad alternative. There are smiling meads along the Suck and rich pastures in old Clan Conway. At Ballinlough the broad blue lake glows

amid emerald hills. But on approaching the border of the ancient territory of MacWilliam Bourke there gradually grows upon one a sense of loneliness and desolation.

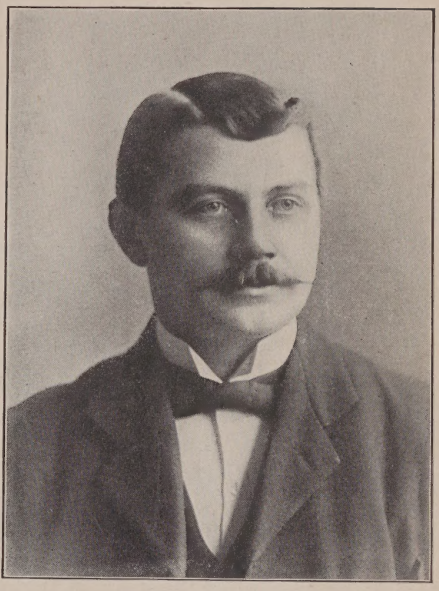
Where are the people? There are but few houses and gardens, with little tillage, visible from the track. It would seem as if all the natives were huddled in the towns—and the towns, presumably through consideration of the railway company for the bus drivers, are so remote from the line that it is hard to get a glimpse of them. At the sleepy little stations there is hardly anybody to be seen save the take-it-easy stationmaster and the hotel touts and the loafing policeman who "watches the trains" pursuant to the system of uneasy universal espionage carried out by the British Government in Ireland.

No use to look out for the general people of the county Mayo from the window of a moving train; the panorama holds but little of them. To see them you must go to the fairs and markets, or to the country chapels on Sunday. In the vast prairie-like pastures that wheel past you as the train pounds along you may see here and there the two parallel hedges that formed the little road or boreen once leading to a village or the square of

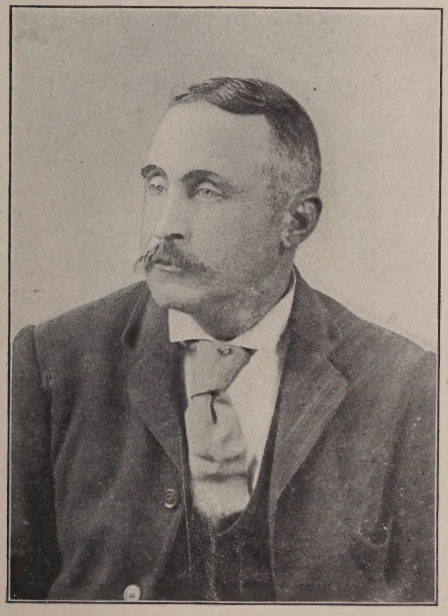
CASTLEBAR, CO. MAYO (MAIN ST.)

poplars marking where once stood a cottage. "'Tis the landlord's cow that is grazing now where the people ought to be," says the modern Irish dirge which the shawled-headed peasant girls are fond of singing. The landlord's, grazier's or land-grabber's cow is in possession of the good land, while the average peasant fights the hard battle of life on the reclaimed bog or wet mountain side, the starved holdings to which he and his kind were driven like badgers and weasels during the great famine clearances of fifty-five years ago. Of the population of Mayo, about 200,000, only one-eighth live in the towns.

The M. G. W. line trends to the northwest. Purple billows of mountain rise over the horizon, special tidal waves over the rest being the massive dome of Nephin and the pyramid of Croagh Patrick. Beyond the southwestern blue heights lie the wilds of Connemara. Beyond all lies the great Atlantic, receiving a hundred mountain streams and sending a thousand vigorous arms among the cliffs and windings of the shore, where the sea foam, like king's ermine, edges the mountains' royal robes of purple and gold.



JOHN O'DONNELL, MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR SO. MAYO. NOW IN PRISON.



JOHN MacHALE,
PRESIDENT OF UNITED IRISH LEAGUE.

"Chainless wave and lovely land": if the people of these parts could subsist on scenery their measures would be well pressed down and flowing over. But at frequent intervals the poor crops fail, and then does every bleak hill become a volcano of discontent. In their very hungry and very landlord-oppressed days, the people, naturally quiet and restrained by such resignation and self-denial as would have suited anchorites of the Thebaid, meekly accepted eviction and starva-

P. A. McHUGH, M.P.

tion as matters of course; but of late a more sturdy and formidable spirit is abroad, and the growl that rises around a Mayo land platform may resemble that which was heard around the guillotine in the Place de Grève.

Mayo is in four divisions, corresponding to the cardinal points. In South Mayo, at Irishtown, was started, twenty-three years ago, the Land League, which did good in having abolished the arbitrary power of the landlord to evict at will and bringing about a readjustment of rents. In Westport, in West Mayo, was founded, four years ago, the United Irish League, whose main objects seem to be the advancement of the movement for home rule, and the betterment of the condition of the peasantry by the prevention of landgrabbing and the colonization of the large grazing farms by having them cut up and divided into agricultural holdings.

The boycott is the favorite weapon of the agrarian agitator. Before its introduction, over two decades ago, there were sundry dark doings in these parts. Lord Mountmorres, on account of his harsh methods, was shot dead on that lonely mountain road leading out to Maam. Walter Bourke of Curraleagh, one of the last of the direct Anglo-Norman line that once ruled this big western territory, met with a similar fate. The slayers of either were never discovered. Two process servers named Huddy, father and son, were tied in sacks and sunk in Lough Mask—the same fate which the Stauntons meted out five hundred years ago to the Dun Earl's son, De Burgo, English governor of Connaught. For the death of the Huddys several peasants were hanged, including Myles Joyce, who died protesting in Gaelic his innocence, which is universally believed in.

Westport, the gateway to some of the finest scenery in Ireland, is a town of over 4,000 people, pleasantly situated near Clew Bay. It was originally

CONOR O'KELLY, MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR NO. MAYO, AND PRES. OF MAYO COUNTY COUNCIL.

WESTPORT, CO. MAYO.

a village that grew up around the castle of Cahir-na-Mart (the fort of the cattle), where O'Malley, chief of Umhall, received his tributes of cattle, corn, and hides, also "fines for bloodshed," in the lively days when one man might kill another offhand and buy himself from the gallows. In the neighboring bay, sprinkled with emerald isles, the pirate queen Grana O'Malley moored her galleys and brought her captured caravels, and there her relative Duvdara Rua slaughtered for their gold Don Diego de Mendoza and a hundred survivors of a wrecked ship of the Armada—portions of the rudder of which may still be seen, forming the posts of a gate near Westport. The O'Malleys, who were mostly sea rovers, lost a great part of their land in Cromwell's time by confiscation. Local tradition says that O'Malley of Belclare, *a la* Gerald Pepper, retained Clare Island, away at the mouth of the bay, by giving a white horse in exchange for the new grant deeds to the disgusted trooper who held them.

To the O'Malleys succeeded the Brownes, who were descendants of an adventurer from Sussex. Colonel John Browne, a Jacobite officer and lawyer and one of the signers of the Treaty of Limerick, obtained much local standing and estate, some accounts say by marrying a well-dowered girl of the O'Malleys. The colonel's son, Peter, was deprived of his property by his

own unfilial son, who by becoming Protestant ousted his father, under the penal laws against Roman Catholics, from the estate. The father died in poverty and heartbreak and was buried on a hill outside the town, where a large square stone with an inscription marks his grave. The 'verted son, John, who was as enterprising as he was unscrupulous, laid out the present town of Westport. His grandson received a bribe of $75,000 and the title of Marquis of Sligo for voting for the legislative Union between England and Ireland. The third marquis took advantage of the great famine of 1847 to wipe out numbers of villages in order to form large cattle ranches, burning the houses and throwing out hundreds of families to die in the fields or the workhouse, or, if the sea did not claim their corpses, to make their way to America.

ARCHBISHOP McEVILLY OF TUAM.

Verily those innocent-looking emerald shores of Clew Bay have witnessed more human misery than af-

flicted the unhappy isles of the sea blighted by the curse of the white man's greed.

The exterminating marquis died childless six years ago, leaving the title and estates and annual rent income of some $115,000 to his brother, John Thomas Browne, a keen little man of seventy-eight, of Israelitish appearance, who lives in a nice cottage on the shore, for the squat old family mansion in the fine demesne stands dismantled and deserted.

The largest modern monument in the province of Connaught stands in Westport, in an area called the Octagon, in front of the "town hall," an ambitious, symmetrical area, giving credit to the taste of the titled turncoat who designed it, probably as a market place, but now cheerless-looking and semi-squalid, for, according to a local proverb that came with the great clearance, "three women and a goose" are supposed to make a market in Westport. It is a high, massive pillar, rising from a pedestal. At the corners of the pedestal sit draped figures of women in despondent attitude, as if sorrowing for the noble being that is commemorated, and on the top of the pillar is the cloaked statue of a bald-headed man in knee-breeches. The natives call it, in a sarcastic way, "George's monument." The person commemorated is one George Clendining, a local land magnate and all-round reprobate of pre-Emancipation days.

As high steward to Lord Sligo old George lived like a feudal baron, ruling with an iron rod and levying tribute to his taste. For instance, his claimed perquisite from the Westport butchers was the tongue of every cow they killed, beef tongue being one of his epicurean delights. It was the royal and reserved dish, prohibited to everybody in Westport but George and his guests. Occasionally the harassed butchers worked off on him the tongues of cattle that died of disease, but his palate and stomach seemed to find no difference. At length they tried him with the tongue of a foal; he detected the cheat to his sorrow and conceived a lasting repugnance for tongue. This is about all the people retain about the long-departed satrap, and this is about all they care to. His old mansion still stands, a picturesque red pile. It is often used for dances by the young people of the town, unheeding the idea that some night the grim old owner might descend from his perch and stalk in among them, like the Commander's ghost at the banquet of Don Juan. Of late there is some talk of making the old house a kind of apartment residence for laborers. Sic transit.

But the people of Westport have more to concern themselves with than the memory of old George and his tongue titbits, especially since their town became the cradle of the United League and since around their walls began to flow and foam the tide of the new land war. For long and dreary decades most docile and submissive were those western peasantry. The landlord's rod chastened them; religion's staff consoled them. They could learn the vanity of vanities and the ill-got quality of the oppressor's power at that lonely, pathetic monument on Carnalurgan hill, over the ousted and beggared ancestor of the Sligos: "Orate pro anima Petri Browne, qui me fieri fecit, 1723." So, when the great scourge came, they trooped into Westport in quest of

bread for themselves and their little ones, and, failing to get it, they died in hundreds, like sheep, under the bleak walls of the workhouse, and many of the survivors, Gibbonses and O'Malleys, McHales and McCormacks and others, were glad to escape to America, where their descendants became cardinals and statesmen and college professors and so forth, rekindling at a foreign fire the torch of Celtic genius that was threatened with black and utter extinguishment at home. To them a sturdier race succeeded, a race that, when another famine threatened, gave practical heed to Parnell's advice, delivered at Westport: "Pay no rent and hold the harvest until your landlords give reasonable ear to your demands." Bold advice and startling, even to the heads of the clergy. The old archbishop, Dr. MacHale, repudiated the dangerous innovation; the new archbishop, Dr. MacEvilly, withheld his sanction and scathed the Galway Ladies' Land League out of existence. But the granaries were timely attended to, the commissariat was efficient, and the new menacing tidal wave of extermination burst harmlessly as breaks a summer billow on the strand of Clew Bay.

And now comes another generation —alas, a sadly dwindled one, Mayo having lost nearly half its population in the last half century—demanding the restoration of the fertile leas of their ancestors.

There is still an influential landlord party in Westport. It is made up of shopkeepers whom the rent-office has bribed by the leasing of desirable bits of land near the town and of imported rent-office attaches, alien in race and faith. The latter are peculiarly rabid. Several years ago their pastor, a gentle Presbyterian clergyman of independent ideas, joined with the bulk of the population in illuminating his house in celebration of the release of Michael Davitt from prison. Very dear to him proved those candles in his window panes. He was treated so by his intolerant flock that he bade the place an unregretful farewell and cast his lot in America, where no doubt, wherever he is, he is doing noble work in the cause of "Ireland a nation." Here was the boycott with a vengeance. But what is considered a crime in a Leaguer is in a landlord's man condoned as an amiable weakness.

Westport has a creditable weekly newspaper in the Mayo News, chief organ of the League in Mayo, edited by Mr. P. J. Doris. It is superior in most respects to the class of weeklies to be found in places of the same population in America. There are some things we are not so go-ahead in as we imagine.

From this neighborhood, with its glorious soaring blue Reek and emerald-spangled bay, went forth the O'Donnell of Spain, ancestor of the late dictator, Marshal O'Donnell, and his son, the present distinguished Duke of Tetuan.

And from Westport, in recent years, went forth Major John McBride, young, brave and energetic, who gave strenuous aid in the capture of British battalions and guns in South Africa. A few years ago, when Mr. Davitt, as a protest against the Boer war, resigned as M. P. for South Mayo, the local nationalists, to emphasize the protest, nominated Major McBride, then fighting on the veldt, in his stead. However, Mr. William O'Brien, who was then running League politics in the West,

pointed out that the major's election would mean the loss of a vote to the Irish party in parliament. Accordingly, after a nominal contest, Mr. John O'Donnell of Newport, a member of the farming class, was elected to the seat.

There is no more harried and persecuted or more determined and defiant member of parliament in Ireland than this same John O'Donnell. The duly elected parliamentary representative of the people, under the glorious ægis of the British constitution, that grand pride and boast of the "liberty-loving Anglo-Saxon," every time he attempts to talk in public to the people who voted for him he is roughly pulled down and gagged by the Royal Irish Constabulary, acting under orders of Dublin Castle officials. Such treatment is rarely meted out in any country even to nihilist or anarchist, and O'Donnell is neither. Some time ago, in company with the Mr. William Redmond, M. P., he went to address his constituents at the fair of Kilmaine, amid cattle, pigs and farm produce. When he attempted to speak he was seized by the police, a large force of whom were present, hustled off the platform, had his clothes torn and was placed under temporary arrest. The police set upon the inoffensive gathering of country people and clubbed them savagely without regard to age or sex, women and old men being laid prostrate and bleeding. "I have seen many collisions between the police and the people," said Mr. Redmond, "I have seen many baton charges, but in all my life I never saw anything approaching the wanton, cold-blooded and cowardly action of the police in Kilmaine. The people were doing absolutely nothing. A few of them may have cheered, but that was all. . . . I will never forget it. Such cold-blooded ruffianism—four men kicking one upon the ground! It made me feel ill."

Such are British methods of government and the "right of free speech" in Ireland at the beginning of the twentieth century.

Mr. O'Donnell, through the efforts of the agents of British and landlord misrule, is now again in prison, and merciless is the net that daily lands his fellow victims, the advocates of the people. In a few months he and they may again enjoy the breath of liberty; never, under present conditions, the freedom of speech. A Coercion Act summons is the same as a sentence; Judge "Dick" Dane, a promoted Orange lawyer from Fermanagh, delivers prejudiced partisan diatribes from the Mayo county bench; mere attendance at land meetings is judged criminal, and remorseless salaried Shallows, Dublin Castle appointees, usually briefless barristers, halfpay officers and ex-policemen, ever sit vindictively ready to send on flimsiest evidence all accused persons to jail. There is about as little chance of justice or mercy at these tribunals as there was at Castlereagh's dragooning courtmartials in 1798.

Nestling at the northwest corner of Clew Bay is the little town of Newport, a minor citadel of the League. In the vicinity lives President John MacHale, more than any man in the county the object of ceaseless annoyance and persecution by partisan magistrates, policemen and rent-office bravoes. He has been repeatedly arrested, convicted and imprisoned on trumped-up charges, waylaid and brutally assaulted, bitten to multila-

tion! Yet is he defiant and indomitable through it all, vigilant and energetic on behalf of the people. For here the opposing lines of fight are close drawn; the struggle for existence is keen. Thirteen strangers occupy 36,000 acres of the best land in the district, while the natives wrestle with stony hill and sodden moorland. The place was originally a settlement of expelled Ulstermen—O'Donnells, O'Boyles, O'Clerys, O'Gallaghers, O'Reillys, MacSwenys and others—who were led here in the seventeenth century by a scion of the old family of Tirconnell. The chief owner of the soil is still nominally O'Donnell, but, as in case of the Geraldines, "a jackal's whelp usurps the lion's hide." The true living heir to the O'Donnell estate and baronetcy is said to be the son of a ticket-of-leave man, in Australia.

Canon Grealy, the venerable parish priest of Newport, thus gives his views of boycotting, for the use of which weapon the English government is now filling the Irish jails: "I don't see anything un-Christian or immoral in it; I think it is a weapon constantly used over the civilized world and in every grade of society."

Near Newport is the square, weather-beaten tower of Carrickahowly, said to have been a fortress of sea-queen Grana O'Malley, and on the neighboring creek huddles in grey and pathetic desolation, overrun with weeds and graves, the ancient Dominican abbey of Burrishoole, scene of many a tragedy and martyrdom. There rests the dust of Colonel Augustine O'Malley, a local patriot of 1798 and father of General O'Malley of the French army, and that of Father Manus Sweeney, who was brutally strangled to death, as a rebel sympathizer, in the Newport market place in 1799. A movement towards the preservation of Father Sweeney's tomb is in charge of a Newport man, Mr. Martin J. Berry, of Chicago, founder of the first branch of the United Irish League in America.

Inland, beyond Father Coen's parish of Islandeady, where practical patriotism is well inculcated by that devoted young priest, and beyond woody Lough Lanach, crystal and green in the pleasant landscape, rise the grey walls of a forbidding architectural congeries—jail, courthouse, barracks, poorhouse, asylum—in all the ghastly crudeness of English "civilization," ever suggestive in Ireland of the armed garrison, the pauper's ward, the felon's cell, the dock and the scaffold. This is the county town, Castlebar, anciently Castle Barry, it having been founded by the Barrys in the thirteenth century, when the steel-clad Normans first laid their iron grip on these fair fields. To the Barrys succeeded, for a few centuries, the Bourkes, till came the ruthless Dorsetshire adventurer, Sir Richard Bingham, slayer of women and hangman of children, who brought the western province under tribute or rent to Queen Elizabeth. Coveting the land, Bingham had old Edmund Bourke of Castlebar subjected to a mock trial for disloyalty, condemned to death by a jury of troopers, carried on a litter from his bed to the gallows—the aged chieftain being too feeble to walk—and hanged. Bingham's monument may be seen in Westminster Abbey. He died without male issue, but from his brother is descended the present lord of the soil, namely George Bingham, Earl of Lucan. The present earl's father, the

Lord Lucan, who was implicated in the historic blunder of the cavalry charge at Balaklava, was one of the greatest exterminators of the famine time; he cleared about 30,000 acres of human beings and delivered the land over to bullocks, the result being that in the neighborhood of Castlebar extends a vast ranch,

"Bent and browsed by brutal cattle
Where the homes of men should stand,
And their children's peaceful prattle
Be a rosary in the land."

One thrilling memory attaches to Castlebar—that of the famous "races" of 1798. Down Staball hill, across the bridge and up the long main street streamed the thousands of flying redcoats before the bayonets of the Frenchmen, who lay down and slept on the stones of this same street that memorable August morning after their fatiguing march and glorious victory. At the Protestant church, commanding the main street, some Highlanders made a stand in the midst of the general stampede and several of them were slain; inside the boundary wall is a tablet to their memory, erected by their colonel, Fraser of Lovat. In front of the church gleams the statue of Colonel George O'Malley, of the famous fighting Connaught Rangers. As a garrison town Castlebar is of course a favorite hunting-ground for the recruiting sergeant. During the present war the efforts of Maud Gonne and other aggressive Nationalists have greatly decreased the number of foolish young Celts taking the "Saxon shilling." Nevertheless the death-rolls of the Rangers, following Colenso and other bloody battles, have brought grief into many a Mayo home.

Religion hand in hand with nationality and "the priests with the people" may be an adopted principle elsewhere, but it hardly holds in Castlebar, where smug officialdom of the "Castle Cawtholic" stripe seems to be the leading social element. Some time ago a new Catholic church was dedicated in the town—a fine edifice, built by the generous contributions of Mayo men at home and abroad—and the dedication was followed by a banquet. Among the guests of honor were the venerable Archbishop of Tuam, Bishop Ludden of Syracuse, N. Y. (a native of Mayo, who presented the new church with a magnificent high altar), and the Earl of Lucan. None of the leading popular representatives, parliamentary or otherwise, was present, nor was their omission injudicious, seeing that the person to whom the toast of "the clergy" was assigned was the Crown Prosecutor, Malachy Kelly, the most notorious jury packer in Ireland, distinguished by his zeal at trials of a political character in rigidly excluding his fellow Catholics from the jury box.

The affair had its grotesque side. A sorry banquet it proved for poor Lord Lucan, who is a much better man than his late father of eviction and charge-the-guns notoriety. His lordship is a Protestant Episcopalian, and fiercer than the wrath of the scandalized Leaguers was that of some of his co-religionists, who regarded his action in attending a Papist church dinner as one of outrageous disloyalty. The "Irish Protestant" hysterically commented thus:

"It is alas, too true that landlords such as the Earl of Lucan have been the curse of Protestantism in Ireland, and the extinction of landed Protestant gentry of this kind will be regarded with indifference by Irish Protestants. The of-

fence of the Earl of Lucan is a serious one, involving disloyalty to the King. By this action, his lordship sanctioned the claim of the Pope to universal dominion, and, to win the approval of a disloyal assembly, the Protestant Peer, and Lieutenant of Co. Mayo, insulted his King! How can we expect loyalty from the United Irish Leaguers when his Majesty's Lieutenant sets such a bad example? How can we expect loyalty from the Cape Dutch when an officer in his Majesty's army puts the Pope before his Sovereign?"

There are now in Castlebar jail about a dozen United League prisoners, railroaded there by partisan magistrates for having taken part in agrarian meetings. The number will most probably be doubled, perhaps quadrupled, during the present season. Among those recently released after two months' severe incarceration during which he was daily allowed out of his cell two hours out of the twenty-four, was Conor O'Kelly, member of parliament for North Mayo and chairman of the Mayo county council, imprisoned for boycotting a grabber. On his release the plucky young man, who holds the chief elective position in Mayo, publicly declared that he would pursue his course as resolutely as ever, jail or no jail. He was entitled by his position to adjudicate on the bench, but the government excluded him from the magistracy.

The land war has rolled into the neighboring county of Roscommon, where forty tenants on the estate of Lord de Freyne have struck against paying rackrents and where a grand military movement is contemplated to reinforce the thickly swarming police. Northwards, towards the Ulster border, the struggle has not yet reached a head. There popular rights are safeguarded by the intrepid and popular P. A. McHugh, M. P., and editor, who for putting his political principles in fearless and effective practice has already spent three long terms in prison.

So the enemies and supporters of the land and government systems in Ireland stand arrayed in fresh and bitter opposition. "Boycott! boycott!" is the cry on one side; "Jail! jail!" on the other.

For the present the government has decided not to attempt to suppress the League—probably having in mind the red terror that attended a similar attempt two decades ago—but to punish boycotting, at the same time setting an example of boycotting by heading off King Edward's intended visit to Ireland, where he might have learned for himself something of the true condition of the country. So far, honors are about even with the opposing parties in the quarrel, which, as Sir Lucius O'Trigger might say, "is a very pretty quarrel as it stands."

OUR TRUE POSITION.

No. VI.

THE BIBLE.

BY REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, D.D.

I have given a brief outline of the true church of God, established by our Blessed Redeemer before returning to His heavenly Father, after accomplishing the redemption of the human race on Mount Calvary. I have shown that this church is a great spiritual kingdom invested with authority for the proper administration of its government. This is found in the priesthood and hierarchy of the Catholic church, to whom, in the person of Saint Peter, Christ has given the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven. The mission of the church is to teach, and in this she is divinely protected in her infallibility. We have seen that this attribute of the church is not to be found in her councils, nor in her distinguished children, but in the Holy See itself. "God Himself," says Pius IX of happy memory, "has constituted a living authority to teach and establish the true and legitimate sense of His heavenly revelation, and judge all controversies in matters of faith and morals, lest the faithful be carried about with every kind of doctrine by the wickedness of men, according to the contrivance of error." We have seen that this living infallible authority is to be found in that church only which has been built by Christ, our Lord, upon Peter, the pastor of the whole church, whose faith He promised should never fail, and that that church has always had its legitimate pontiffs, without interruption from Peter to our present illustrious Leo XIII. We have seen that this infallible church has the principle of immortal life and growth in herself, for she has seen the passing away of the empires and dynasties of the world. This principle of indefectible vitality shall continue until the end of time, according to the promise of her founder, Jesus Christ. We have also seen that this church can be distinguished by her visible marks which proclaim her to be *one* in faith and authority; *holy* in her founder and in the sweet pure lives of an innumerable multitude of her children; *Catholic* or *Universal* in her subsisting in all ages, teaching all nations and maintaining all truth; and finally *apostolic* because she is founded by Christ upon the apostles, and is governed and will continue to be governed by their lawful successors till the end of time.

The Church and Bible.

I.

We shall now examine the relations of the church to the Bible with her infallible tribunal to guide her—and then the Protestant idea of the "Bible and nothing but the Bible" as a rule of faith. Let us examine this question from a Catholic point of view. It will clear the atmosphere of much haziness. The Catholic believes the church is a divine institution. This he does not do because the Holy Scripture says she is divine, for he needs not Scripture

to know that the church is divine. She speaks and her claims are her credentials. She acts and her work is her vindication. She points to the past and her history is her irrefutable argument. She was in the world before the first inspired writer had begun his sacred task. She was then what she is now. She is the contemporary of all ages. Her message is the same forever. Her office is to teach, not what was written in a book, but what was uttered by our Blessed Lord. Deprive us of this infallible authority and of the certainty of faith, and how shall we know the inspired books, from the productions of a fanatic. Would we not soon drift into private judgment, and finally into infidelity and agnosticism? Here is the rock on which many an earnest Protestant in search of truth has foundered. The only plank of safety left such a mind after the shipwreck of his private opinions is an infallible teaching authority. This is what brought Cardinal Newman, Cardinal Manning, Orestes A. Brownson, Father Hecker, and a host of other eminent scholars into the Catholic church. We Catholics know that without the scripture, the church must be and is infallible in giving to us the doctrines which God revealed, and among these the portion which the Sacred Volume contains. Our knowledge of the infallibility of the church and the inspiration of the Holy Bible now co-exist and have for nineteen centuries co-existed. Formerly one did precede the other. The church existed before the New Testament, as the Jewish church existed anterior to the Old Testament. We receive them all together: the Christian church received the Old Testament from the Jewish church; she testified to the New Testament when it appeared; she kept both from corruption; and at this day; with all the wisdom of the ages and the light of the 20th century, we stand as much in need of her testimony to assure us that the Book which we receive is unchanged, as our predecessors did to know that it was the inspired word of God. Deprive us of the testimony of the church and how shall we discover if the book which we call the Bible is the production of an inspired writer or that of a fanatic? Even though we should know that the evangelists were inspired, how shall we know that what we read is their production? Deprive us, I say, of the witness, the Catholic church, given to the world before the Book existed, which testified the nature of the Book to our predecessors, and which was commissioned as the witness for all ages, and we shall be now, as our separated brethren are—without a witness or guide.

II.

Protestants appeal from the voice of the church to the Holy Scripture. They deny that there is in the world a divinely established tribunal to whose authority they are bound to submit their own opinions in matters of faith. This view of the church has been destructive. Who told them that the book called the Bible is the Word of God? Who told Luther, Calvin, Cranmer, or John Knox that "Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation; so that whatever is not read therein, or may not be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man, that it should be believed as an article of faith?" Nobody but some poor fallible creature, whose opinion was worth just as much as their own.

Not so with us Catholics. The living voice from Heaven we hear today as our forefathers heard it, and as we would still hear it, though no inspired Evangelist of our Lord had ever penned a line.

It pleased God for the greater confirmation of the faith, to put it into the hearts of a few men who from the beginning were eye witnesses or the companions of eye-witnesses, to make a record of the chief events of the earthly life of the church's divine Founder; and also, for the church's edification, to preserve certain letters which at divers times were written by the first apostles to their brethren and children in the faith. These documents, which in their nature are fragmentary, have nothing to do with the church's mission to the nations. They were never intended to teach men the "principles of the doctrine of Christ." They were written to those who had been already taught; "not to such as knew not the truth, but to such as knew it." They were written as occasion called them forth—for reference, for exhortation, for counsel, or comfort, or warning; but they were addressed always to those in whom both faith and knowledge are assumed. Never did any apostle write to convince the doubting and the unbelieving, nor even to instruct the ignorant. The work of conversion was fulfilled by other means than by pen and parchment. It was done then as it is done now—by the authoritative voice of the teaching church. It may be asked to whom do the Scriptures belong?

The Scriptures belong to the Church of God, and to her alone. She saw them written. She received them from the hands of her own holy Fathers. She treasured and defended them. She transmits them to her children. She is the witness of their inspiration. She has established their canon. She *alone* can give the key to their meaning. She knows just how much of the faith committed to her keeping has been transcribed into their blessed pages. She knows that they are her heritage and she uses them as such. To her children she expounds them as the Word of God. To the pagan world she employs them, not as inspired, for their inspiration must rest upon her authority alone, but for their testimony to facts of history. To the Protestant who invades and desecrates her fair domain, she speaks in the striking words of Tertullian, addressed to the heretics of his day. "Who are you? Whence do you come? What business have you strangers with my property? By what right are you, Marcion, felling my trees? By what authority are you, Valentius, turning the course of my streams? Under what pretence are you, Appelles, removing my land marks? The estate is mine, I have the ancient possession of it. I have the title deeds delivered to me by the original proprietors. I am the heir of the Apostles; they have made their will in my favor, while they have disinherited and cut you off as strangers and enemies." Many other early Christian writers might be cited to expose the Protestant fallacy of appealing to the written word against the authority of the church, for, be it remembered that this is a very ancient trick. Be it also remembered that the Catholic quotes antiquity, not to prove that he takes his faith from the Fathers of the early church, but to show that the Fathers received their faith from the common Mother, the Catholic Church. The

church is by its origin independent of the Scriptures. Listen to St. Irenaeus, who wrote in the II century. He says: "Supposing that the Apostles had left us nothing in writing, should we not still follow the rule of doctrine which they delivered to those to whom they entrusted the churches? This rule many barbarous nations follow, who, being without ink, or parchment, have the word of salvation written by the spirit in their hearts, and guard diligently the tradition which has been delivered."

The Scriptures were never intended to teach complete Christian doctrine. Could this truth be stated more clearly and briefly than by St. Chrysostom?—"It is plain," he says, "that the Apostles did not deliver to us everything by their epistles, but many things without writing. These are equally to be believed. Therefore let us believe the *tradition* of the church." We Catholics take the Scriptures from the authority of the church. She is the sole warrant of their inspiration. We agree with the great St. Augustine, who says: "I would not have believed the Gospel if I had not been moved thereto by the authority of the Catholic Church."

The church is the interpreter of the Scriptures. St. Irenaeus writes: "To him that believeth, all will be plain, if he read diligently the Scripture, with the aid of those who are the priests in the church, and in whose hands, as we have shown, rests the doctrine of the apostles." And St. Hilary: "Those who are out of the church cannot have any understanding of the divine word." And St. Augustine: "To attain to the truth of the Scriptures, we must follow the sense of them entertained by the Universal Church, to which the Scriptures themselves bear testimony."

Sincere Protestants see in the Bible only the shadow of their own theology. The Bishop of Hippo is to the point: "The sacred Scriptures themselves are of no use unless you understand them rightly. For all heretics who admit them to be of authority appear to themselves to follow them, when they rather follow their own errors; and it is not therefore because they condemn the Scriptures, but because they misinterpret them, that they are heretics." From innumerable passages that might be quoted from the Fathers of the church, against those who foolishly persist in choosing private interpretation as the only means of understanding properly the Word of God, I s lect this masterly and unanswerable passage from the writings of Tertullian. "To whom belongs the Faith itself? Whose are the Scriptures? By whom, and through whom, and when, and to whom was the authority to teach delivered by which men are made Christians? For where the true Christian discipline and doctrine are shown to be, there will also be the truth of the Scriptures, and of their interpretation and of all Christian traditions."

III.

Good Protestant friends, once more I ask you, who told you that the volume held in reverence by you is the inspired word of God, free from all error, written from cover to cover under the direction and guidance of the Holy Ghost? Some poor fallible mortal, whose opinion is worth exactly as much as your own. Your heart is witness to this, for if you have seriously examined this question

you must have had moments when you have been alarmed by sudden doubts as to the security of your foundation. The crust beneath your feet must have opened for an instant and you must have gazed down into the blackness of vacancy. You may have hurried away and smothered your doubt and hushed your fears. You may have said to yourself, "the Bible must be inspired, for, if there could be any uncertainty about that, my peace is forever fled." But dear sorrowful soul, your hope is based upon your faith, and your faith rests upon the fact of inspiration—and the fact of inspiration is supported by what? By what you have rejected, the *church of God.* Your little world, then, like the Hindoo's, rests upon the elephant, and the elephant rests upon the tortoise, and the tortoise rests upon nothing. You may tell me that you are convinced of the inspiration of Scripture, by your own study of Scripture,—by its action upon your life and character. This is only your *own* faith, and however consoling it may be to you, it is absolutely worthless to any one else. Men will not accept the inspiration of the Bible on your poor fallible authority. The fact of the inspiration is a divine fact, and can be attested only by a divine witness. The Scriptures do not prove their own inspiration and the world cannot be convinced that they are divine until it has been told so by a divine authority. Consider the position you have assumed for a moment. Do you say that by your private investigation you have been convinced beyond the possibility of doubting that the letters of St. James and St. Jude are inspired while those of St. Barnabas and St. Clement are ordinary human compositions? Can you trace the visible and unmistakable effects upon your life, which followed your study of the book of Esther, or Leviticus, or the Canticle of Canticles? The Bible is made up of many books composed in different tongues, among divers people, and by writers who were separated by long centuries of time, who gathered these scattered books into a uniform edition. Who set them apart from all other writings? Who placed the seal of divine authority upon them and proclaimed them to be written through the instrumentality of human agents by the finger of God Himself? The church which God founded, and which you reject.

You may have reasoned in this way. The Gospels which you accept as simple historical documents, are proved by nineteen centuries of criticism to be authentic and trustworthy. The study of these records convinces you that Jesus Christ was what He claimed to be—God incarnate. But dear friend this does not prove that the evangelists wrote under immediate divine supervision. They nowhere in their writings assert the fact of such an influence. Still less does it follow that all the writers of the Old and New Testament were divinely moved and directed. By reading the Evangelists you are convinced that Jesus Christ organized a church and delegated to it His own authority, and promised to abide with it forever. History tells you that after the lapse of some centuries, this church proceeded to collect the many books that had been written, and to sift them, and collate them, and finally in Council assembled pronounced them to be in a peculiar sense the work and word of Almighty God. The first canon of Scripture

was established at the Council of Carthage, A. D. 397, confirmed by the Council of Rome in the 5th century, ratified in the 14th, and finally endorsed by the sanction of the Councils of Trent and the Vatican in the 16th and 19th centuries. There is no arguing in a circle here,—accept these facts and arguments and you cannot remain a Protestant any longer.

Dear Bible Christian,—you who charge the church of God with dishonoring and making void the Bible, of which she is the sole guardian and witness, will you not rouse yourself and see towards what a gulf of unbelief your Protestantism is dragging you? Do you not realize how it is destroying the faith of your followers in the very Scriptures, which you profess to magnify? Three centuries ago you began with a belief in the inspiration of the Holy Scripture. Where did your forefathers get that faith? From the Catholic Church. It was a divine tradition which *infallibility* had firmly rooted in the hearts of men. But your Protestant religion, wherever it has obtained a foothold, has torn down the bulwarks of inspiration and invited the enemy to the attack. In Protestant England today a clergyman can consistently teach that a supernatural theory of inspiration is without foundation. In Protestant Germany any theory of inspiration at all is laughed to scorn. In Protestant America, as you love to call the land of Catholic Columbus, the sacred pages have become a butt for the insults of every ribald Ingersolite and free-thinker. Whatever little veneration for the written word that is still to be found among Protestants is only the lingering of the old Catholic faith. It is the voice of infallibility still sounding in ears that are almost unconscious whence the voice proceeds. It is an instinctive reverence for the old Mother's teaching that has saved even the appearance of the Bible from being completely destroyed by the passions of men and the powers of darkness.

A FLOOD OF BEAUTY.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

Like some far shining deluge drifting on,
O Lord, Thy beauty overflows the earth!
From April's pallid green and snowy birth
Of orchard bloom to their full antiphon
In ripened gold and eager hills that don
A softened scarlet, is there ever dearth
Of Thee or Thy revealings? Better worth
Our pondering than dreams we dwell upon.

Thy splendors fill the heavens. And the sea,
Superb in white exuberance of spray
Or sunk in emerald calm, is Thy great Voice
From out th' Eternities. Oh, sweep away
Our petty trifling! Bid our souls rejoice
In closer comprehension, Lord, of Thee!

THE VEERY.

(Wilson's Thrush.)

BY REV. JULIAN E. JOHNSTONE.

The veery, the veery, the luscious little veery!
I hear the golden gurgle of the music in his throat:
So cheery the veery, I'm never yet too weary
To listen, mid the glisten of the grasses, to his note!

The veery, the veery! he's singing to his dearie.—
O hearken to his music, a fountain-fall of gold!
So dulcet and mellow his ringing ritornello,
That tho' I hear it every day, the song is never old.

The veery, the veery! how silvery and cheery,
Like fairy bells a-tinkle, his clear carillon rings!
O the angels above us, that watch o'er us and love us
Must have taught him the heavenly cadenza he sings!

The veery, the veery! O who could e'er be weary,
A-listening to his liquid and unlanguagable song?
His rapturous trilling, the dells and dingles filling,
With gladdest, maddest music all the merry morning long!

The veery, the veery! the luscious little veery!
He wakes up the violets and daffodils of Spring.
And to fern and to fennel in vale and in vennel
He delights, for the very love of singing, to sing.

The veery, the veery! how dreary and how weary
Would April be without him, the sunny soul of song!
This jewel upon pinions, that loves in pavilions
Of pine and of poplar to whistle all day long!

The veery, the veery! O when the skies are dreary
And when my soul is dark as the overhanging cloud,
I listen to the singing, the dithyrambic ringing
Of our jolly little lark in his jubilation loud:

And presto! my sadness is turned at once to gladness,
My pulses leap and dance to the tinkle of the tune,
And I bless the little veery, so sunny and so cheery,
And life again is merry as a bobolink in June!

THE LIFE OF THE MAN "LONGSHORE."

BY E. LYELL EARLE.

It is but natural that a world city like New York should be full of great social, economic and religious problems. The varied conditions of many of the people before they come to this country, the immediate needs of life, and the unusual ways of satisfying those needs, make the first years of the foreigner here more or less out of harmony with his environment. When the emigrant reaches New York, the nearest and easiest place for him to get a job is on the docks and boats, and in a short time he becomes either a boat-man or a regular man "longshore."

Last month we spoke of the canalman, more or less a native type. This month we have to do with a more interesting type, and one very little known and almost as little cared for, the "Longshoreman."

The only place to study him is in his actual haunts where he works, and wastes, and lives, and dies, seldom getting more than a few blocks away from his little chosen world. This section of New York city extends from the Battery north to East and West 10th Streets. Here the big "liners" and the tramp steamers discharge the vast cargoes of freight, and carry away on their outward voyage our native products for foreign markets. Without exaggeration this section of New York is the busiest area in the world.

It is an exceedingly picturesque sight to see a mighty steamer, a floating city, glide majestically into a large pier, and when its load of human freight has been discharged, to behold the army of sturdy longshoremen disappear into its vast depth and in a few minutes amid a shout of men, and creaking of crane and cordage, the boxes and bales litter the pier, their place in the hold of the steamer, almost at the same instant, being taken by the box and bale of American thrift and industry. From the time the "gang" begin work on the steamer till the moment the last object has been removed or packed, they never leave the vessel. If it takes twenty-four hours, or forty-eight or sixty hours, work must go on. If a man drops out, another is there to take his place, and there is no chance for him to do anything until another steamer comes in. This means a great loss, as he has waited perhaps a day or two for the arrival of this particular vessel.

There are among longshoremen, as among other bodies of men, different classes. There is the longshoreman who works steady for a given line, or a regular stevedore. He puts in as many hours a week as possible and puts them in regularly. He draws his pay every Saturday night, rears a large family, and lives a home life often su-

perior to many mechanics. The other is the unfortunate "longshoreman," who works on tramp steamers for any line or any stevedore, and receives his few dollars at the end of his particular job, and deposits it as quickly as possible in the nearest saloon where he "hangs out" till his money is gone, when he is promptly thrown out, to hang on the corners or docks till he gets another chance to earn a few dollars.

This class is by no means in the majority, but they are numerous enough to sadden us at the sight and to move us to pity and action that something be done to better their condition. Even among the better class there are enough of these unfortunate conditions often present to make the effort toward betterment a noble one.

There are many predisposing and aggravating causes for this sad condition of "longshoremen." Their work is never steady, their wage is often low. They may be compelled to start work at midnight or at three or four o'clock in the morning. It is impossible for them to lead anything like a regular life. It is impossible to get regular sleep, or to have a warm substantial breakfast before they start their work from three in the morning to last always from twenty to forty hours without regular meals or regular sleep. What is more natural than on the way to the vessel to enter the omnipresent saloon and take a large drink of cheap whiskey, and a bite at the free lunch counter. The exhilaration of the liquor seems to buoy them up at their work, and when its effects have died out the natural thing to do is to take more of the whiskey and less of real nourishing food. Such a state of affairs can end but in habits destructive of all the better possibilities of life.

Those that have strong home or religious influences working to counteract these conditions may not fall irreparably; but the many do fall and the result is that the numerous unfortunates that line the docks and piers, blighted physically, hopeless morally, almost abandoned socially, fill us with sadness till the still sadder end comes in the prison or the ambulance or in the street.

Indeed, it is hard for it to be otherwise. The home conditions of many of the "longshoremen" are far from ideal. Their families are generally large; they are crowded into three or four small rooms, often dark, ill-ventilated, and uninviting. The saloons are bright and cheery. The papers are there, men are there, drink is cheap, and eating free. There is no other place equally inviting. The saloon-keeper bids him welcome, is in touch apparently with his interests. Cards, dominoes, checkers, tables, all are there free, and when the stevedore wants him he knows he will come there to find him. The result is that the saloon-keeper, who is often a foreigner with an Irish or an American name, and who usually lives "up-town," gets what would be amply sufficient to improve the social condition of the "longshoreman."

Now the question arises, could not all this be changed? Would it not be possible to alter this environment for the better? Would it not be possible to have, for instance, a longshoremen's club where he could go between vessels, and before hours, where he would have light, and room, and cheer, and companionship, and the papers, and books, and cards, and checkers, and

dominoes, just as he has them in the saloon, with the cursed concomitant of drink? I think so. I am convinced that if one or two of New York's wealthy Catholics, for we are writing now particularly of Catholic longshoremen, would see the real conditions here, and also realize for how few hundred dollars these conditions could be changed, it would not be long before a large loft, fitted up plainly, cleanly, and with the above attractions would be opened. It need not take on the form of charity, for the longshoreman is proud, bright, spirited. He wants no suspicious pity, he wants no sentimental charity; but if this "Exchange" (to give it a name) were opened by longshoremen, and conducted by longshoremen, they would soon grow proud of it, and I am convinced that the betterment of many would soon follow. It would, moreover, be a safeguard for the new longshoremen who just arrive, and who, too often, for want of better conditions soon fall into the ways of the older men. I can see vast social, religious, and educational possibilities in such an institution. The longshoremen are really the only ones totally neglected in this matter. Sailors, canalmen, emigrants, all have their homes, and much good is being done for them.

The picture, however, is not all dark. It has many bright aspects when looked at properly. There is a Catholic aspect of poverty that makes it beautiful when borne in unison with and in imitation of Christ. It is also possible to find happiness, and purity, and the germs of future greatness even in the slums.

Most of the longshoremen and their families live in St. James Parish. I called on Father Rafter, who has charge of the boys, and Father Gleason, who has been in the Parish many years, and is thoroughly familiar with every condition of his people. With the latter I walked through the district, meeting poverty, misfortune and withal content and hopefulness on all sides. There was the cheery "good day, Father," from begrimed workmen, and toiling mothers, and children who here are legion.

The great causes of want and misery and the inability to get above their social condition were declared by the most intelligent ones we met, to be drink, irregular work, misdirected strikes and poor wages.

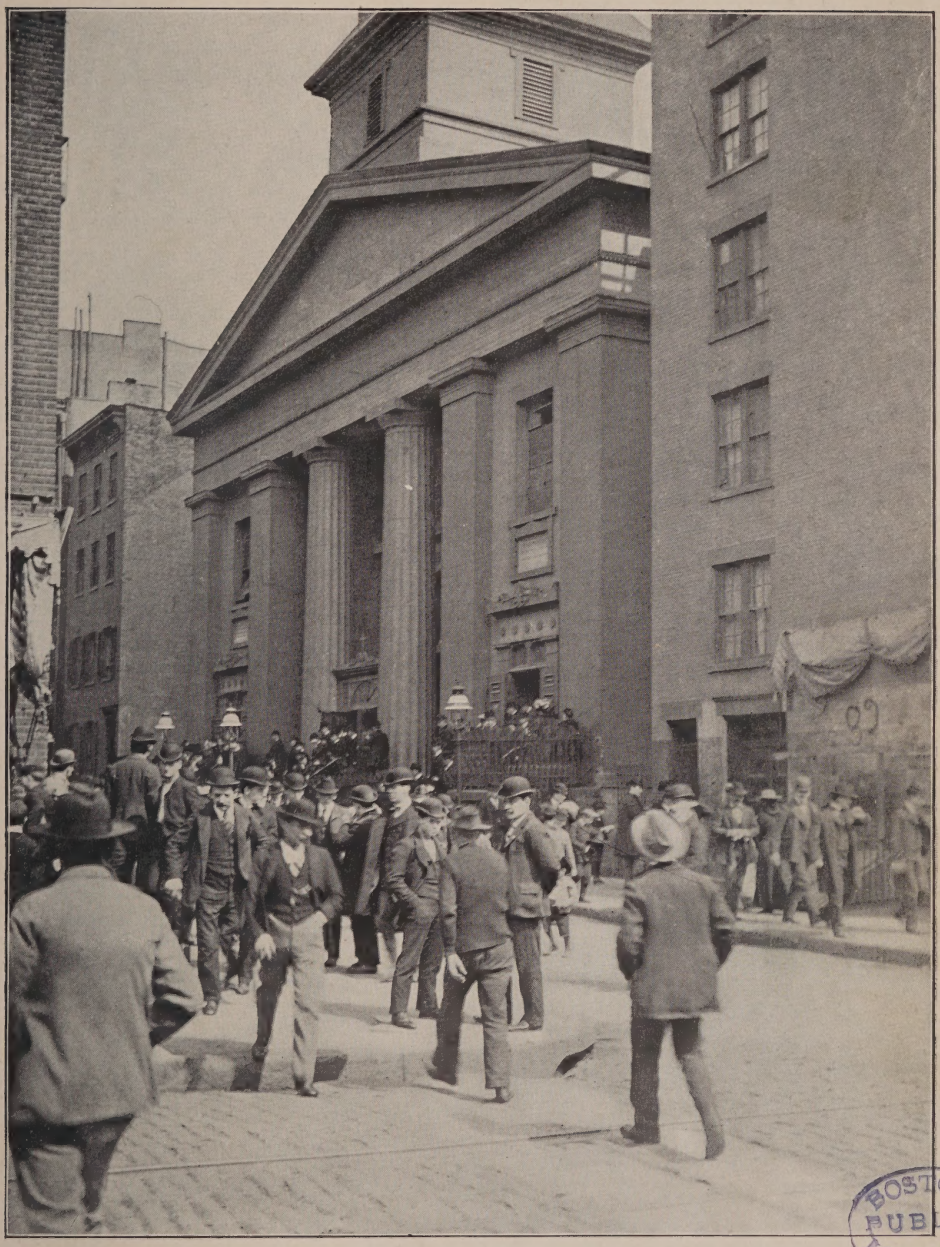
Father Rafter sums up the conditions well in the following manner:

"To my mind, the actual condition of the longshoremen is that of the ordinary laborer, from fair to medium; of course some are pretty much impoverished and have hard struggling.

"The causes of these conditions are twofold: irregularity of work, and lax habits on the part of the men. Irregularity of the work, i.e., a rush of work at one time and then perhaps a long period of idleness. Lax habits, i.e., principally drink and as a consequence carelessness, also a couple of ill-advised strikes.

"The conditions might be improved through a "longshoremen's Exchange" such as we spoke of on Sunday; as that, I believe, would keep the men from the saloons and the corners.

"The present condition of the family and home is somewhat varied, some being very poor, while others, where the family has grown up, are as comfortable as one would wish to find. Of the future prospects I have not given much thought, but I do not see where there is any hope for their becoming



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THE SUNDAY MORNING MASS IN THE LONGSHORE DISTRICT.

TIRED OUT.

brighter to the class, under the existing conditions.

"At present there is nothing, of which I am aware, being done to improve them unless through their labor organization. As far as their children are concerned our schools are doing everything for them, and they are making good use of their schools, and we hope that their future will be much brighter than has been the lives of their parents.

"Of course the Boys' and Girls' Clubs organized in this Parish are other mediums of doing great good for the young people." Thus far Father Rafter.

One of the brightest spots in the whole district is in truth the Boys' Club-house. I went there unexpectedly the other evening. The young men were scattered through the rooms in perfect content. The building is an old store-house, and the three upper lofts are rented from the President of St. Vincent de Paul's Society, for thirty dollars a month. This expense is met by weekly dues of ten cents. On the first floor we find a stage and tables and a book-case. Here the

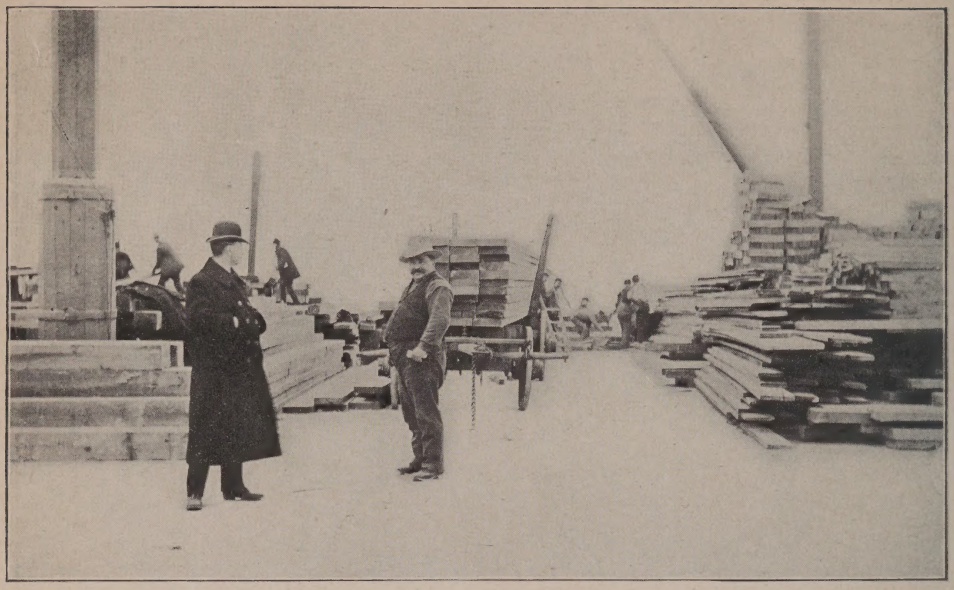
"THE FARM," SHOWING A GROUP OF LONGSHOREMEN WAITING FOR A STEAMER.

AN EAST RIVER PIER, NEW YORK, SHOWING LARGEST SAILING SCHOONER AFLOAT.

young fellows were playing cards, reading books, magazines, and papers. The second floor is a billiard room and dance hall, with a piano for music. The top floor is the gymnasium, where the sturdy young son of the longshoreman can develop to the fullest his mighty brawn. And I can assure you, that a glance at the pictures of these young men will show there is reason for a hopeful future. I had been there but a few minutes when Father Rafter ran in, and he seemed like one of the boys. Every one had a "hello, Father," and he had a cheery word for each without making any one feel that he was in any way above them. You could see their young faces light up with pride as he took part in all that was going on, and when we left I am sure every young man was better for his visit. This is one of the ways that the children of the longshoremen are mastering, or getting away from, their environment.

The following excerpts from the New York Herald, of Monday, April 7th, and The World of April 8th, will show some of the obstacles to be overcome in effecting this uplifting of the boys of this section, and if the dangers are great for the boys, they are far more so for the girls. It is only the faith and hope and native purity of the pure Irish-Catholic that rise spotless out of such mire.

"From the pulpit of St. James' Roman Catholic Church, in James Street, at both the nine and ten o'clock Mass yesterday morning, Father Curry denounced the police of the Oak Street station and declared Captain Vredenburgh and his men were persecuting and hounding the members of the Working Boys' Club, of No. 366 Water Street, because a complaint had been made by the Club against a dis-



LONGSHOREMEN UNLOADING A LUMBER TRANSPORT.

reputable resort near by. Father Curry said the persecution and hounding had continued despite the fact that the attention of the District Attorney and the Police Commissioner had been called to it. The Club is an adjunct to the Church.

THE CLUB HOUSE FOR WORKING GIRLS IN THE LONGSHORE DISTRICT.

Father Curry said his assistant, Father Rafter, had been instrumental in drawing up a protest which was forwarded to a political organization in the district. Word was sent from this political organization to one of Capt. Vredenburgh's wardmen, and the place was closed at once. Soon thereafter, a woman visited the Boys' Club and said she would buy tickets for all their entertainments and in various ways help them if they would withdraw their complaint. The offer was rejected. Then began the persecution by the police of the members of the club.

At an entertainment in Arlington Hall one of the boys was arrested on a charge of stealing a sealskin sacque. The owner of this sacque was the woman who had made the proposition to the club. The boy was kept in jail three days and then discharged, the policeman who made the arrest withdrawing the charge. This policeman, Father Curry said, frequently entered the Boys' Club and annoyed the members. On Sunday, March 30th, Policeman Fletcher arrested five of the boys for playing ball in the street. Father Curry, who had complained to Commissioner Partridge before, went to him again, and Fletcher was put on trial last Tuesday. The priest says the trial was a farce, Inspector Cross eulogizing Fletch-

er and making no effort to get at the real facts.

Father Curry does not believe Colonel Partridge or Mr. Jerome will give proper attention to the petty tyranny to which the boys are subjected, and he says there will be no improvement in the Oak Street police station until Capt. Vredenburgh and all his men are taught a lesson they never will forget."—(*N. Y. Herald*, Monday, April 7.)

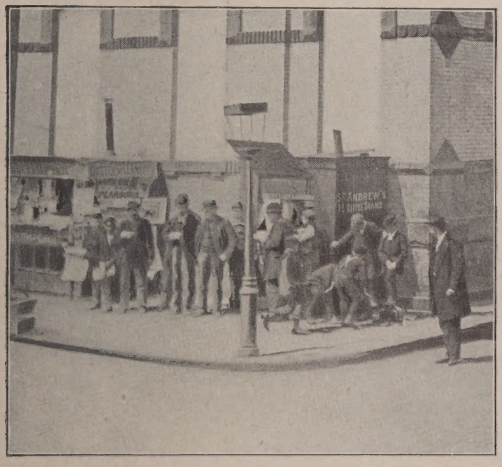
"I'll give $500 to any man who can show me any disorderly house in this precinct," said Police Capt. Vredenburgh, of the Oak Street precinct, when he heard that the Rev. Father Curry, Pastor of St. James' Church, was compiling a list of the dives in the vicinity for presentation to the District-Attorney.

"That will be money easily earned," retorted the priest when told of Capt. Vredenburgh's offer.

"No dives, eh?" said Father Curry, "Capt. Vredenburgh is a suave man, and he can probably persuade Commissioner Partridge that he is telling the truth. But he is making a false statement."

"The precinct is filled with dives of all sorts and descriptions. I do not wish to put him on his guard while I am getting the list ready, but this much I will say—that, in Cherry Street, between James slip and Oliver Street, there are six dives adjoining one another."—(*N. Y. World*, April 7.)

SLEEPING BETWEEN "BOATS."

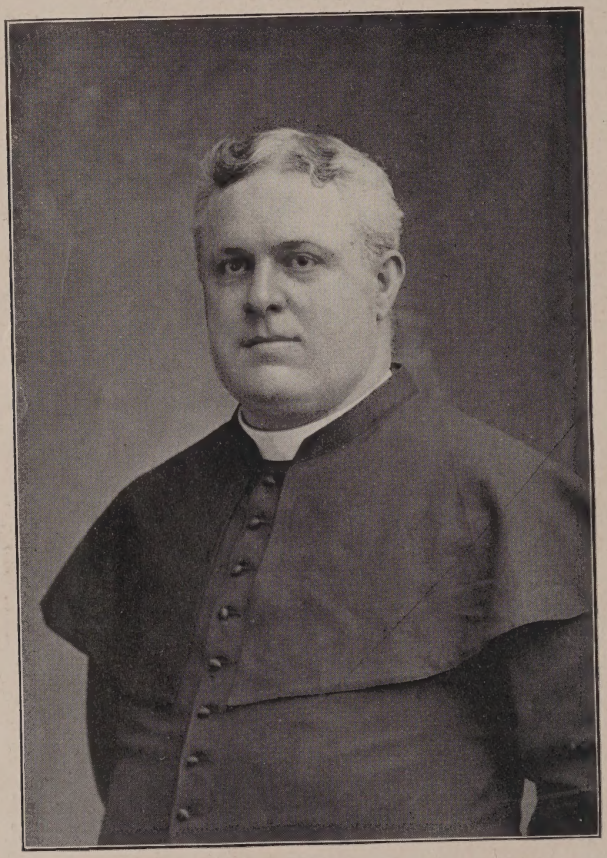


A GROUP OF LONGSHOREMEN AROUND A PENNY COFFEE STAND.

We get some faint notion from the above, of the difficulties of environment against which the longshoremen, and those who are interested in uplifting them, have to contend.

The leech, moral and physical, always fixes on the wound. Wherever there is weakness, there vice makes its strong attacks. If anything is to be done to save this people it must be done at once, and done thoroughly. It must be done by the layman, who can give some time and some little means to go among and work with the longshoremen, himself. The Church is doing its part, and from a religious standpoint, doing it well. Social influences

must be brought to bear. Women, favored with education and means, must go into the homes and meet the wives and daughters of the longshoremen and give them some true ideas of domestic science. Very often poor home management wastes much that the man earns. Lack of knowledge of making and caring for clothing causes a large item of expense. Ignorance of the proper means for making home attractive for husband and children often drives the latter to the street or the saloon to find proper companionship. The clean, tidy, careful wife, thoughtful for home and family, meeting them as they come from work, with a cheery smile and voice, with house clean, and meals ready, can be made one of the greatest factors in improving the condition of the longshoremen. Here is an opportunity for a few zealous, sacrificing, Catholic women to do a truly noble work.



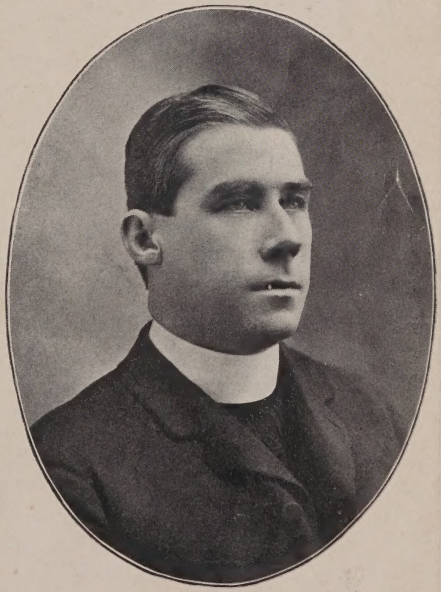
REV. JAMES B. CURRY, PASTOR OF ST. JAMES' CHURCH.

Men, too, can find a place here. The "Exchange or Club" we mentioned before, and which is fully approved by those in charge of the religious needs of the people, can be started by a few laymen, for a few hundred dollars. A

FATHER RAFTER AND HIS BOYS IN THE WORKING BOYS' CLUB.

large loft can be hired cheap, furnished plainly, and made attractive by books, and papers, and magazines, and light and heat, and also a place to get a cup of coffee and a substantial bite, at hours when it is almost impossible to get them at home. This will keep the men from the corners and the saloons, and the stevedores can be influenced to call at the Exchange and not at the saloons when they want men.

Mr. Foster of 32 South Street and Mr. Kennedy of 226 Greenwich Street, both successful stevedores, and men who rose from the ranks of longshoremen, approve unqualifiedly of such a place. Both bear constant testimony to the native honesty and possible betterment of the longshoremen of the worthy class. They themselves, with their successful business, their good homes, and large families, are living proofs that it is possible for the longshoremen to make a fair living and rise to an independent condition and a respectable place in the community.



FATHER O'CONNOR.
Director of Working Girls' Club.

OFFICERS OF THE ST. JAMES' WORKING BOYS' CLUB.

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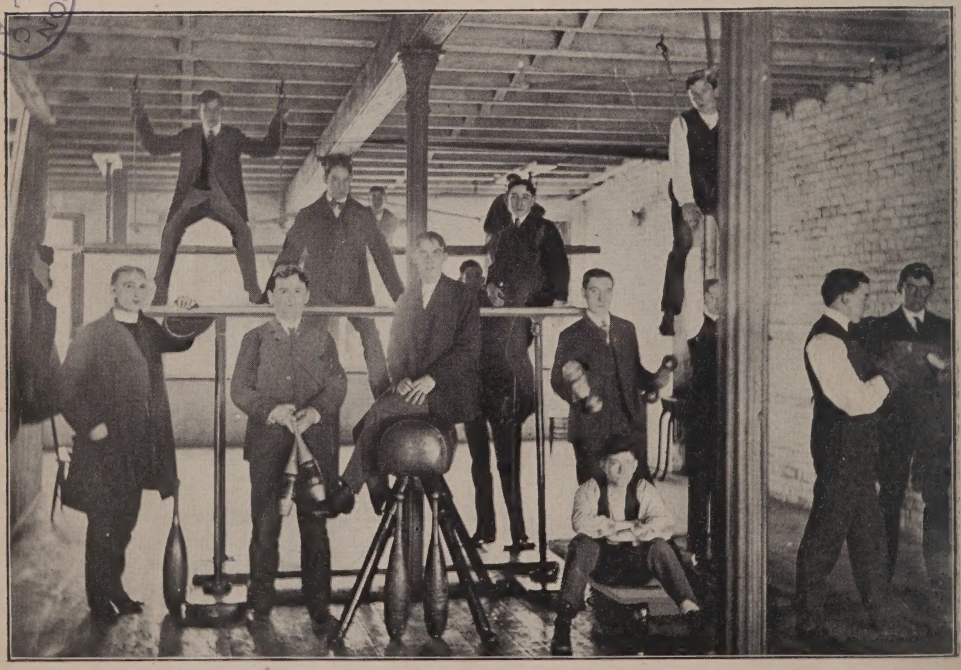


THE SONS OF LONGSHOREMEN IN THE WORKING BOYS' GYMNASIUM.

THE ART OF DANTE.

REV. AUGUSTINE D. MALLEY.

Since the time that Boccaccio lectured on the Divine Comedy in the Duomo of Florence six centuries ago, there have sprung up a host of commentators and students of Dante in every land which owes its civilization to Italy, that there seems to be no excuse for adding one more paper, however slight, to the immense pile. Yet all those who have fallen under the spell of the mighty Florentine understand and forgive. To know Dante is to wish to make a translation of him. It is the confirmed ambition of the profound thinker, and the dream of the youth who has bought his first edition and stops enraptured with the beauty and calm majesty of the first great opening lines,

"Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita,—"

the deep, low, long drawn-out note, that preludes the terrible diapason of the damned.

No poet of any other civilization has a closer or more enthusiastic following. The Dantephiles, to borrow the French name, know and recognize each other, and are eager to comment on and read anything pertaining to the Master. But after the great German commentators, and after such authorities as Moore, Cary, Wright, Pollock, Butler, Plumptre, Vernon, Norton, Lubin, Ozanam, Fraticelli, Lamennais,—and the line will stretch out to the crack of doom—no one can hope to say much that is new or original. Sainte Beuve sums up the whole, eager, proselytising nature of the Dantephiles when he says: "To read Dante, and to read him close at hand, is almost the inevitable desire to make a translation; to enter into the recesses of his genius, and this requires a strong effort, is to conceive the plan of making others enter in also." Some such idea suggests itself to all who write, but even the proudest would hardly dare claim he had "entered into the recesses of Dante's genius," as does this Gallic author.

The reason of this peculiar fascination cannot be analyzed. It is intimately bound up in one's views of God, Man and the World. The Divine Comedy is the Epic of Man, not Italian, French, English, but simply Man. Hence the universal spirits among men, those whose tastes are philosophic and literary, will ever recognize their guide and teacher in Dante Alighieri. His science may seem crude and middle-aged to those who have modern learning, his astronomy absurd to those who know Copernicus, Newton and Galileo; his erudition, vast as it is, may appear heavy, erroneous and obscure to those who have had the benefit of living in an age of critics, but the astronomy, science and erudition of his age, are, in his hands, mighty instruments, by which he came to the knowledge of eternal truths, letting in on this world a flood of searching light which will forever be a consolation to those who ask what God, Man and this World mean.

From the austere cast of his features Dante's contemporaries were wont to say that his was the face of

a man who had seen Hell. Although the phrase is a metaphor, yet it expresses a great truth. With his corporeal eye the "Divine Poet," as the Italians love to call him, had seen invisible, eternal truths, eternalizing themselves in the lives of men and in the course of history. Heaven, Hell and Purgatory were not the dreams of Catholic mystics, but great, eternal verities, which stand steadfast, whatever may be the opinions of men. In the temporary, in the transitory, in the uncertain, his stern vision, with lance-like incision, beheld the eternal, the permanent, the true. This world was to him a mirror in which he beheld only the features of eternity. Man was to him a moral being exercising free will under the eye of a Judge, who punishes and rewards according to works. A deed to him was not merely a physical fact, so much contraction or exertion of muscle, but a spiritual force, whose power penetrated beyond the furthest star or sphere, bearing consequences for all eternity. In his exalted imagination mankind has seen its real value, its real self. The permanent instincts of the heart and soul have been laid bare. Man's mind may vary, sciences may change, newer philosophies please, erudition increase, but the great moral verities, the everlasting principles of right conduct have found their supreme protagonist and lay defender in the mighty poet of Florence. The Vision of Heaven, Hell and Purgatory is an Apocalypse of the universe, and is well worthy of being read with the aid of that inspired light which streams from the Isle of Patmos!

Outside the moral value of the poem, how shall we account for its immense influence over minds of the greatest literary power in all the civilizations which have arisen since Dante's time, epochs differing greatly in religious, ethical and philosophic ideals? The poem itself has proven unattractive to many. After the first curiosity was satisfied by a peep into the Inferno, it has often been thrown aside and neglected. Even such a literary man as Voltaire considered the Vision uncouth, bizarre and barbaric. This opinion has affected many other French writers. Yet Lord Brougham gave it to his son as the best preparation for becoming a great lawyer and statesman. England and Germany have done more for the poet than the other nations. What is the reason of the infatuation and the aversion? The poem no doubt at times proves heavy and rough. It is like some great mountain we would climb. We must not be afraid of the rough paths, nor of the jagged rocks, nor of the cutting brambles, but swinging up from height to height, the traveler will at last be rewarded by the wide stretch of a glorious panorama, and by breathing in the refined airs that refresh the calm of those gods who survey the world from the vantage point of faith and intellect.

But for the critical student who wishes to know the secret of Dante's art, we may say that his whole power lies in his extraordinary power to realize the ideal, and to idealize the real. What does this mean? An artist is a man who is peculiarly sensitive. It is his nature to absorb and make part of himself influences from the past and from the present, from nature and from man, and to give all back to the

world transformed by the activity of his own genius. There are then two elements in his work, the part which he has taken from the world, the real, the objective, and the part which he gives to the world, the subjective, the ideal. A preponderance of either element is a defect. The mere copying of nature, unrelieved by a touch of idealism, is sure to displease men in time. There must be a subtle indwelling of soul in the work, which will ever appeal to the soul of the observer, and thus obtain permanent and Catholic admiration. So, too, a mere detailing of the artist's own conventions, without reference to an outside world, may awaken curiosity for a time, but when men perceive there is no warrant or basis for the work in the life of the world, they turn aside from the artist and his dream, leaving him to solitude or the cult of an èlite. As an aside we might add, that the world at the present time seems to be flooded with books, poems, other works of art, which have no reason for existence but their own intrinsic, subjective side, appealing to nothing that is on this earth, nor in the waters under the earth, which can only awaken curiosity or admiration for a while, but of no permanent value from the lack of the real.

To know the real is the quest of the true artist. To discern truth and distinguish it from false appearances and lying forms is the main object of his existence. His peculiar work, that which makes him artist in addition to philosopher, is his power to clothe this truth in a subjective form of beauty. The untrained may think it easy to behold what is the real. But the faculty of seeing realities is so rare that men call that faculty, genius. Ordinary men look out on this world through their subjective temperaments. They never see what is, but what their own humors prompt them to behold. The cynic can travel the whole world over, but the world from Paris to Benares will only throw back to him the reflection of his own sour visage. He has never seen what is, irrespective of his own prejudices. And so with others. To the optimist the world wags merrily, my masters. But the artist, the seer, is one who has seen a truth, and tells that truth to the world, as it is really existing, and as it appears to him.

For those who seek a master in vision, especially those who cultivate letters, outside the Sacred Books, there is none greater than Dante. To fully appreciate this you must read him in his own tongue, the Italian of the fourteenth century. Translations are not Dante. They are painted corpses. You may say "how life-like," but the soul has fled. However, if this task seems too much (and for an intelligent man it should not be much more than six months with a grammar and dictionary) there is the translation of Cary, the best that we have in English, yet of course wanting in the vivid power of word-painting which is peculiar to the Italian.

However, before we can appreciate him, does he require anything of us? It must be stated that Dante is not the poet of the very young,—but age is not marked off by years. He demands an experienced soul, one that has loved, worked, suffered, yet remains undefeated.

"Nel mezzo del ammin di nostra vita"

he warns us, "in the midst of the jour-

ney of this life," we must have known what middle age teaches. There must be a ripeness of judgment, a world-tired feeling, a yearning for the spiritual, before he can exert any powerful influence on the reader. With such a soul as a disciple, he will make him feel that Heaven, Hell and Purgatory are even now on this earth, and that it only requires the dropping of this cerement of flesh, for the soul of its own self-judged motion to rise or sink in the spiritual world that lies just behind the veil. The meeting of Dante with Virgil is symbolic of the meeting of such a soul with the Poet himself.

"Or se' tu quel Virgilio"

"art thou indeed that Virgil," is the instinctive, the intuitive flash of such a soul that it has at last found one who can unriddle the enigma of existence. And then when Virgil acknowledged that he was "the master of them that know," the poet with calm resignation followed, "allor si mosse ed si gli tenni dietro," "then moved he onward, and I after him did pace," is the attitude of the resigned disciple who is now ready for the triple journey through the realms of the dead.

The boundary line of this world and the next has now been crossed. It is a tremendous undertaking, and a mind of ordinary calibre daring to lift up the veil will make us either laugh at its audacity or weep over its folly. What bolder theme could ever enter into the heart of man to conceive? The sceptic is ready to laugh at the disclosures, and the religious are apprehensive for the counsels of God. But both are stricken by the might of the Poet. The vivid flash of fire that he saw burning this legend over the awful gates,

"Per me si va nella citta dolente,"

"Through me they go into the City woful," is enough to startle the sceptic, and allay the apprehension of the faithful.

Many object to the Inferno because of its terrible punishments. It is needless to say that these are moderns who share the new prevalent philosophy in regard to sin and its consequences. But in this first section of the Vision lies the first secret of Dante's genius, his realistic treatment of the purely ideal and subjective. We forget that the poet is drawing on his imagination, and are made to believe, and receive without question, his description of the punishments. Never are we conscious of Dante's imagination, but read the Hell with shudderings and horror. We forget Dante and see another world. He pays extraordinary attention to details. We see as if a photograph were presented to us. Milton is vague and hazy, with grand, sonorous lines and broad sweeps of description that arouse in us only a vague picture of what he means. But with the Italian you see as if with your corporeal eye, and can note and jot down all the scenes on the road. Dante's imagination is telescopic and microscopic, infinitely broader than Milton, and infinitely more minute. It is only the prejudices and insular vanity of English literateurs that urge them to institute a comparison. There is nothing in common between them but the theme of describing the invisible world. Their powers of mind can in no way be matched, for Dante is in another class. In fact there is no one, ancient or mod-

ern, with whom he can be compared; he is truly unique.

His first characteristic then is an unequaled power of realizing the ideal. Minos horribly grins when a soul is brought before him for judgment. He lashes his tail about him according to the circles the lost soul is to take. The air is mute of every light, "loco d'ogni luce muto," in the dolorous hostelry of the damned, "ospizio doloroso." The hurricane roars like the sea when it is tempest-tost, "mugghia come un mare in tempesta battuto," the verb "mugghia" connoting the hoarse roaring of a bull. In fact nearly every line of the Inferno could be quoted as an instance of realized idealism.

"Quiri sospiri, pianti e alti guai,
Diverse lingue, orribili favelle,
Parole di dalore, accenti di ira."

"Here are sighs and plaints, and wailings deep, strange tongues, outcries and words of pain and wrath," of those whom hope never comforteth, "nulla speranza gli conforta mai."

But as in a composition of some great musical master, after the storm and stress of a burdened orchestral number, the thunderous music ceases and there is heard the soft wailing minor of the violin, so in the beginning of the Inferno, after the violence of the prelude, is heard the pathetic story of Francesca da Rimini, and her ill-omened love for Paolo Malatesta. There is not in any other literature a passage that can equal this in pathos. The work is exquisite. It is the "lacrimae rerum," the tears of things. The artist admires its wonderful literary beauty, the moralist cannot say Dante weakened or palliated the fault of the guilty lovers. All pity the fragility of nature, but reverence the Divine decrees. It is a subject that the devout Christian would not care to handle, but Dante treats it as a master. The hurricane ceases, and the plaintive note is heard.

"Siede la terra dove nata fui
Sulla marina dove il Po discende,
Per aver pace coi sequaci sui."

"The land where I was born sits by the sea, unto whose shore the restless Po descends, to be at peace with all his followers." The spirits are poised in the blast, and the voice of the woman is heard confessing. As Symonds well said, this picture drawn is a Rembrandt. The black background, the distinct lines of the spirits as they stand out, the light and the shadow, the gloom, suggest a painting by the Dutch master. Then the master stroke of the climax when the story is finished, Dante falls in a swoon.

"E caddi, come corpo morto cade,"

while the wretched pair are swept off in the storm, to the sound of weeping!

There is one other passage in the thirtieth Canto which at least equals any of the famed passages of Homer, in which the beauty of contrasts is descried. It is the story of Adam of Brescia, tortured by rage and thirst, and in his mad delirium dreams of the cooling founts of Casentine.

"Li ruscelletti, che-dei verdi colli
Del Casentin discendon guiso in Arno,
facendo i lor canali freddi e molli
Sempre mi stanno innanzi."

"The little brooks that from the green hills of Casentine run down to meet the Arno, making their channels soft and cool, stand ever before me!" A soul in Hell dreaming of water brooks! It would take too long to dwell on the other terrible realisms, the gloomy

landscapes, the monotonous rains of hail, and fire, and blood; the darkness and the glare of flames; the sounds now high and strident, now low and muffled; the sight of so many kings, sages, soldiers, peasants, divided on earth by the artificial barriers of birth, caste and position, now all leveled together and made known each to each as they really are, under the hideous democracy of sin! The task would be too long, so we will hasten to consider the second great secret of his genius, the idealism of the real.

One or two instances will be sufficient for this, and the most attractive is, no doubt, the personality of Beatrice. She was on this earth a gentle maiden, the daughter of Portinari, and died about 1292 A.D. Dante met her first in 1274 A.D. The account of the meeting is given in that strange work, the Vita Nouva, or Youthful Life. That this work may at all be comprehensible, one must carefully study and strive to understand Plato in his Phaedrus and Banquet. Even then some will give it up in despair. To take kindly to these theories is a congenital gift. Some souls are Aristotelian, some Platonic. They rarely understand each other; their logic and methods are at complete variance. Even though Beatrice is a real personage in the Vita Nuova, yet in the poet's imagination she has something of heaven in her that foreshadows the Beatrice of the Paradiso. Dante thus relates the first meeting. "Already nine times since my birth had the heaven of light accomplished its revolution on itself, when there appeared to my eyes the glorious lady of my thoughts who was called Beatrice by many who knew not wherefore she was so called. Since she had existed in this life, the starry heaven had passed over from west to east the twelfth part of a degree so that I beheld her about the beginning of her ninth year, and toward the close of mine. She appeared to me garbed in a most noble color, a modest and becoming red, and girdled and adorned as befitted her youthful age. At that moment, I say truly that the spirit of life which dwells in the most secret chamber of the heart, began to tremble with such violence that it appeared fearfully in the least pulses, and trembling said these words: "Behold a god stranger than I, who has come to rule over me." In more prosaic words, this means that at this time his genius, conscience and character began to develop and the maiden was the occasion. At the age of eighteen, nine years afterwards, he began to manifest to the world his hidden emotions, in a long series of canzoni, sirvente, sonnets, full of poetic fire. He lived partly in this world and partly in the world of Platonic ideals. There was a real life and a mystic life, and it is very hard to distinguish at times which was one and which was the other. However, after the death of Beatrice, and it seems the two only spoke once to each other, a few brief words in this life, she gradually loses her identity and is emerged into the ideal of Divine Science, Revelation, Ardent Love as superior to the slow accumulative reason of man. Yet when she appears to the poet in the other world, she is not a mere abstraction, but has something of this earth about her still. She appears

"sotto verde manto
Vestita di color di fiamma viva."

"in mantle green, and girt about with living light." When Dante hangs his head and dares not look on her, in a pleading, human way, she cries out:

"Guardami ben; ben son, ben son Beatrice;"

"Look at me well! Yes, I am, I am Beatrice!" As if death had not made her a cold abstraction, but had only increased and purified what was most dear in her on this earth. Surely no other poet has succeeded better in idealizing the real.

Another gracious instance is the song of Casella, the "Casella mio," of the Purgatorio. Dante had known Casella on this earth. This gentle singer had sung for him often on this earth the sonnet Dante had composed for Beatrice,

"Amor che nella mente mi ragiona,"

"Love that holds high discourse within my mind." Dante and Virgil had come to the rivers of Purgatory, when they see a bark coming towards them, an angel at the prow with outstretched wings bearing onward, and a hundred disembodied spirits singing the great Psalm, "In exitu Israel de Egypto." Dante stretched out his arms to receive one of them when they came on shore, the poet-singer, Casella, but the shadowy form eludes him. They know each other, and the angelic guide, and the redeemed souls, listen with touching attention while the singer sings the sonnet that Dante loved.

"Amor, che nella mente mi ragiona."

And after the singer had ceased, and had gone with the angel guide, the song still lingers and sings itself.

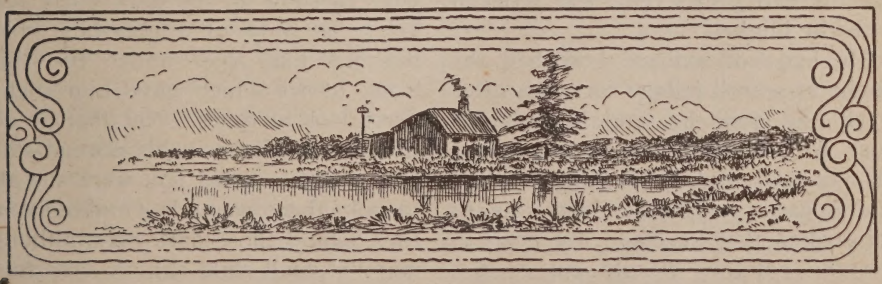
"Che la dolcezza amor dentro mi suona,"

which may be best translated by Wordsworth's

"The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more."

Instances could be enumerated without number, but these will do for tender beauty. They are, of course, well known to the students of Dante, but may serve to incite some to know still further the great soul of the poet. The Divine Comedy is the outpouring of his soul, a soul inflamed by love. Not the love that is symbolized by a mawkish little Cupid, but the love of beauty, the love of virtue, the love of country, the love of humanity, the love of God, the great Love.

"L'Amor che muove il sole e l'altre stelle" the "Love that lit up the sun and all the other stars," in fact what St. Augustine meant when he said, God is Love. The Hell is perverted Love, the Purgatory is Struggling Love, the Paradise, Love made Perfect.



THE LOST CHILD.

BY NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

On a wet November afternoon John Dwyer paced the headland of his six-acre potato-field, his hands in his pockets, his head bent to the rain-storm. A wire-haired Irish terrier trotted patiently beside him, shivering and uncomfortable under the rain: looking up now and again in her master's face with eyes that seemed to sympathize, as though she might be the recipient of all his troubles, while the man went on dogged and unheeding.

And sure it was no wonder at all that he should have the gloom heavy in him today. This black year, a bad one for all the farmers, when the rainfall had been heavier than any year since '68, had weighed doubly heavy on him. He had little capital at his command, and the tide of emigration, flowing steadily on for years, bleeding the country slowly but surely to death, had made labor scarce and dear. With John Dwyer, who could ill-afford in these hard times to keep a couple of men, the work had since the spring lagged behind for want of helping hands. And now his fine field of potatoes, to which he had been looking forward in a great measure to pay his half year's rent, was stricken with the blight.

He had not realized how bad the blight was until today; for week after week had gone by, and he was too busy with other things trying to get his hay safely ricked, his corn threshed and housed; whilst the land was so rainsoaked that he could not hope to get the potatoes cleanly cut of the ground till a dry time should set in. And now, late in the fall of the year, the dry time had not yet come, and John Dwyer looked askance at his blackened potatoe drills, doubting whether it would pay him now to take them out at all, even to feed the pigs.

As he stood there pondering, the dog, which had been so patient hitherto, began to whine and shiver, and to jump up with her muddy paws on her master's knees, as if begging him to return.

"Ay, Sheila, old girl," he said, at last taking notice of her, and turning for home, "we're getting the worst of it out here in the cowld and the rain, you and I. Sorra bit o' good can we do here today, and I suppose we may as well go back the way we came, whether we're wanted at home or no!" he added, with a touch of bitterness.

Sheila only blinked her eyes in answer to this last remark, knowing better perhaps, than to agree with it: and took the homeward way cheerfully enough.

John Dwyer was a big black-looking fellow of about five-and-thirty, with a few little flecks of white beginning to show in his dark curly hair. His eyes were of a grey-blue color, flashing like steel under the thick black brows which gave him such a fierce look at times. Not that he was in the least fierce in his normal state, for as Sheila could tell, were she able to talk, there was a not unkindly nature behind those dark eyes, although many a small child shrank close to its

mother, in hiding, when it happened to encounter their gaze.

But as the neighbors often said, John Dwyer was "a quare-humored soart of man be times, and *dark* (i. e. secretive) more betoken." Perhaps his mother had been to blame for this; for ever since her husband died, leaving the little two-year-old boy behind him, the fond mother had spoiled and petted him, allowing him his own way in everything, whether for good or evil, till the neighbors shook their heads ominously, prophesying all sorts of evil to come of it.

The wonder was, after all, that he had turned out so well, considering his upbringing. Nevertheless, the spoilt boy grew into a spoilt man, pettish, jealous, impatient of the slightest obstacle which came in the pathway of his desires. A little while before his mother died, he had married a pretty, fair-haired gentle creature, who promised from the start to out-do even his mother in the spoiling of him. Mollie Dwyer had not a thought in the world beyond her husband's happiness and comfort, daily denying herself some small delicacy that she might save it for him, who needed it less. If he had a cold, a headache, or the most trifling ailment she nursed and petted and coddled him, till he began to fancy himself ten times worse than he really was. The first pullet's egg in the winter, when days were damp and cold and the hens refused to lay except in the most spasmodic fashion, was jealously laid by for him. The fattest of Mollie's chickens was killed for his dinner, or boiled down to make chicken-jelly for him when his wife took it into her simple head that he 'wasn't lookin' too well at all.' The creamy top of the milk-jug always went first into *his* cup of tea. And John, though not originally a selfish man, soon grew to look on all these little attentions as his natural right and only what was due to him; nor did it strike him as anything to be especially thankful for that he should find all his wishes gratified even before he had had time to give expression to them.

Seven years of happy married life passed by, bringing neither great sorrow nor great joy. They had no children to make or mar their happiness, and neither John nor his wife had any near relatives to divide their affections or come between them. They seemed perfectly content with their loneliness.

But one sunny summer morning, after an anxious night, when John Dwyer had paced up and down his hay-yard from sunset until dawn, or stood listening with beating heart and a troubled face for footsteps of someone coming to look for him, a new little life came into theirs.

He found himself at last in his wife's room, stealing on tip-toe to the bedside, hushed and awe-stricken at this new wonder, and thanking God that she was safe. For, after all, she, with her dear eyes shining with a new happiness and love, was the dearest thing on earth to him, and with a thankful heart he stooped down and kissed the pale sweet face. The little pink bundle lying beside her, which she gazed at so fondly, and so proudly called 'our son,' was a very secondary consideration with him, and at the present moment was more to him an object of alarm than anything else. In all the quiet years of his married life he had never felt the want of a child,

and now that it had come he was not so certain that it gave him any pleasure, though, to be sure, he felt proud in an abstract sort of way to have a son to inherit the farm. But he thought he would rather have had a little daughter; somehow he had looked forward to its being a girl, and now he, who had always been the spoiled darling of his womenkind, felt that this sturdy little member of his own sex might prove something of an interloper.

Not that he felt this all at once. The feeling grew gradually on him, and became more troublesome as the little boy grew strong and insistent about his rights, taking up the greater part of his mother's time and attention, and leaving very little at the disposal of his hitherto all-important father. Certainly kind-heatred Mollie never meant to neglect her husband in the least; but try as she would, she could not overtake everything, and naturally the baby was not the one to suffer. So now it sometimes happened that when John came in from his day's work in the fields, cold and hungry, he found himself for the moment forgotten; no armchair drawn to the fire, no slippers put to warm in the fender for him as of old, no dry warm coat ready to replace the wet one. Perhaps sometimes, as tonight, he would come in unawares, and find the baby lying on his blanket before the fire, his wife bending over it, talking foolish fond baby-talk, while the child crowed and kicked in delight, catching his tiny fingers in her curls and tugging at them.

Tonight poor Mollie jumped up with a guilty feeling, as she turned round suddenly and saw her husband with a frown on his face. She had not thought it was so late, or rather had not expected his return so early. No table set for his supper, nothing put in readiness for him, as if his existence were completely forgotten, and these two perfectly happy without him! Bye-and-bye when he should want to talk to her and tell her all his troubles as of old, he felt she would only give him half her attention. He knew now, no matter how much she sympathized with him or how patiently she heard him, that she had one ear listening all the time for the baby crying in his cot upstairs, and the knowledge irritated him.

As he turned to put on a dry coat, he was filled with a deeper sense of injury when he found nearly all the buttons were missing from it. He cast a reproachful glance at his wife, who was getting the supper ready, while the baby still rolled and kicked on the floor. Then he went to the little wooden box in which Mollie kept her needles and thread, and proceeded to sew on the buttons himself.

"Now, darling," cried Mollie, seeing what he was after, "can't you wait a weeshy bit an' let me do that for you while ye're atin' your supper?"

"Don't you bother your head about me," he answered in a sulky tone, which showed Mollie the deep disgrace into which she had fallen. "It's about time, I daresay, that I took to looking after myself. I'm all right."

Thereupon he took the first needle that came to his hand, which happened to be a darning one, and after many vain efforts succeeded at last in filling it, to Mollie's horror, with *white* thread. Next he unearthed a black button several sizes too small for his

purpose, and proceeded without the aid of a thimble to sew it laboriously on the coat. He put the thread through once, twice, a third time, but now he found that the holes were too small, or the needle too big to draw it through any more, and his further efforts only resulted in the needle sticking half an inch or so into his middle finger. He smothered an imprecation, and looked shamefacedly at his wife.

"Musha, ye poor foolish fellow," cried Mollie, with a laugh which somehow sounded like a sob, as she came and put her arms around him, and wiped away the big drop of blood which oozed from the pierced finger. "I'm beginning to think lately that it's not wan babby I have, but two!"

. . . . .

Three more years had passed, and the Dwyers still lived on at the little farm. Things had gone more prosperously with John Dwyer during those three years. His hay-crop last season had been a heavy one, and he had sold it well. Reports of the failure of the wheat-crop in Russia had sent the price of corn up with a rush, and John Dwyer like a wise man had sent his wheat to market at once, getting the top price for it, instead of waiting like some of his neighbors until prices should be still higher, as was prophesied, and then having to sell it at a reduction after all.

The three years had made very little difference in John's looks, though Mollie had lost her girlish air and had grown stouter and more matronly. The little boy had thriven and flourished and was now a sturdy little man of four, with a head of tiny golden curls, and eyes that were bluer than the bluest forget-me-nots. Of course Mollie adored him, though she had grown wise enough now, and often tried to hide at least some of her affection for her son from her husband's jealous eyes. He on his part was fond enough of the child, too, and proud of him in his own undemonstrative way. Perhaps because he had been so spoilt himself, he didn't believe in spoiling his son. So that the youngster turned instinctively to his mother, as probably all little boys do, in his every trouble and want, and if his soft little child's heart longed sometimes for his father's attention and love, too, he had learned after many lessons that father very often did not want him, and so he wasn't to bother or worry him.

When little Owen was just four years old, there came a time when he felt very sad and lonely—the very loneliest little boy, he thought, that could be in the whole wide world. For his mamma was ill, very ill, he heard the people say, and he must not make a noise nor go near her room, for her head was very bad, and any noise would surely make it worse.

His mother was indeed very ill. She had gone to the gates of death to bring another life into the world, only to have it flicker out after one short hour's feeble glimmering. This time the baby was a girl, and John Dwyer's heart ached over this little dead baby as it had never yearned towards his boy. All the days that Mollie lay fretting in that darkened room, the blinds drawn to keep out the hot August sun, he wandered restlessly to and fro, neglecting his work and forgetting to throw one kind look or word to poor Owny, who was banished from his mother's room. Poor Owny felt lost altogether those days, with

his mother shut away from him, and his father so gloomy and cross; and with no one to talk to except the old woman, who had come in to keep house for them while mother was ill. She was an ugly old woman, and smoked a pipe when she thought no one was looking, and Owny regarded her from a distance with curiosity and a childish awe. Today he felt more desolate than ever. It was now many days since he had seen his mother, and his father, when he saw him, hardly noticed him except to tell him not to make a noise.

Even Sheila was no good to play with these days. She had three little puppies in a potato basket in the barn, sleek fat little brown things that squealed all day, with eyes shut. Owny went in very often to look at them: but Sheila was unaccountably cross these days, too, and growled when he ventured to put his hand near the puppies.

So today he thought he'd go down the Cuckoo-meadow next the wheat field and look for birds' nests. It was long past the time for birds' nests, to be sure, but Owen didn't mind that, and even to find an empty nest would be better than nothing. He went down the pathway to the Cuckoo-meadow, where the couple of cows were grazing, and along the cart road at the side of it, where the carts used to come up laden with hay, and sheaves of corn, or sacks of potatoes, and wheat freshly threshed. There was a green grassy bank, with a thick low hedge on top and along the bank there were quantities of blue corn-flowers growing thickly. Such heaps of them! and so blue, that Owen forgot about the birds' nests, and began to gather a big bunch of them. His mother loved flowers, and often they two together had come down here to gather them, but he had never seen all those blue blossoms until today.

He would gather a great big bunch for her now, and when he got back perhaps his father would let him go to her room to give them to her. Owen's solemn little face brightened and he laughed gleefully at the thought. So he gathered the corn-flowers, and with them the feathery sweet-smelling cluster of tiny yellow blossoms which grew beside them, and which his mother called "Our Lady's bed-straw." Then he pulled some moon daisies and brown grasses, and a big bunch of cow-parsley—mother called it "Our Lady's lace-handkerchief!"—then some St. John's-wort with its shining leaves and yellow blossoms. He did not so much care for the look of this, and after some deliberation threw it contemptuously away.

This brought him as far as the wheat-field gate, and after gazing wistfully for some time through the bars at the golden heads swaying gently in the summer wind, he crept under the gate and got in. He pulled two or three of the golden ears, and put them in his bouquet; then he gathered a few more, and sat down and picked out the golden grain and tasted it. His eyes fell on a group of poppies farther in the corn, and he thought they would look very pretty in his bunch of flowers. He made his way down through the corn till he reached them. Such lovely poppies, Owen thought, and the whole field here was spread with them. He pulled one after another and looked down into the black

heart of each and felt their soft silkiness caressingly with his chubby little fingers. They were just like the red satin ribbons daddy brought mammy home from the fair. Some fell to pieces as he pulled them, but he went on gathering till his little hands could hold no more. Then he began to find himself very hot.

The noon-day August sun was shining pitilessly overhead. The field of wheat, except where Owen stirred it, lay quite still now for want of a little breath of wind. He thought he would go home now, for he felt tired, and this was the hour when, if mother were well, she would be putting him to sleep for a while in the little wooden cot beside her own big bed.

He tried to go back the way he came, but he had made so many twists and turns whilst gathering the poppies that he could not find the way very easily. And the wheat was so high about his ears that he could only catch a glimpse of the distant hedges, and did not know at all where the gate was that he had come in by. After a long time he at last found himself at the hedge. But alas! this was not the hedge he knew at all, and he could not see that tiresome gate anywhere!

Now, if Owen had any sense he would have kept on by the hedges till he found the gate at last, but being only a little boy, and not having any more sense than most little boys of four, he turned back into the wheat to get more quickly to the other side. But the farther he pressed on the slower his progress became. The wheat seemed to grow thicker and taller every step he took, and now lay like a wall before him. His little hands grew tired pressing back the strong stalks; he could hardly lift his little feet any longer, so heavy did they seem. His straw hat, too, had got lost; he could not remember where; he only felt now so hot and sleepy that he could not go a step further. So Owen lay down at last in the wheat, curled one arm under his bare head, blinked his eyes lazily up at the blazing sun, and soon lay sleeping the quiet dreamless sleep of childhood.

. . . . .

That night there was sore trouble in John Dwyer's heart. For Owen had gone out in the forenoon, and no one had seen or heard of him since. For some time his father had taken his disappearance easily, thinking that, childlike, he had wandered off with some of the neighbors' children, and remained with them. But as the hours passed away and night began to fall without bringing any tidings of him, cold fear took hold on John Dwyer's heart. He dared not say anything to Mollie about the boy's disappearance. Once or twice she had asked about him, and he had answered carelessly enough that the boy was all right, believing indeed at the time that he was. But now he went hurriedly from one neighbor's house to another, asking in a strange hoarse voice, that he tried hard to keep steady, if they had seen his little son anywhere. And when nine o'clock came, and brought no word of him, John Dwyer began to be at his wits' end.

He saddled a horse and rode to the village a mile away, vaguely hoping that he might have strayed down there, went to the police station and told the sergeant of his trouble, looked in at any of the shops that were yet open, questioned every one he met, to no

purpose; then rode hastily home again, half-believing that he would find the child safely there before him.

But no! the old woman and the couple of neighbors who had come to enquire and sympathize, had no news of him. John put his horse in the stable and went heavily upstairs to his wife's room.

"Is it you, darling?" she asked wearily. "You've been a long time away, and it's terrible lonesome I was without you. Have you had your supper? And how is my little boy? 'Tis wishing I am I was up and about and able to look after yez again. For I'm onaisy like that ye're not minding yourselves, an' I think ye're not looking too well tonight. I suppose Owen is in bed long ago?"

"Yes, alanna, he is all right," her husband answered, with an aching heart, and a face that flushed guiltily at the lie. "I'll bring him up to see you in the mornin', if ye'll be a good girl and go to sleep now. Sure you must be tired out, and it's nigh eleven o'clock."

"No, darling, I don't feel very tired. But you," she asked, "sure you're not going out again so late?" as she saw him moving towards the door.

"Yes," he answered heavily, "there's something wrong with the bay mare tonight, an' I 'm thinking I'll want to watch her for a while. Now go asleep, and don't bother your poor head about me. I'll come back as soon as I can."

He went out again and began his search anew, vainly seeking around the hay-yard for the twentieth time, and bitterly upbraiding himself for his neglect of the child. He mounted the stairs to the oat-loft and opened the door and called, "Owen, Owen," into the darkness, thinking the child might have climbed up and been locked in by mistake. He went again through each dark stall of the stable, lantern in hand, fearing he might have been hurt by a kick from a horse. Then he went hopelessly out in the fields again, not knowing where to turn. Each dangerous ditch was searched by him over and over again. He looked long and fearfully into the marl hole pond in the corner of the horseshoe field, then turned away shuddering, and went down the very pathway bordered with cornflowers by which Owen had passed that morning.

Once or twice he stopped and listened; he thought he heard a child's voice crying in the darkness. But it was only the soughing night wind, growing louder and gathering as if for a storm. It was hot and sultry, and John Dwyer stood and wiped his brow as he listened again for that sound. But now another sound came, a low peal of thunder vibrating over the eastern hills, followed in a minute by a brilliant flash of lightning and another louder peal.

The black clouds gathering fast and coming quickly towards him warned John that it was time to be returning. He knew from experience that the worst thunderstorms always came from that point in the east over the sea. Not that he was the least afraid for himself; but he knew Mollie would be horribly frightened, and it would not do for him to be away from her just now. He got back not a moment too soon, for as he reached the door a vivid blue flash of fire lit up the whole world, whilst simultaneously a loud peal of thunder crashed almost overhead, ripping and tearing the clouds

and re-echoing with a sound as of artillery over the distant range of hills. Now big rain drops began to fall, and presently the clouds discharged themselves in a downpour over the thirsty land.

He found Mollie sitting up in bed, with a white, terrified face.

"Oh, thank God you're back," she cried, tremulously. "I thought you'd never come, an' I've been so frightened for you and Owen. Is he awake?"

"Now don't be exciting yourself, dear; there's no fear of us, and you've only got to mind yourself, and not catch cowld be sitting up like that, without a shawl or a thing about your shoulders. I knew you'd be afraid, so I came as quickly as I could."

"An' poor little Owen," she said, shuddering as the thunder rolled again and again. "Don't you think you ought to bring him in to me? My poor lamb, he'll be terrified in there by himself."

John did not know what to say.

"Oh! bring him in, bring him in!" she cried again, seeing his hesitation. "It can't be bad for me to have him now, surely."

"Well," he said, "if he is awake I will," and he turned to go, hating himself in his heart for the part he had to play. For a moment he was tempted to tell her the truth. He came back in a few minutes.

"He is fast asleep, dear"—one lie more or less this night did not matter, he told himself—"and it would be a pity to waken him. In any case, I think the worst of it is over now. In the morning," he repeated, with a fervent "Please God" to himself, "I'll bring him in to you, and you can keep him as long as you like."

He sat by the bedside holding his wife's hand and talking to her as cheerfully as his heavy heart would allow him, till at last the storm was over and the rain ceased, and the first faint flush of the summer dawn appeared in the sky. He stood up then and went wearily from the room, saying he must go and look at the sick beast again. As he went down the narrow stairs, he heard something beating and crying at the door below.

"Can it be the child?" he asked himself, with a catch at his heart, and hurried down to open the door, to meet with but another disappointment.

For it was only Sheila, who had torn herself away at last from her puppies. She leapt on him, barking and yelping with noisy excitement.

"Down, Sheila, down!" he cried, irritably.

But the dog ran backwards and forwards, shivering and crying, as she jumped up again insistently, as though begging him to come with her. John Dwyer understood at last, and with a glimmer of hope he followed her.

Out through the farm-yard, across the hay-yard, down again along the rough cart-road he had traversed a few hours before, the dog went, still giving little short yelps of excitement and wagging her tail gladly as she looked back at the man following. She jumped through the red bars of the wheat-field gate, and bounded into the midst of the wheat, leaping madly over the tall cornstalks, now drenched and broken and tossed by the storm. At last she stopped, and John Dwyer following close behind, knew by the quick wagging of her tail, alone visible above the sheafs, that she had found what she looked for.

His eyes fell on something which filled him at once with a fearful joy and dread. Here was his Owen, his own little son, lying cold and drenched amidst the wheat—dead perhaps—a broken crushed little flower like one of the withered blossoms he still held tightly in his wee cold hands.

Dead! Ah no! thank God! The blue eyes opened wearily, swollen and tear-stained, as Sheila's warm little tongue frantically licked the pale face. Not dead, thank God, as the father lifted him in his arms and folded him tenderly to his breast, whilst hot tears of love and joy, of shame and repentance, fell thickly on the little boy's face. John Dwyer thanked God again and again that his little son, this dear precious gift for which he had never really thanked Him before, was spared to him.

Not dead, but very ill poor Owen proved to be. God alone knows what terrors and torture the lost little child had suffered that day and night, when the terrifying storm had come, and the weary little feet and tired brain could no longer try to find the way!

But when he came out of the fever, his mother's arms were round him, and her cool soft cheek lay by his. And his daddy's eyes looked down at him with a love and tenderness that Owen had never seen in them before. From that day on there was no more loving and devoted father in all the country round than John Dwyer proved to be. And Owen, riding gaily on the seat of the mowing machine as his father reaped the corn, or swung high on his shoulder as he went home from work in the evening, was the happiest child in the world.

MEMORIES OF SCHOOL.

BY MARY SCULLIN.

Lingering by the wayside,
Coming home from school,
In the summer sunshine
The hawthorne's shade is cool.
Gathering the primroses
Growing in the lane,—
No others half so sweet
Blossomed on the plain.
Bright the summer sunshine,
Fair the summer flowers;
No shadows came to cloud
Life's happiest hours,
No warning voice to tell
Of future care or pain;
Sounds of merry laughter
Re-echo in the lane.

In the hawthorne tree,
Happy as the red-breast
Simple as the wild-flowers
On the village lea,
Ignorant of worldly cares,
Far away life's pain,—
Oh happy, happy school-days,
They'll never come again!
How I long to linger there,
As in days of old;
And watch the summer sunset
Changing into gold,
With the hawthorne bough to screen me.
But now I wish in vain,
For an ocean lies between me
And that green and shady lane.

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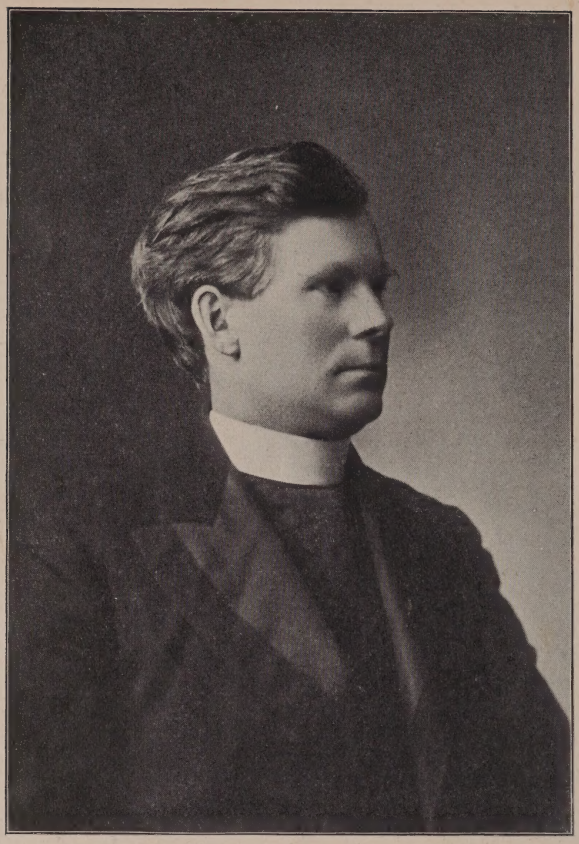
"The morn knows no splendor so radiant as thine,
When breaks from the glad east thy glory divine."

See page 492.



VERY REV. PATRICK R. HEFFRON, D.D.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

Very Rev. Patrick R. Heffron, D.D., is a native of the west, a scholarly gentleman, about forty years of age. He was educated in this country and Europe, being ordained at Montreal, 1884. Taking degrees in a post-graduate course in Rome, he has been a professor since ordination, except during the six years he was pastor of the Cathedral at St. Paul. He is at present rector of the ecclesiastical seminary of the St. Paul archdiocese.

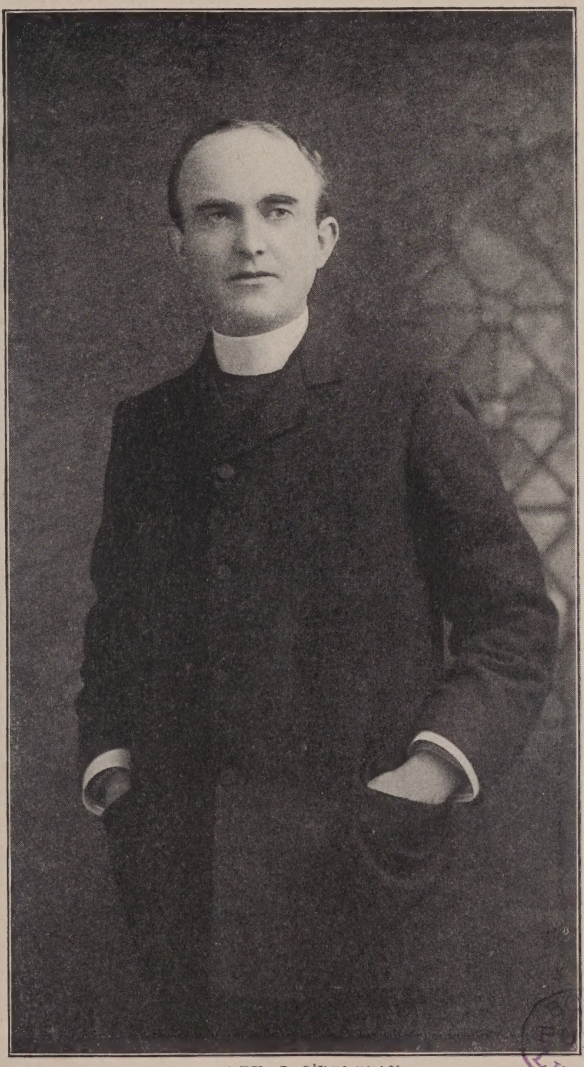
Dr. Heffron has done some work along sociological lines, and became widely known through a paper read at the Catholic Summer School on the subject, "Rural versus Urban Life."

Dr. Heffron has preached and lectured some, but he is of rather a retiring disposition and does not court publicity.

Rev. J. O'Donovan, rector of St. Brendan's Cathedral, Ireland, is achieving great success in his mission to this country in behalf of that noble and utilitarian cause—the Irish industrial revival. This movement, among its other aims, attempts to stem the tide of emigration.

Father O'Donovan is a member of the Irish Agricultural Organization Society.

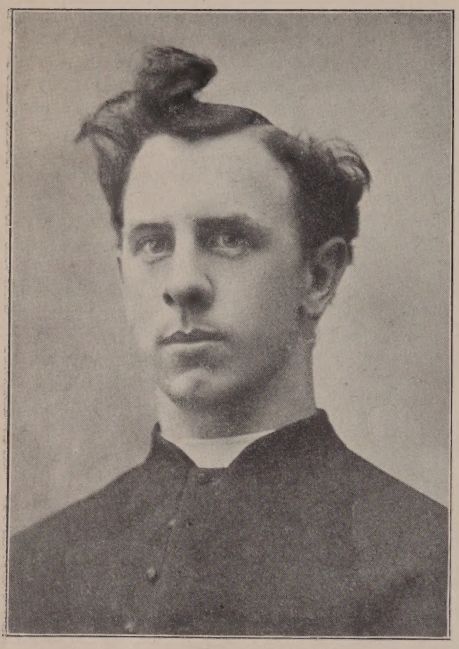
He is secretary of the Art Society, and a member of the governing board of the Gaelic League. He has a good working knowledge, therefore, of every branch of the great Irish revival; he knows its present notable achievements, and has a magnetic faith in its prospects. This young priest, moreover, has a charming presence and address, and an eloquent way of presenting his cause. The Irish revival is a non-partisan movement, enlisting Home Rulers like Messrs. Redmond and Dillon, and Unionists like Horace Plunkett, Catholics and Protestants, warriors and men of peace. But Father O'Donovan himself, as becomes a good Irishman from Galway, is an out-and-out Home Ruler. He has friends in every party, and his introductions and enlistments of sympathy in America cover as great a variety of conditions and affiliations as can well be imagined. He has the cordial approval of the American hierarchy.



REV. J. O'DONOVAN.

"Local societies are being organized throughout the country for certain purposes," says Rev. Fr. O'Donovan, "such as the manufacture of butter on the most scientific principles, the joint purchase of agricultural implements and requirements, the sale of produce, the improvement of live stock, the improvement of methods of tillage, the development of market gardening, the formation of co-operative rural banks, the promotion of lace making, weaving and other rural industries, to occupy the spare time of the women. Some of these societies have been developed and are proving their importance by their results.

"The rebirth of Ireland," he continued, "is artistic as well as agricultural and industrial. Irish art is attracting greater attention. Irish literature is improving in quality, and there has been a marked revival of Celtic literature, as well as English literature, in Ireland. Sculpture, painting, architecture and such industries as lace making, are all feeling the stimulus of improved conditions, and we are hopeful that it will not be long before Ireland will present as fruitful a field for the industry of her sons as any land on earth."



REV. T. F. PRENDERGAST.

REV. J. P. PRENDERGAST.

Rev. John P. Prendergast, assistant pastor of the Sacred Heart church in Kansas City, and Rev. Thomas F. Prendergast, pastor of the Sacred Heart church at Warrensburg, Mo., are twin brothers.

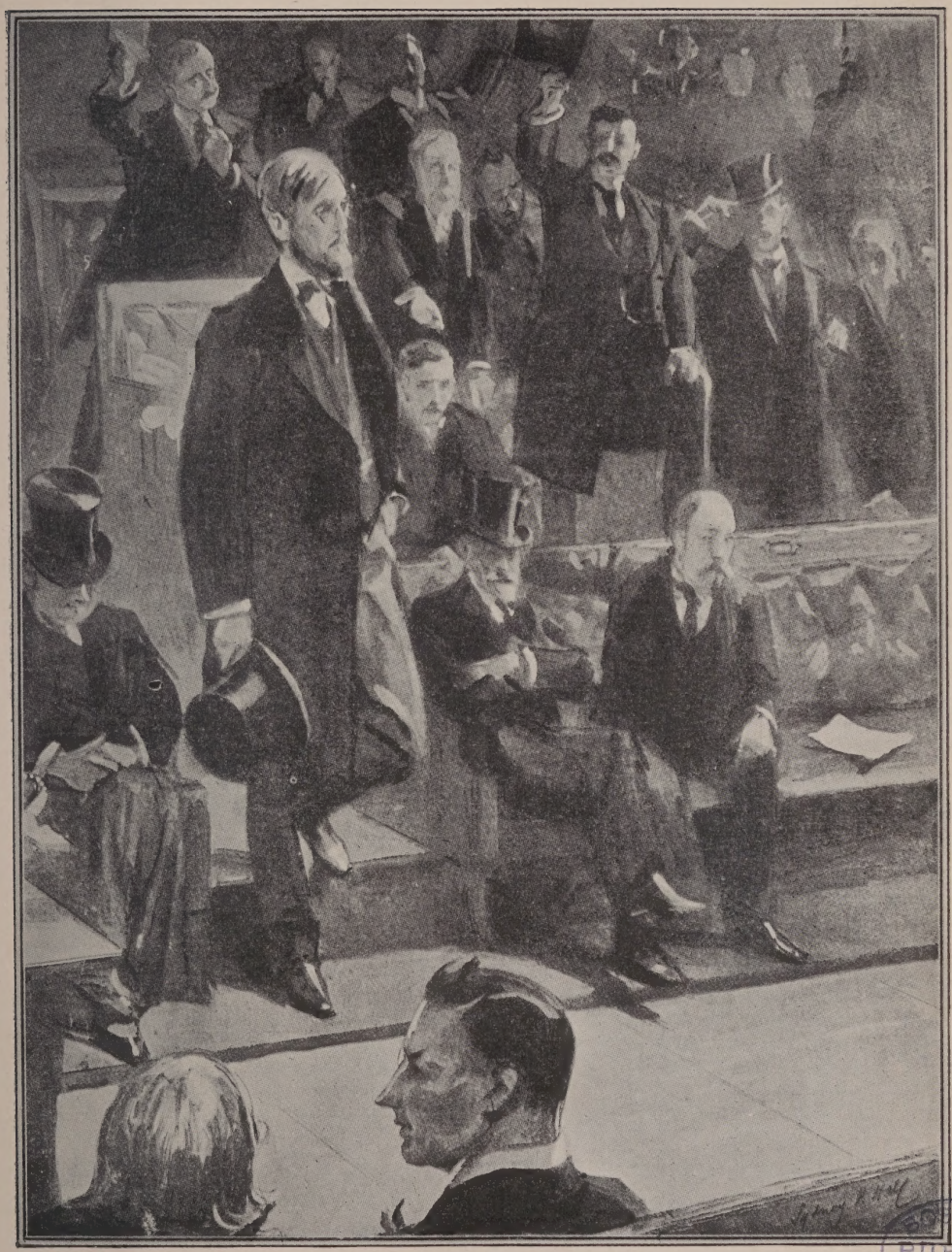
Seven of the nine children in the Prendergast family are priests and nuns making one of the most remarkable instances of religious devotion known in church experience.

The Reverend Fathers Prendergast were born July 26, 1874, in County Tipperary, Ireland. The family is one of the oldest and most prominent in Southern Ireland. There were nine children, of whom the twins are the youngest. One brother is still living at the old homestead, with his parents. Three brothers and three sisters came to America, and seven of the nine have renounced the world.

Rev. William Gregory Prendergast is a priest at Mannington, in the diocese of Wheeling, W. Va. James Prendergast, another brother, entered the Trappist monastery at Mt. Melleray, Ireland. Two sisters entered the Ursuline Community at Toledo, Ohio, one of them, Sister Scholastica, being the Mother Superior of the order there; the other, Sister Theodora, died in February, 1898, at the age of thirty-seven years, after seventeen years in the convent. The third sister, who is known to the world as Sister Benedicta, belongs to the order of Sisters of Charity, of the B. V. M., and is now in charge of the academy at Emmitsburg, Iowa.

Mr. John C. Clair, a popular member of Tremont Council, K. of C., Boston, was elected president of the American Association of Travelling Passenger Agents, at the annual convention held recently in Los Angeles, Cal. The new executive is thoroughly versed in his calling, having spent many years in this particular field of activity.

Mr. Clair is thirty-nine years old, and a native of Canada. He left the St. Albans Academy, St. Albans, Vt., in 1880, to enter the employ of the Central Vermont railroad, and was regularly promoted until 1885, when he resigned to accept the agency of the Cheshire railroad at Bellows Falls, Vt. When the



JOHN DILLON LEAVING THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AFTER EXPRESSING HIS OPINION OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

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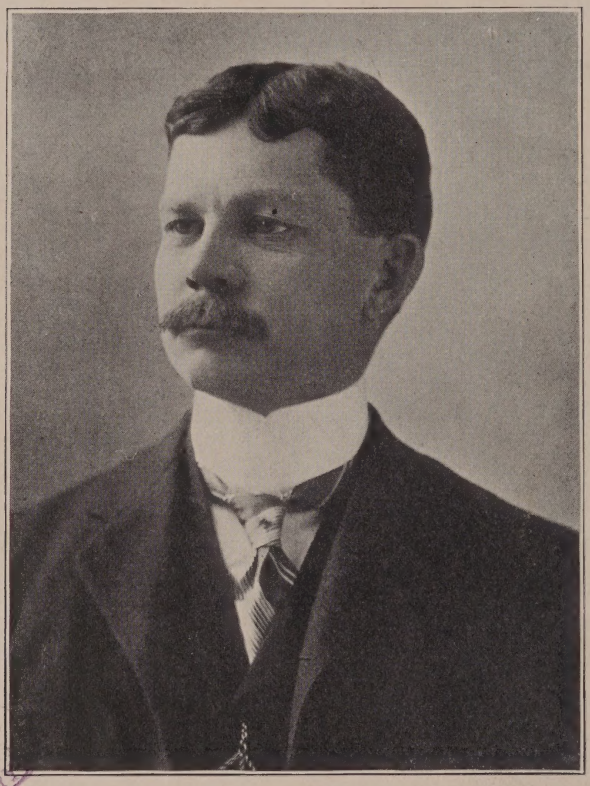
Fitchburg railroad bought the Cheshire road, Mr. Clair was retained in the same position. In 1893 he became a travelling agent for the Illinois Central railroad, and he was given the New England and Canadian territory. Sept. 1, 1897, he was promoted to the office of New England agent, having charge of the freight and passenger traffic in the above mentioned territory.



JOHN C. CLAIR.

In 1895 he joined the American Association of Travelling Passenger Agents and has been closely identified with the association ever since. He was a district deputy of the organization in 1898 and 1899, and last year, at the Denver convention, he was made chairman of the executive committee. He has done a great deal in building up the organization and is regarded everywhere as a very progressive and pleasing passenger and traffic official.

CATHEDRAL WHERE THE HOLY COAT IS KEPT.

"THE HOME OF THE HOLY COAT."

BY RACHEL CAREW.

"Holy Trèves."

"The Second Rome."

"Thirteen hundred years older than Rome."

Such are among the proud distinctions claimed by the ancient city on the Moselle—Trier, in the German tongue—the oldest town in the Kaiser's dominions.

With one's imagination keyed to so remote a past, it is a shock to be caught up by a gilded glass omnibus and dropped at a modern hotel ablaze with electric lights. But in the morning this touch of modernity is forgiven and forgotten, as one takes one's coffee almost in the shadow of the great frowning mass of the Porta Nigra.

Nigh upon seventeen hundred years ago, the Romans piled together the stones of this Block Gate, solid, time-defiant, gigantic, as was their way, till the towers of it rose ninety-three feet, and it spread one hundred and fifteen feet in width. Assailing enemies scarred its broad back with futile attack; early Christians transformed it into two churches, one on top of the

THE MARKET PLACE.

other; in our modern day, though roofless, hollow-eyed and seamed by the fret of sixteen centuries, it is proud and time-defiant as ever.

A shabby little urchin of ten, with bright eyes and an apprehensive manner, beckons us up the entrance steps of this monster gate, and shows us the bones of an "early Roman" lying in an over-spacious stone coffin. The little man rattles off a quaint, guide-bookish description of the same, with one eye on the defunct warrior and the other turned to the upper regions of the tower. Suddenly the cause of his anxiety is revealed.

THE HOLY COAT.

"You young rascal, at that trick again!" comes thundering down from the second gallery.

Our small mentor is evidently turning a sly penny on his own account, and the licensed custodian aloft with a batch of sightseers, powerless to

seize upon the vagabond young interceptor of our fee, can only shake his fist at him in fuming rage. I fear our sympathies are with the bright-eyed little malefactor made so happy with so small a sum. Tréves has been the residence of several Roman emperors; it is crowded with churches and convents; its ground has been soaked with the blood of martyrs; the ashes of saints lie in its catacombs—for all this, the city well deserves its name of Second Romé, though we may doubt part of the inscription on the quaint Red House in the market-place.

"Before Rome, stood Trier
One thousand three hundred year.
To her days of peace,
Be ever increase."

A terrifying thunderbolt is said to have fallen in the market-place a matter of nine hundred years ago, and the pious people of Tréves hastened to protect the spot, by erecting the stone column topped with the cross, which still stands.

There are Roman baths, a fine amphitheatre, an Emperor's palace with its yawning windows paned with blue sky—all planless ruins choked with the waste and growth of centuries—there are many churches and cloisters, filled with precious relics of the past, but the greatest treasure in Tréves, as any street-boy will testify, is the Holy Coat preserved in the cathedral.

It is a brown, seamless garment, believed to have been worn by our Saviour on His way to Calvary, and is called the most precious Christian relic in the world. Authentic history tells of St. Helena bringing this holy garment to Tréves, from Jerusalem, early in the fourth century; since then, it has been shown to the public only on the rarest and most solemn occasions. It was exhibited three times in our nineteenth century, the last date being 1891, when more than two million pilgrims wandered hither for the rare sight. After each exhibit, the alcove in the treasure-chamber where the holy garment hangs, is walled up with solid masonry.

An old guardian of ancient manuscripts, most picturesque in gown, velvet cap, and white hair, told of having seen the Holy Coat twice in his seventy-six years of life. "Ach ja, but my knees trembled and my head spun round when I looked at it! The Lord Jesus' Coat, we common people call it; to you, my high-born lady, it will be known as the Tunica Christi."

This decorative old gentleman knew the power of flattery to augment the amount of a fee. He had under his care, that priceless book, the Codex Aureus, presented to Tréves in 809 by Ada, the sister of Charlemagne. It contains the four gospels wonderfully illuminated. The cover is heavy with wrought gold and jewels, and a cameo of uncommon size represents the family of Constantine.

The Moselle, between Coblenz and Tréves, winds itself in many an eccentric zig-zag, quite regardless of steamboat expenditure of coal, and such craft take two days, with a night's rest between, to accomplish the river's one hundred and fifteen miles of wandering.

The ruined castles and robber strongholds on either bank of the fair Moselle are ornaments which she copied long ago from her kingly neighbor, the Rhine.

THE PRESSING QUESTION OF IRISH EMIGRATION.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

How to stop the tide of emigration steadily flowing from her shores is the problem which faces the friends of Ireland at present. The best and wisest among the leaders of Irish thought and sentiment have declared that the country is doomed if emigration be not stopped, or at least diminished. The Gaelic Revival movement which is doing so much to awaken true Irish patriotism, Irish self-respect and self-reliance, has placed itself over against emigration; and the ablest exponents of the "Gaelic idea" are opposing by every means in their power the annual drain which is sapping the vitality of the Green Isle.

On this side of the Atlantic those who have made something more than a mere superficial study of Irish conditions are agreed that no matter how the Irish Parliamentary leaders may fight the battle of Ireland in the British House of Commons, no matter how the United Irish League in every Irish county may help John Redmond and his followers to win justice from a reluctant British ministry, all these efforts will be brought to naught and rendered utterly useless for the regeneration of the old land unless the people remain at home. Even to those who do not believe in Parliamentary agitation for the righting of Irish wrongs, the gradual depopulation of Ireland by emigration must seem disastrous. As an Irish-American editor recently expressed it: "For physical force or any other kind of force you need men; and the urgent problem in Ireland is to keep the Celtic and Catholic population there."

In Ireland for years emigration has been, as it were, a fever. From the time they arrive at the age of consciousness boys and girls in that country are turning their hearts and their eyes to the lands beyond the seas, whither so many of their kith and kin have flown before them. "He's going to America," a phrase that should have the saddest of all meanings to them, is for the young people of Ireland only the expression of a fondly-cherished hope. In his latest book, "Luke Delmege," Father Sheehan refers to this problem of emigration where he puts into the mouth of one of his characters words to the effect that every letter from America is an invitation for some other young Irish man or woman to leave the old land and seek a hazard of new fortunes in the United States. Australia and Canada also hold out their arms in invitation to the Irish, and the Irish, alas, are leaving behind them, day after day, and year after year, the land for which they profess so much love, and are giving their brawn and brain to the betterment of new countries. It is indeed a gain for the new countries, but what of the old land?

It is no wonder then that Ireland's friends, at home and abroad, are seeking to cure this emigration which, like a wasting disease, is destroying the tissues of the social and national fabric of that country whose vitality has withstood centuries of misrule and oppression. The might of England, the disorders, wars and conquests of seven centuries were powerless to effect the extinction of the Celtic race in

Ireland, but today the people of that race are voluntarily doing the work which England failed to do—they are deserting their country; they are extinguishing their nationality; they are making way for English and Scotch adventurers who are coming in to take their places; they are making way even for the Jews, for the census shows a marked increase in the number of these people even as the Irish emigrate. After the famine of 1847 and the consequent emigration of so many of the Irish people the London *Times* remarked with brutal frankness that "Celts were gone—gone with a vengeance." But the *Times* was mistaken. The Celt remained in Ireland. For the past twenty years, however, the Celt has been hurrying away from the old land in such numbers, that the *Times* may well reprint, and with truth, its old statement. For the Celt has indeed gone—"gone with a vengeance."

It has been said, and doubtless it is true, that many Irish men and women *must* emigrate. There is no other way for them to better their condition. Some classes of the population, we are told by those who pretend to know, are too large for their own good and the economic welfare of the country, and it is therefore better for all concerned that they should leave. The writer will not question the correctness of this view, though to him it seems rather cold-blooded and unsatisfactory, but what is well known is this, that thousands upon thousands of young men and women have left Ireland, and are still leaving it, who would be much better off at home than in any other country on earth. No pressing need to better their condition can be advanced in favor of these emigrants. They have no need whatsoever to leave Ireland; and many, very many of them, after experiencing for a while the hardships to be endured in foreign countries, would gladly go home again were it not for a sense of shame at what they consider their failure to find the fortune they started out to seek. This class of Irish emigrants are simply dazzled by the tales of fortunes to be easily gained in other countries,—in the United States for instance. There is an old proverb current in some parts of Ireland whose truth is soon brought home to their minds very forcibly, namely, that "cows far away wear long horns." It does not take very much experience of America and the conditions that obtain here to teach them that, however it may have been in the past, fortunes do not grow on every bush at present in the United States. The story of some young Irishman from "their own place," who amassed wealth in a comparatively short time in America may have moved many others to follow his example, but they do not take into consideration the innumerable Irishmen with hopes once just as high as theirs who are living today in penury in every American city. They do not understand that "the many fail, the one succeeds."

Far better would it be for them to remain in Ireland, to live humbly, perhaps, but comfortably and quietly amid old-time scenes and friends and neighbors, than to rashly plunge into the whirl of American cities where every condition is harder than in Ireland.

There is another, and, to Catholics, a sadder phase of the emigration question. It seems to be agreed by all who have given any attention to the subject that, despite the proverbially

firm and steadfast faith of the Irish in Ireland a considerable number of those who emigrate fall away from the practice of their religion. In this country distinctively Irish and Catholic names are borne by people who are Protestants or of no religion. This shows that there has been a falling off from the Church on the part of the children of St. Patrick. It may be said that this leakage is small, but small as it is, it certainly exists and every soul is infinitely precious in the eyes of the Church. This is undoubtedly one of the evils of emigration. It is easy to be understood.

Despite the admirable organization of the Catholic Church in this country the newly-arrived immigrant, being usually poor, almost immediately falls in with a class of persons who have been exposed for years to the evil influences of a large city and who are not therefore so well-disposed toward good as the simple people of the Irish country parish whence the immigrant has come. His very virtues of friendliness and sociability become avenues through which temptation reaches him. The result is a gradual loosening of the ties which bind him to religion, and his final loss to the faith of his fathers. Others are affected in other ways. Non-Catholic surroundings prove too much for many. They are influenced by the prevailing attitude of new friends and acquaintances, and soon begin to wonder whether the Catholic religion is so very important after all. This is only the first step toward unbelief.

Others—Irish girls this time—are drawn away from the faith in still another way. Let the writer quote on this phase of the subject the testimony of the Rev. M. F. Shinnors, O.M.I., an Irish priest, who gave in a recent issue of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* some notes of a trip which he made to this country. He says:—

"Since my short tour in America I have been more than ever saddened by the sight of our departing emigrants, for I could not help looking on them as rushing to their own spiritual destruction. How heart-breaking this constant procession of our people to Queenstown and Liverpool for New York, this unceasing stream of the life-blood of a nation that deserves to live, but that day by day comes nearer to death. See that crowd of fine young men full of faith, full of piety, showing in their faces the candor, the honesty, the courage, the hope, the manly purity within their souls. What will they be after a few years amid the corrupting influences of one of America's great cities? Still sadder it is to see our beautiful Irish girls, true children of Mary Immaculate, pictures of sweetness, grace and innocence, hurrying away unconsciously to their ruin both temporal and eternal!

"Much better than we at home can American priests and bishops understand the awful perils that encompass the Irish emigrant in America, and they appeal to us in language the most earnest and the most vehement to keep our people in the old land."

These are strong words of Father Shinnors, and no doubt many will disagree with him. Many indeed have disagreed with him, and have called his statements exaggerated. Be that as it may, I think we all recognize that there is a grain of truth in what he says, and his view of the problem is interesting as showing how earnest-hearted priests look upon this evil of Irish emigration. Father Shinnors

must not be understood as castin
slighting reflection upon the
body of Irish men and women
coming to this country and expo
to every danger, still remain true
the Catholic faith implanted in the
hearts at home. Such as these form,
as Father Shinnors recognizes, in
many an American community the
back-bone of the Catholic church. But
he refers to the many—the too many—
who being unable to withstand the
temptations which their new way of
living and their novel irreligious sur-
roundings forced upon them have de-
parted from the faith of St. Patrick.

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tries.

OUR LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL.

(April 26).

BY AMADEUS.

O, thou, who art by anxious fears perplexed,
Draw near to her who vigil keeps for thee,
And say, with heart by doubting oft-time vexed,
"Dear Lady of Good Counsel, pray for me";
Then wilt thou find the guidance long desired;
Then wilt thou know the joy that others share;
Then wilt thou sing, with fervor love-inspired,
The praise of her who holds thee in her care!

No stranger she to faults of sinful man,
Since for them all her Son paid cruel price;
And waits she not, as but a mother can,
To bless each life with help and good advice?
O, guardian sweet, while words, indeed, are weak
To voice the love my heart bears unto thee,
Still, when thy name my lips no more can speak,
Dear Lady of Good Counsel, pray for me!

LA SEIGNEURESSE.

HADWICK.

g
in-
where
her re-
iting the
were settled,
posited with her
ach one of the in-
e wound up and put
As her life so her death,
nich last appalling phantom she gazed with the calm courage that had met all the difficulties of her journey.

The afternoon sun lay placidly upon the modern utilitarian architecture of the new building from which all traces of bygone picturesqueness had been carefully eliminated by Madame's express orders.

"It is for the present," she had said, "not for the past, to which no living being or his dwelling belongs. I leave that sort of thing to Raoul, who lives content amid a host of inconveniences, and affects to despise modern ideas. For me, I have ever been for progress. The ages learn as they go."

On this tranquil afternoon Madame had ordered all the long French windows of her rooms to be opened wide to admit the balmy air. She lay quietly in her chair. Her once restless hands folded, as one whose work was completed rests at close of day, having earned the privilege of idleness.

"There will be many things no doubt, cherie," she said to her niece and constant attendant, Marie Dumont, who sat knitting at her side, "many things about which they will disagree, my disposal of this house for instance. I have no doubt Raoul will feel himself injured, and people will agree with him and blame me as one who has devoted a large part of the family property to strangers."

"But they will be misjudging me, Marie. This house has been built from my savings, and represents many personal sacrifices. I felt a pride and pleasure in doing without luxuries and what many call amusements, that I might leave this memory of me; that I might not be utterly forgotten in a place where I have done my life-work as best I could."

"Though, I suppose," she went on thoughtfully, stretching out her thin white hands on her lap and looking at them absently, "no human name after all does live longer than a day, forgotten before the first flowers have time to bloom above us, and this is just as it should be. Have I not always upheld the rights of the present?"

"Oh, dear aunt, your beloved name."

"My name, dear," said her aunt, "will be as the names of all others who have lived and died. People will at most say now and again, 'That house there, oh, yes it was built as a retreat for women weary with the terrible struggle against genteel poverty, built by an old lady who used to live here long, long ago, Madame—oh, I can't recall the name.'"

"That will be indeed a distant day," murmured gentle commonplace Marie,

who had never in the least unde
the strong self-contained nature
at last giving way.

"More or less, dear, it doesn't
ter. But I have loved my people h
oh, yes indeed, and I have worked f
them. God knows that; yes it was a
all times a labor of love."

"I remember the evening your
Uncle Victor and I came home here,"
she went on musingly, "things grow
so strangely distinct now, trifles long
forgotten throng in on me. It is often
the case, I have heard, at the last."

"You know there had been no ro-
mance about our wedding, dear; we
were not a romantic family. Mother
called me in one day, from the garden
where old Manon and I were gather-
ing raspberries for the jam, to the hall
where she and papa were sitting on the
big chintz sofa, reading a letter. Papa
smiled at me and told me that M. Vic-
tor Dumont had written, asking my
hand, and would call that afternoon
to hear my answer."

"Go, Marie," said the poor mamma,
"take off that dress and put on your
barege."

"Victor will stay to supper," said
my father. "You will prepare—"

"Certainly," said my mother im-
portantly. "No, I shall not need thee,
ma fille," following me to the stair-
case and placing her hand on mine as
I stood at its foot. "Put on thy blue
ribbons, cherie," and she stooped and
kissed me. Poor mother, poor mother,
so long, long gone.

"And you liked M. Victor?" Marie
ventured to ask.

"Ah well, no one asked me whether
or no; stranger still, I never asked my-
self. I think I was gratified at the
honor done me, for it was in its way
an honor. I had no heritage, no

He c
able wi
mother ha
was becomin

"Later I wa
yes, he would fret a
home for a few days, a
over to get me, saying ev
went wrong when I was away, h
self most of all.

"Well on that day I put on my white
barege, and braided my hair very neat-
ly, and tied my little neck frill with my
new blue ribbon. Et voila, I went
down with mother and made my
courtesy to Victor, and sat on the edge
of a chair. And it was settled, and
my place was next to his at supper and
I dutifully passed him cakes and
berries and was much pleased when he
praised the cakes as of my own mak-
ing and the berries as of my growing.

"We were married two months
later; on a fine summer day, and came
home to the manor here,—I mean of
course the old house,—one beautiful
bright evening.

"Marie, dear, you cannot imagine
my discouragement when I looked out
of the carriage as we drove along.
Such a neglected, poverty-stricken, un-
developed village I had never seen;
ricketty buildings, broken fences, and
untilled fields! And roads! believe
me I thought we should never reach

eigneuresse.

the end. But oh! what a tre-
us, almost vain, undertaking ap-
l the building of a new church,
little more worthy of God. Yet
it stands," said Madame a faint
h creeping into her pallid face as
e pointed to a glittering steeple
among the trees, "and will stand there,
please God, for the descendants of our
habitants, until many generations. A
solemn thing, Marie, the thought of
that distant day when it too shall be in
ruins and the names of its builders for-
gotten.

"The dear church! I remember when each of my babies came and Victor would go forth solemnly to the baptism, he marching along with the poor little mite and the nurse, and the members of the family following. Yes, I used to make some one pull aside my curtains and lift me up to see them as they entered the church. I remember my heart would be filled with gratitude and joy. Later came sorrow and tears, for there were many deaths, many little graves; of the eight children but three were left, not many, alas!

"Strange how much nearer these dear dead children seem now than the living who lead their own lives so far removed from mine. Ah well, God knows best.

"Time for my medicine? certainly, dear, though I consider it a purely useless formality. What do a few days more or less matter? But, as you say, it is one's duty to take care of one's self," Madame smiled humorously. "I feel in these last days very much as I have often felt at a station when about to go away on a train, that the parting were better over. One's things are packed, one's hands are idle, there is

nothing left but waiting. But it m
be when God wills, soon or late

"I was going to tell you there
while ago, of the dreadful experience
we had during the last cholera, in '49,
was it not? One of our families
brought it back from town and it
spread so rapidly, that it seemed at
times as if we should have nothing
left but graves. You see there was no
chance of isolation; when one member
of a family took it all were exposed
and few escaped. Some of the poor
little homes were empty after a few
days. It used to make my heart bleed
to see the blank staring windows where
the cheerful firelight used to glisten.
It was heart-rending. Work as I
could, and even with the help of so
many good, kind helpers (your dear
mother was one of my noblest allies)
we were practically helpless, and
dreaded the accounts each morning
furnished.

"So I prayed, literally besieged
God for guidance, and one evening as
I walked sadly homeward my eyes fell
on our great barn, newly built and al-
most empty.

"Could it not easily be transformed
into a hospital? Alas! it was close to
our home, close, close, and there were
four little children there who might
in turn fall victims. But a voice
seemed to say to me, 'Trust in Me,
have no fear.'

"So I went to the library where Vic-
tor sat reading, and broached the sub-
ject without delay. 'The cholera in-
creases, dear husband,' I said earnest-
ly."

"Alas, yes," he said shutting his
book.

"It will ravage our poor village," I
urged, "unless a hospital can be man-
aged at once."

our
we a
me hav
Isolation
this crisis, a
building."

"It is true," he
our barn so near our
the children, Louise."

"I have thought, Victor.
case the cholera will enter our hou
as well as the houses of others, unless
it is checked now. I am pleading for
my children as well as for others. We
must try every means and this is the
only one really apparent to me."

Victor started from his chair and
began a hurried march up and down
the corridor, but he said nothing until
quite late that night. I was making
bandages at a table when he came and
stood beside me. "I suppose we must,
Louise," he said sadly, and his face
looked so drawn and white that I
pitied him, oh so much.

"I fear so, dear," I answered, "they
have no one else to look to."

So we established a cholera hos-
pital under our windows. The chil-
dren were moved to the far end of the
house and carefully guarded against
any danger, being left entirely in the
charge of a faithful old nurse,
Zephyrine, long since dead.

Resolved to give all possible atten-
tion to the sufferers I occupied that
small room on the ground floor at the

[redacted]

God has recompensed
ago, my poor husband. We
soon be talking over these memories, in Heaven, together. For these are the recollections which smooth the path to death. And now, Marie dear, it must be near the Cure's hour. Is it not?"

"He has just left the presbytery, dear aunt."

"Ah that is well. There is something I wanted to say to him this evening, lest I should be gone before tomorrow. No, don't look grieved, Marie. Life is uncertain for any one of us. Now you shall go out and get some air after all these retrospections of mine. I forget you are young and beginning life, while I am ending it. Put on your little shawl, it is getting chilly."

"Ah, bon soir, M. le Cure, you bring happiness, you, the messenger of Heaven. There is something I want you to say for me on Sunday. But first the picture, have you seen the artist?"

"I have indeed, dear lady, and he has undertaken to restore it to our perfect satisfaction."

"Ah that is well, very well. For
I have a whimsical thought that I
may be looking on St. Louis himself—
(do you realize that, mon Pere)—before the paint is dry on his image here below in this other world."

"Is there anything else to be thought of? I feel strong tonight and want to work up to the last, M. le Cure, a little bit of the old vanity."

"Dear lady, you have so settled affairs that I can say there is nothing else, all is peace and happiness here, subject always of course to the usual human changes."

"There I cannot help my habitants," said Madame, with a melancholy smile. "Which one of us is exempt from sorrow, suffering, death? Now, dear Father, I want to give you my last message for these children of mine.

"You will say to them tomorrow at all the Masses that Madame La Seigneuresse approaches the end; that she sits here now awaiting the opening of the gate into the land where she hopes they will meet her bye and bye; that, at the moment when her soul shall go forth, the bell on the church shall toll to summon her people, and that she begs all those who can, old and young, even the children, to kneel here at her window and pray with her for her soul's release; that, if distant, they shall leave their work for a moment and supplicate God's pardon for her sins and God's mercy on her soul. It is a mother's request to her children."

"That is my last concern in this world, dear friend," said Madame La Seigneuresse, laying her head back on the cushion. "You will not fail to give my people my message."

"It shall be given indeed," said the priest huskily. "Alas! poor people."

The

The sun going down behind
pine trees, behind the grand
church, gilding the roofs of the c
lege, the parish school, the orphanag
shining with a mellow quiet splendo
as if revealing in a splendid panorama
these bounties of the dying woman, to
commemorate her last moments on this
earthly stage, shining last of all on
the ruined church near the murmur-
ing sullen-voiced rapids where the row
of little graves is scarce visible among
the tangled growth of years! What
better time for that warning bell, what
more glorious season for the departure
of this woman's soul?

They have heard it everywhere, her
loving habitants, far away even in the
distant meadows, where the men leave
their work to run in the direction of
the chateau, in the cottages where the
women snatch their sleeping babies
from quaint old world bercettes that
they too may receive the blessing of
their dying Seigneuresse.

All at once as it seems the wide
lawn is crowded with people sobbing

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"M
looks
presenc
age at th
loves you an
you before the
down, my childr
you to take from her
blessing."

The people dropped upon
knees, the women holding up the
little ones for a glimpse of a face so
soon to be seen no more.

Slowly the thin white hand was
raised, wavered a moment above them,
then fell listlessly into her lap. Thus
blessing her people the spirit of
Madame La Seigneuresse passed.

THE ETERNAL CONFLICT.

BY BERTRAM SHADWELL.

God set his stamp on Murder's brow,
A red, enduring stain;
And Satan wove a laurel crown,
And hid the brand of Cain:

God gave to Sin a hideous shape,
Revolting to the eye;
But Satan sewed him silken robes
Of sleek hypocrisy.

MARIE.

DE MENARD.

ev'ry voice sings thy praise;
other the anthem we raise.

silence no sound can reclaim,
its stillness is echoed thy name.

rn knows no splendor so radiant as thine,
hen breaks from the glad east thy glory divine.

The wind that bends humbly each proud forest tree,
With voice of devotion sing sweetly of thee.

The snow freshly fallen from heaven's far height,
Scarce matches in chasteness thy soul's virgin white.

The sea vast and awful with fierce tempests tost,
Gives thanks for thy mercy that rescues the lost.

The earth that each season grows fruitful and fair,
Reflects in its bounty thy clemency rare.

The flocks wand'ring wide on the meadows' green sod.
Bless thee who protected the pure Lamb of God.

All nature adoring with angels above,
Pays daily its tribute of infinite love.

And man, king of earth, tho' unworthy the name,
Let him first of all chant thy glory and fame.

MOSTLY QUESTIONS.

BY M. B. O'SULLIVAN.

A reprimand, rather unsparingly administered to a certain congregation, was the subject of much comment among the parishioners as they wended their way home after Mass. One man's voice rose sharply in a resentful "It's easy for him to talk!" and immediately a woman, anxious to excuse and conciliate, replied "Sure, dear, he didn't know himself what he was talking about." The intonation of the speaker's voice was delightfully soothing, free from the slightest suspicion of disrespect, and yet had a convincing quality. The fragment of conversation lingered in my memory, and in some unaccountable way repeated itself when I read the report of a recent meeting in the interests of the Federation of Catholic Societies at which one speaker asserted:

> We need a press, too, that will look after our cause and care for Catholics in the Philippines, in Cuba and Porto Rico; a press that will be the defender of our rights and justice. We want an organ supported by all Catholics in New England and that will be our champion on all occasions.

The man who earnestly proclaimed this need is one whose name stands for progress, for noble activity in every movement conducive to the welfare of his fellow-beings, and for magnetism of manner and individual influence of almost limitless degree. The fact that he made such an assertion demands for it the earnest consideration of every Catholic editor. Of course he knew his theme. And yet that soothing voice! It is so insistent! Can it be possible that the speaker was mistaken? The question starts a train of thought that must find expression.

Do we need such a press? Have we a slothful, indifferent service now from our Catholic editors? Are they to blame, or is the Catholic public to blame that our co-religionists in the Philippines, in Cuba, and in Porto Rico have not had justice done to them? What of the great inert number too indolent to be interested in issues that they consider remote? who will not read Catholic publications? who will not support them? What of the present Catholic press? Is it inadequate? Questions crowd upon me, but in view of the speaker's plea for a powerful press the last is the most pertinent of all, and must be answered first. A glance at the exchange table reveals an array of Catholic publications, weekly and monthly, and every one represents a degree of conscientious effort for which its editor will never get credit this side of Heaven. It is safe to say that in the pages of these papers and magazines much Catholic talent has been given to the world, much Catholic enterprise put forth. To the extent of their power they have guarded and conserved Catholic interests, and exceptional indeed is the Catholic editor who has slept at his post when alertness and zeal would serve the cause.

The mass of authoritative information on Catholic affairs in the Philippines, Cuba and Porto Rico, collected and published by Catholic editors—at what cost to themselves will never be known—is overwhelming proof that the peoples of these countries have

devoted champions in the Catholic press. An occasion has never arisen where Catholic rights were menaced that the Catholic press has not made itself heard demanding justice to its co-religionists. We have then a zealous press; and there is no section of the United States that does not feel its vibrations. But what does it lack? A far-reaching, dominating control of affairs that it can never assume under existing conditions. How shall it gain in strength? How expand? Shall we federate the numerous publications, merging them into one mammoth thing that shall be heard all over the world? Or shall we add one more? Perhaps the federation idea is the more practicable. Granted a federated press how shall it secure the results expected from it? Through the expenditure of money, is the sordid, but alas! truthful answer. Without money all the work and enthusiasm in the world won't make a great Catholic press. There must be money to maintain an outpost in every spot where Catholic interests need protection (and where do they not need protection?).

Now where is this money to come from? From the great Catholic body? Let us see what they are doing now in a minor way, and we can then predicate the support they will give to a movement of magnitude. It must be borne in mind—with regret I say it—that there are many Catholics, a legion of them, who are more interested in a personal in a penny daily telling who led the grand march, poured tea, or engaged in ping-pong, than they are in news of the Church in the Philippines or other foreign parts. To be perfectly frank, such people are not much interested in their own parish church, and enter its doors once a week from the force of habit rather than through a devotional impulse. And yet their support must be counted upon, and for their benefit the great Utopian Catholic press must maintain a social column—which will be vehemently opposed by the serious-minded readers. But this is a trivial thought.

Then there is another class to be considered, the "Highly Cultured." They are the Catholics, who are not only indifferent to, but inclined to despise Catholic movements. They have no faith in Catholic instruction, patronize anti-Catholic educational institutions, and "never read Catholic papers. There's nothing in them!" How are these to be won over? What will their support amount to?

Will the Federation of Catholic societies be sufficiently powerful to secure the unanimous support of those classes, or must it fall back on the noble element that always upheld the Catholic press and gave of its best to every Catholic movement? Here a vagrant thought strays in.

Supposing a new Catholic press to owe its origin to the Federation movement one will naturally conclude that the majority of its readers will be men. Now, how many average men really read? How many of them could stand an examination on the contents of the daily they patronize? Watch a business man read a paper. He skims the contents, takes in the head-lines, crushes it into his pocket, or throws it on the seat of the car, and rushes out under the impression that he is posted on current events. It has been said —and not by a woman—that the time is not far distant when the busy man will reply to enquiries relative to issues of the day: "I must ask my wife (or

mother or sister, as the case may be). "I really haven't time to read. She keeps me in touch with the press."

Of course a large reading element from the various literary clubs and reading rooms of the Catholic societies can be relied upon for solid support of a potential Catholic press. No one is skeptical enough to doubt the existence of such an element. Where there are reading rooms there must be readers, but on one occasion when a woman was permitted an inside glance she noted that the billiard rooms, bowling alleys, and gymnasium were aglow with light and life, and in the library —the lights were turned down.

There is perhaps a greater need than for such a press as was called for by the speaker at the Federation meeting. It is a fuller appreciation of what is being done already by Catholic editors and publishers. There is urgent need of an appreciative Catholic public. And this need must be supplied before a great Catholic press can be established. How often do we hear Catholics exploit and advertise the contents of the secular press, while they speak of their own publications as objects of charity "to be helped along." Some of the best work done in the publishing world in recent years has been done by the Catholic publishers. No issue of importance has been neglected by them, and if they received half of the Catholic support now going to the maintenance of secular publications there would be no limit to the good they could bring to pass. We are given to praising overmuch what appears in the big secular monthlies, to exclaiming with delight when a secular daily gives a paragraph to Catholic affairs, and to extolling the liberality of the paper that concondescends to speak well of Catholics. We must get over this snobbishness before we can hope to advance perceptibly.

Why should not what Catholics say about Catholics carry as much weight as what Protestants have to say about them? Are we less intelligent, less capable of judging? Are our Catholic writers and thinkers of inferior mental calibre?

The new movement is welcome. There is much work for it to do, and none more arduous than the forming of a great, appreciative Catholic reading public from which will come the means to maintain the ideal Catholic press.

THE SPARROW'S FLIGHT.

BY DANIEL J. DONAHOE.

Spake the Saxon of old
When of the Christ he was told,—
"Out of the wintry night
Into the warmth and the light;
Out of the light again
Thus, as the sparrow flies,
Man is born and dies.

Naught he knows of the whence,
Naught he knows of the hence;
Only from dark till dark
Life's but a moment's spark;
Only from death to death,
Life's but a fleeting breath."
Thus the Saxon of old
When of the Christ he was told.

Ah! 'twas a bitter faith,
This that spake but of death.
Well did the king in his hall
Banish the wormwood and gall,
A sweeter faith for his land.

Better it were to say
Life is a splendid day;
A blessing, a boon, a hope,
A star in the azure cope;
A hastening and a quest;
A toiling without rest;
A victory fought and won
From rise to set of sun;
A rose with odors rare
Enjoying the noon-tide air;
The passing of a soul
From God to God, her goal;
A spark of love from his breast,
Flying from east to west;
A wave from his infinite sea
Back to infinity.

Life is more than a breath,
More, for there is no death;
We are too blind to see
The wondrous truths that be;
And the pallor and chill and change
Seem to us sad and strange,
And the silences of night
Fill our hearts with affright.

But we tremble with living hope
Soon as the flower-buds ope;
We feel we are safe with God
When the fern curls from the sod;
And we know that heavenly gleams
Are the life of our thoughts and dreams;
From a sea unto a sea,—
We are part of eternity.

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JOAN OF ARC.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Her eyes were as the ocean gray,
  And dark as hyacinths her hair,
No moonlit blossoms of the May
  With her mailed bosom might compare.
There are no Maidens anywhere,
  There have not been, there shall not be,
So brave, so gentle, frank, and fair
                As She!

The honor of a loyal boy,
  The prowess of a paladin,
And maiden-mirth, the soul of joy,
  Abode her happy heart within.
From doubt, from fear, from shame, from sin,
  As God's own Angels was she free,
Old worlds shall end, and new begin
                To be

Ere any come like her who fought
  For France, for freedom, for the King
Who counsel of redemption brought
  Whence even the warrior-angel's wing
Might weary sore in voyaging;
  Who heard the Voices cry, "Be free!"
Such flower no later human spring
                Shall see!

* * * * * *

Saints Catherine, Michael, Margaret,
  Who sowed the seed that Thou must reap,
If eyes of Angels may be wet,
  If Saints in Heaven have leave to weep,
In Paradise a pain they keep,
  Maiden! an awful memory,
A sorrow that can never sleep
                For Thee!

DR. HYDE AS HANRAHAN INTERRUPTS THE DANCERS IN "THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE."

THE CONSPIRACY TO TURN OUT THE INTRUDING BARD.
(Miss Sullivan, daughter of T. D. Sullivan, Mr. Teig O'Donahue and Miss Donovan.)

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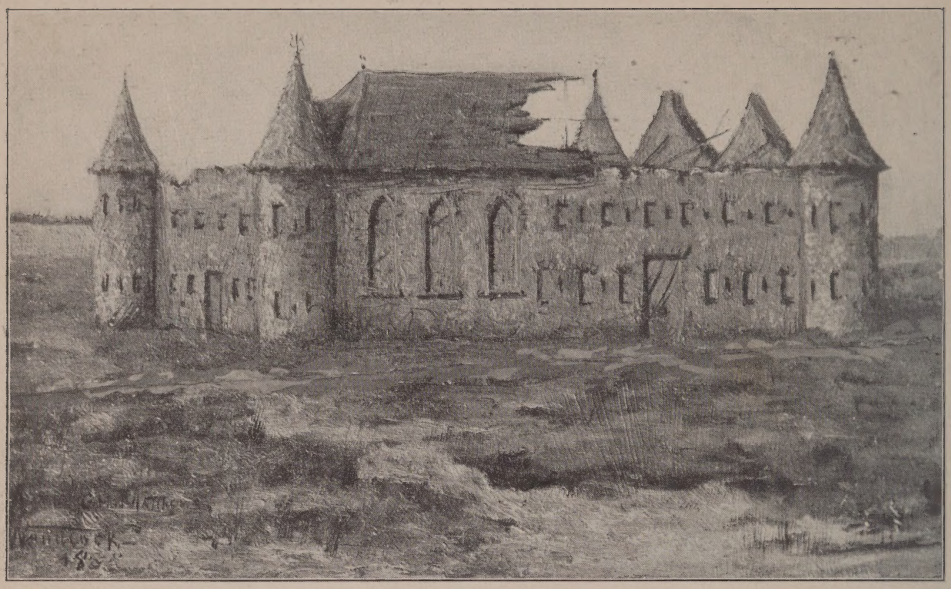
SCENES FROM DR. HYDE'S PLAY IN IRISH (THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE), ACTED IN THE GAIETY, DUBLIN.



CHATEAU DE LONGUEUIL.

BUILT 1642, BURNED 1792, PAINTED FROM A SKETCH TAKEN IN 1793.

THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE BARON DE LONGUEUIL.

SOME NOBLES, KNIGHTS AND SEIGNEURS OF NEW FRANCE.

BY F. G. F. DE FRONSAC.

When the great king, Louis XIV, founded the Seigneurial Order of Canada in 1663, before he instituted the Royal and Military Order of St. Louis, he laid in Canada the base of a social structure which has existed to the present day.

SECOND BARON DE LONGUEUIL, Governor of Three Rivers, 1745.

This seigneurial order flourished also in Louisiana, having being carried there, by permission of the same gracious sovereign, by that noted trio, Iberville, Bienville and Chateauguay. It remained there until crushed by Spanish severity after Louisiana passed to Spain in 1763, and was extinguished finally in everything but the memory of a noble past when Louisiana was transferred to the United States in 1803.

The land on both sides of the St. Lawrence, from below Quebec to one hundred and fifty miles above Montreal, was divided into seigneuries

and bestowed with right of hereditary succession on the families of valiant military officers, children of the nobility, and great explorers, to hold in military tenure that this class or order might be able to keep the country, to guard and foster the interests of France against every foe. Each seigneur, by investiture of the king through his highest representative in Canada, was made a noble, with the territorial title of Seigneur, or Sieur, and, if he proved himself more worthy yet, was invested with the purely personal designation of Chevalier, which in some cases was made hereditary, and in others was elevated further into baron, vicomte, comte and marquis. The title of duke,* the highest in France, was never conferred on a provincial, because it was a senatorial rank that necessitated living at the capital during the holding of court. It was never the policy of France, as it is the policy of England, to give titles to eminent provincials with honors only at the capital. France, with a wiser generosity and a more liberal mind foresaw that if honors were granted to the Colony, to be enjoyed only at Versailles, Canada would lose her best and most prosperous citizens. England, anxious to reap pecuniary advantages and to exploit the Colonies, hastens to bestow hereditary honors on only the vulgar rich and reserves these honors for their English residence. By this means the titled rich men of Canada are drawn to London, and the use of their wealth is lost to Canada and gained to the Metropolis, a foolish policy in imitation of the Imperial Roman, when senators residing at Rome, spent there the wealth of the provinces they owned as private es-

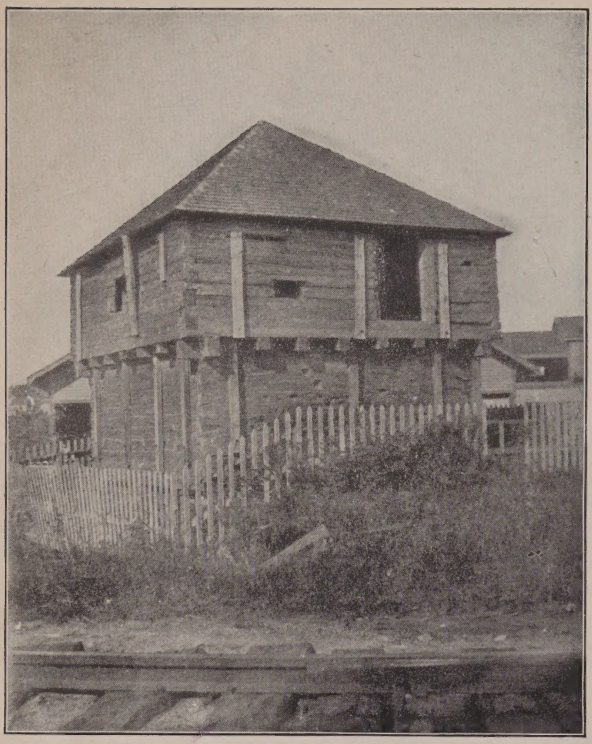
THE CHEVALIER D. H. DE BEAUJEU.

Canadian (French) Commandant who defeated Gen. Braddock (English) and his regulars and colonials at Ft. Duquesne (Pittsburgh, Pa.), in 1754.

COL. LEMOYNE DE LONGUEUIL.

Inspector-General of Canada. One of the original Royalists of 1778.

*Jean Law was made Duke of Arkansas in 1710.



BLOCK HOUSE OF FT. HALIFAX.

Built 1754, still standing at Winslow, Me., a Colonial Outpost against the French.

tates, and on which whole populations labored for a niggardly return.

France by placing all the honors of the seigneurs in Canada made it necessary for them to reside there, and by securing their recognition in the treaty of Paris of 1763, when Canada was transferred from France to England, she insured to the Canadians, on demand by them, a recognition from the British government, while as an hereditary order they form the only order of chivalry with treaty rights, on the American continent.

The greatest power and largest territorial possessions were conferred on de Razilli, de Fronsac, and de Charnissay, mutually relatives of each other and of the Cardinal Duc de Richelieu, then rising into greatness in France. This was in 1632, when de Razilli, accompanied by de Fronsac, de Charnissay, and de la Tour (a Huguenot who had been made a baronet of Nova Scotia by the king of England and granted a large possession there, afterwards confirmed by France), sailed to take possession of Acadia. Acadia extended then from the Penobscot (Pentaguet) eastward, including New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Cape Breton.

Count de la Tour received as his province all the territory between the Penobscot and the St. John River. The female line of this family is represented yet in Nova Scotia by the D'Entremonts, who trace their descent from Godfrey de Bouillon, first Christian king of Jerusalem. In the female line are also the families of Amirant, le Borgne de Belleisle, Campbell, Landry and Aprendistingue of Nova Scotia.

The Seigneur de Charnissay ruled, as sovereign proprietor, over the land from the Bay of Fundy to Cape Sable. He promoted the great fort at Port Royal (Annapolis) that was begun by de Poutrincourt in 1604; La Tour, the younger, married his widow. The sons of de Charnissay perished in the wars

of France and the daughters left no posterity known to history.

The commander, Isaac de Razilli, vice-admiral of France and first governor of all the Maritime Provinces in 1632, was lord over the next province, which extended from Cape Sable to the Straits of Canseau. Neither he nor his brother Claude left sons. De Charnissay as next of kin managed the governor's estate after his death, in 1636, but later it was purchased and deeded to de Borgne, Seigneur de Belleisle, whose posterity yet remain on the "French shore" of Nova Scotia.

Nicolas Denys, Vicomte de Fronsac, who succeeded de Razilli as governor of the Maritime Provinces, and was made governor absolute or viceroy in 1664, became proprietor of Cape

ELIZABETH DE BONNAVENTURE.
Sister of Jean. (Aytre, France.)

JEAN DE BONNAVENTURE.

Son of Louis de Bonnaventure and great great-grandson of the Admiral Claude de Bonnaventure who was a captain in the last war between the French and English in Canada, 1759. One of his ancestors was Governor of Acadia, and another, Seigneur de la Ronde, was Ambassador from Canada to New England in 1711.

Breton and fifteen square leagues on the Miramichi. His ancestry is traced to the Emperor Charlemagne. He was the first Canadian historian. Some of his descendants were in Napoleon's plan of establishing an empire in Louisiana in 1800.

His nephew, Denys de la Ronde, chased the English out of Acadia, and his grand-nephew, Denys de Bonaventure, a naval commander, beat their ships even to the port of Boston, and his son, Claude Denys de Bonaventure, was afterwards admiral of France.

CHAPEL D'ENTREMONT.

Built in 1530, in the Barony of Entremont, Savoie. Sketch from Baron Hilaire d' Entremont.

Up in Canada proper, now known as the province of Quebec, there were no lords proprietors, but about one hundred and fifty seigneurial families ruled over their own manors as captains of their tenants (censetaires) in war time, and as magistrates in peace time. Only seigneuries established before 1711 gave to their hereditary proprietors these military and civil prerogatives. Seigneuries of a later date conferred the right of seigneurial rule only and retained the military captaincy as a means of making the lords of the soil its defenders as well.

There are twenty-eight hereditary family titles created or settled in Canada. It must be remembered that the title of seigneur of a place went with the ownership of that particular place, and a family was seigneurial only so long as it owned the seigneury. The arms also of the seigneury went with the proprietorship, and not with the family after the family by sale or forfeiture became dispossessed of the seigneury. A family that once had held a seigneury by nomination of the king, however, was ever afterward deemed noble, although it could not claim to be titled and its members could not use the arms of its former seigneury, only their family arms. This makes plain the difference between family arms which are inherited with the blood, and arms of domain which belong only to the immediate lords or owners of the place to which those arms belong.

Descending from a younger line of Lemoyne, Marquis de Longueuil, in France, was Charles Lemoyne, one of the hardy pioneers who followed in the suite of de Maisonneuve, the first governor of Montreal, in 1642. His three celebrated sons were the Cheva-

lier d' Iberville, governor of Louisiana; de Bienville, founder of Mobile, and Charles Lemoyne, who was made Baron de Longueuil in 1700, by King Louis XIV.

The male line of this family is extinct, as the third Baron de Longueuil, who was killed in battle in 1755, while assisting to defend Canada against the English, left but one daughter, who married Captain Alexander Grant, a follower of the Stuarts, and the title passed to her descendants. The grandson of the one who now bears this title was formally recognized by the queen. He resides in France part of the time and in Canada occasionally, where his estate or barony of Longueuil is situated on the St. Lawrence, opposite Montreal. His numerous family perpetuate the name of Grant de Longueuil. One of the most noted of this family of the old Lemoyne stock was the Hon. Col. J. D. E. Lemoyne de Longueuil, who, in 1777, was named inspector-general of militia in Canada. He was one of the gallant defenders of Fort St. John in 1775. He had entered the military career at thirteen years of age. He was Seigneur de Soulanges of La Nouvelle Longueuil, and of Pointe à l'Original, and until 1774 was fourth Baron de Longueuil. He was afterwards executive and legislative councillor of Canada. Of this noble family those who bear now the name of Lemoyne are of the Iberville line and reside in the south of France.

The race of Lienard de Beaujeu was among the nobility in Canada from the year 1700, but the pedigree is traced in France to the ninth century. This family is related closely to the Barons de Longueuil, and themselves bear the rank of Comte de Beaujeu. Marie Genevieve, daughter of the second Baron de Longueuil, married Louis L'Villemonde de Beaujeu, Chevalier of St. Louis and Commandant of Michilimakinac, and his grandson, the Hon. George Rene Saveuse, Comte de Beaujeu, is the present chief of the family, to which also belongs M. Monongahela de Beaujeu, the genealogist and antiquarian.

It will be remembered by those who are familiar with the colonial history of America that the Commandant of Fort Duquesne, who defeated General Braddock and the British and Provincial troops with but a mere handful of French Canadians and their Indian allies, was Daniel Hyacinthe de Beaujeu, surnamed "The Hero of the Monongahela."

He was the son of Louis Lienard de Beaujeu by his wife Louise T. C. Migeon de Branssac. His eldest brother, Louis, in France, was the regular confessor of King Louis XVI. It is from the third son, whose line is mentioned above, that is sprung the family of de Beaujeu that yet remains in Canada. In closing the brief account of this renowned race it is worthy to add that to it belonged the celebrated Anne de Beaujeu, who was at one time Regente of France.

The seigneury of the de Lotbiniere occupies about seventeen square miles on the St. Lawrence, between Quebec and Montreal. There, for nearly two hundred years, the lords of that race of the family of Chartier have dwelt, surrounded by devoted retainers. But while always occupying an elevated position, they came only to predominating rank, since the British conquest. While Montgomery was

marching northward in the early days of the American War for Independence the old Seigneur de Lothbiniere and his son Michel were engaged in opposite courses. The father was in secret correspondence not only with the French court, but with the Continental Congress of the United States, with the intent to detach the Canadians of French origin from their recent allegiance to England, and to bring them to unite in arms with France and the rebellious American colonies, against the British power. The Comte de Grasse, afterwards so efficient, as an admiral of France, in assisting the Americans, was sent to Canada to sound the troubled sea of French opinion there. Marquis de Levis, who had served under Montcalm, offered again his sword to the crown of France for Canadian exploits. But the clearer statesmanship of France withstood even the temptation held out by the crafty plans of Lotbiniere, the elder, and the flattering report of de Grasse on the success of the mission. With 10,000 veteran troops sent to Canada, aided by 20,000 French-Canadians, the North country could have been wrested from England. But the Court of France refrained from the enterprise because it was understood that any attempt of France to regain Canada then would have effectually healed the breach existing between England and her American colonies and would have united them once more in a struggle to dispossess the French. France at once concluded that the only way to cripple England in depriving her of her American colonies was to let her have undisturbed possession of Canada. For this reason during the long war of 1776-'83 no French fleet appeared in Canadian waters. France could not forget that in the American colonial address to the crown, 1774-5, the Colonists had regarded those privileges of religion, language and rank accorded the French in Canada as grievances against themselves. But though France made no use of the diplomatic services of Lotbiniere, the elder, the French king did not the less esteem them. For ability displayed in this line of action he accordingly granted to the seigneur the title of Marquis de Lotbiniere.

While this was going on Captain Michel de Lotbiniere, the son, was one of that little company who so bravely defended the approaches into Canada, against Montgomery, and who assisted as a member of Colonel Picotte de Bellestre's company to recapture Fort St. John from the insurgent American republicans. It is needless to say here had the French been united in this opposition, Montgomery, Arnold and St. Clair would never have crossed the border.

From this time forward the Lotbinieres began to rise in English esteem above the other seigneurial and titled French in Canada. Lord Dorchester, the governor-general, invited Lotbiniere to go to the court of George III to report on Canadian affairs, and with the carefully preserved wealth of his domain he maintained much state. The last Marquis de Lotbiniere of the family of Chartier had three daughters. The eldest married a Bingham of Philadelphia. The third daughter married a Mr. Joly. The youngest daughter being the one last married, and residing at the seigneury, was invested with the prop-

erty which has passed to the present proprietor, Sir Henry Gustave Joly de Lotbiniere, now Governor of Manitoba.

The family of Rigaud have the honor of having furnished the last governor-general of Canada under the French, in the person of the Marquis de Vaudreuil. That gentleman, it is not to be forgotten, was the civil head of the authority of which Montcalm was the military chieftain. The Marquis de Vaudreuil differed very much from the Marquis de Montcalm in opinion regarding the military defense of Canada. He even advised Montcalm not to take the troops outside the walls to attack General Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham, but to await the arrival of General de Levis, who was daily expected from Montreal with 10,000 troops, many of them the best of the regulars. Vaudreuil showed that the English thus placed between two fires would suffer not only a disastrous defeat, but would be forced to abandon that part of Canada entirely. But the haughty Montcalm, despising the English whom he had beaten always, could not endure the thought of being shut up by them, in a besieged city. He took the troops outside the walls and lost the stake in the ensuing battle. It had been his plan if he had lived through defeat, to have gathered the regular troops in Canada and, passing down the Mississippi, to have joined the Spanish in Florida, then also at war with the English, and to have there renewed the struggle, with better hope perhaps, to the consolidating of the principality of Louisiana on a firm basis.

Pierre Arnaud de Rigaud, Marquis de Vaudreuil, was born in Quebec, and his name is that of the only native-born governor-general appointed during the whole epoch of Canadian history.

This Marquis de Vaudreuil was a son of Philippe de Rigaud, Marquis de Vaudreuil, who came from France as a general of troops and chief military factotum of the colony. He belonged to a family that possessed the lordship of Vaudreuil in the *eveche* of St. Papoul, France. His father was the Seigneur Jean Louis de Rigaud and his mother, also of noble birth, was Marie de Castel Verdun. General Philippe de Rigaud, Marquis de Vaudreuil, married in Canada, Louise, daughter of Pierre de Joybert, Seigneur de Soulanges.

Several sons of this family returned to France, rose to eminent stations in the army and navy and diplomatic affairs, and throughout the perilous Revolution were loyal to their sovereign and the best interests of their unfortunate country.

A branch of the Rigaud family yet exists in Canada, but the head of the line with annexed titles has become extinct in France. It is properly a Canadian family since their highest honors were gained in Canada and the birthplace of many of them is in the Province of Quebec.

Among the other baronies conferred in Canada are those of Portneuf and Becancour.

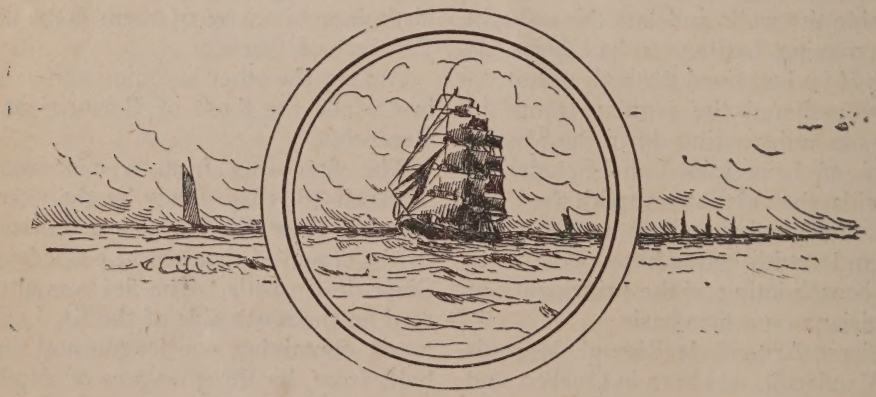
The first was from a concession of April 16, 1647, made by the Company of New France and authorized by the crown of France to Le Gardeur, Sieur de Croisille. The fief was situated on the north side of the St. Lawrence, containing one league and one half, front, by three leagues of depth.

On the front it was bounded by the fief of Monceaux and on the southeast by that of D'Archambault, and through it flowed the rivers Jacques Cartier and Portneuf. This fief in the original concession was not a barony until the holding of Rene Robineau, when that individual was raised to baronial dignity. The family of Robineau is very ancient and noble in Brittany. A branch of this family was established in Paris. Pierre Robineau was paymaster of the Light Cavalry of Paris, and royal councillor. His son, who was the first Baron de Portneuf in Canada, Rene above referred to, was an officer in the regiment of Turenne and a knight of the order of St. Michael. His wife was Marie Anne, daughter of Jacques Leneuf, Sieur de la Poterie in Canada. One of his sons, Pierre, married Marie Le Gardeur of the Croisille family.

The other barony, Becancour, conceded in 1647, containing fifteen square miles on the St. Lawrence, near the river St. Paul, was given also to Rene Robineau, who had been the Seigneur de Becancour. Charlevoix, the historian, describes in a most humorous manner his visit to the baron in his chateau in the wilderness. He had to ride first on a lame horse, then on a one-eyed horse, to the chateau, to find the baron with his domestics, busily employed about the work of the barony. But the baron's profits on the furs of wild animals amounted at this time to more than double the income he derived from all other sources. The titles of the baronies of Portneuf and Becancour remain yet with the descendants of the valiant Rene, who reside near the places that have given titles to their family.

Among the nobility settled in Canada and enrolled in the seigneurial order were Philippe Rastel, Comte de Rockeblave; Baron Tonty de Paludy; St. Vincent, Baron de Narcy; Comte Douglas from Montreuil, France; the Marquis Abergatti de Vezza; Dandonneau, Marquis du Sable, etc.

The descendants of the French nobility in Canada invested with the prerogatives of a seigneurial order by Louis XIV in 1663, reorganized their ancient order in 1879-80 to uphold their interests and force from England the recognition of their rights, which she promised to observe in the Treaty of the cession of Canada.



THE MEADOW LARK.

BY HELEN HUGHES.

Oh Meadow Lark in your suit of gray,
I miss you much since I went away—
  Away from the country green and brown
  To the heat and dust of the red brick town.
You always came with the first spring day
E'er the snow from the hollows had thawed away,
  Defying April's rain and sleet,
  Skipping about on bare cold feet.
And over the desolate prairie, strong
And clear, would ring out your glorious song.
  While the heart beat high 'neath your yellow vest
  And gladly you builded your lowly nest.

Bird of the prairie wide,
  Sing loud your song,
Thrill forth thy glorious note
From thy quick pulsing throat,
While the sweet echoes float
  The green fields along.

Who taught thee, Meadow Lark,
  Thy wondrous lay?
Far beyond the prairie rim
Have you heard that joyous hymn
With which thy heart doth brim
  At dawn of day?
In some far sunny land
  Where drooping flowers sway,
Did you first learn to sing,
Poising on airy wing,
Making the groves to ring
  The livelong day?

Sweetest songster of the field
  Coated in gray,
Have you stood beside the shore,
Listened to the torrent's roar,
Heard the endless ocean pour,
  Watched the flying spray?

Or on some mountain peak,
  Purple and lone,
Have you caught the pine tree's song,
Rising upward deep and strong,
Moving like the surge along
  By storm winds blown?

No, your song is not of these,
Purple peaks nor surging seas,
Waxen flowers nor bending trees,
  But down close to earth
Thou hast listened to the thrill
That Nature's heart doth fill
When 'tis the Springtime's will
  That buds have birth.

Listened to the stir of life
  Deep in the loam,
When the seeds of grain and flowers
  Drawn to life by vernal showers,
Dream of long bright sunny hours
  Under Heaven's dome.

ANCIENT ROMANS.

BY REV. H. G. HUGHES.

Who does not know the old Roman student—the priest, often bishop, who passed the days of youth and early manhood within the walls of the great Alma Mater in her happier days, and came away with an undying, unquenchable love for her set deep in his heart? Let not any such who may chance upon these lines be offended at the title placed above them—for to be an Ancient Roman needs not more than a ripe middle age. It is not length of days, but rather the sad and sorry changes that have come so quickly, and, like a whirlwind, have swept away so much that was lovely and pleasant to behold, that made the writer choose this heading to his theme. How full of quiet dignity are those worthy men! With how calm a visage do they look out upon the world of today! Others may prate of progress and of the need of keeping up with the times. *They* have seen, *they* have lived in other times, as far removed from ours by change as if centuries had lapsed between. Each is in truth a *"laudator temporis acti."* And who shall blame them? For the old majestic Rome has set her seal upon them, and they walk through life upon a higher level for it. Each carries with him sweet memories of the days that are past,—memories which are a fount of strength in the evil days that have succeeded. To have lived in Rome before her enemies possessed her; to have made one in her glorious religious pageants of the past; to have seen the Pope as king, his rights acknowledged and acclaimed by all; to have seen Holy Church exercising unhindered her influence in every sphere of life; to have drunk in learning at the feet of masters who were giants in their day;—is not this to have lived a life well worth the living? Is it any wonder that an almost imperceptible accent of pity should be discerned as those last representatives for us of things that have been, speaking of the days of their youth, draw a contrast between their own lot as Roman students and that of those who wax eloquent upon their own experiences of the Holy City? Readers of that charming volume by the great Cardinal Wiseman, in which, in masterly style, he records his own recollections of life in Rome will understand my meaning. Many there are still with us who lived in Rome during the days that followed upon those whose history it so vividly portrayed in that memorable book. And each has his own store of recollections; never, perhaps, written, but oft and again recounted to sympathetic ears. One will tell how it was the proud privilege of his college to walk close to the Vicar of Christ in some great annual procession, or to carry the canopy over his venerable form—a duty kings have not disdained—in the splendid ceremonies of Corpus Christi, when the great square of St. Peter's was compassed round about by the illustrious throng of the highest in God's Church. Another will tell how he was chosen to preach the sermon in St. Peter's before Pope and Cardinals which by immemorial yearly cus-

tom had been delivered by an alumnus of his own particular Alma Mater. I well remember the enthusiasm with which a worthy priest described to me the kindly action of the kindly Pio Nono who came to him in person to present him with the commemorative medal given on such an occasion, and which had by some mischance been forgotten. Others will tell of chance meetings with the Holy Father during a ramble in the gardens of some princely villa without the walls, and of gentle condescension and fatherly kindness shown to unknown youths by the most exalted personage upon earth. Then there were the grand days of high festival, when the Pope in person graced with his august presence this or that church in the city, and perhaps himself sang the High Mass of the day. Meetings, too, are well remembered with illustrious men whose names are now a part of history. Tales are told of a kindly word of encouragement from some great one, which spurred the hearer on to great accomplishments and higher effort. Memories are there, too, of great teachers, known now only by the volumes that line the walls of college libraries, whose spoken words, more stirring than printed page, are laid up in many a heart, kindling still an enthusiasm that will last as long as life. Many a scene, too, may be recalled at will, witnessing to the deep and fervent piety of the Roman people; to their whole-hearted devotion to the Church, their love for their prelates and priests. And, above all, the Ancient Roman will live over and over again those happy moments when he knelt, perhaps for the last time, at the feet of the common Father of the Flock, to receive his blessing and to hear from his apostolic lips that 'God-speed' which made his heart burn within him, and bound him closer than ever to the cause of God, His Vicar, and His Church. Not all this is changed. Some of these privileges, if more rarely, are still to be enjoyed. But much, alas, *has* changed; and the Ancient Roman, revisiting the scenes of his youth, may come away indescribably saddened. Some, indeed, I have known, who refused to face the sight, willing rather to dwell upon the happy visions of the past, than to look upon so much that is sad in the present. The younger generation will not, perhaps, entirely enter into such feelings. They have not known, except by hearsay, another state of things than now exists. They count it still, and justly, as it was of old, a high privilege to call themselves by the name of 'Roman', and they, too, when the time comes, will look back with pride, and in their turn enkindle in others love and admiration for that which is, and ever must be, undying, in the Holy City, that majesty which, for all time, as in a glorious mantle, wraps her round.

THICKET LIFE.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

It is only a little open space in the midst of a tangled thicket; but the sky is blue, and the air is dry, and the ground is soft with a carpet of last year's weaving. There is building and housekeeping going on within the thicket, and a twittering and fluttering of wings above and around. Homes of gossamer-like delicacy depend from branch-tip to branch-tip, with their owners upon the fleecy verandas waiting expectantly for chance guests. There is no human habitation, no human being within hearing of one's voice; and yet the thicket and the open space are as full of varied and interesting life as lower Fifth Avenue or Chestnut and Market during the shopping hour. Every twig, every leaf almost, has its fluttering of tiny wings, its piping of tiny voices, and the mingling of them all forms a chorus which rises and swells until it dominates all around.

But not all the inhabitants of the thicket and open space have voices to pipe, or even wings to flutter. Down in a damp, shady corner is a delegation of snails going for a walk. There are all sizes, from big old grandfather to tiny babies, creeping along with their houses upon their backs. They are queer little fellows, with their eyes carried high above their heads. If anything comes too near, in goes an eye; danger over, out it pops again like a Jack-in-the-box. Stupid things, but interesting as they trail slowly over moss and sticks. Snails have an individuality, too, for some of them are cowardly and so easily discouraged, while others are brave and persevering. One little fellow tries again and again until he has mounted a large, smooth stone, while his brother gives up in a moment, and turning upon his trail, goes back where he came from. Some of them at the lightest touch draw themselves back into their shells and lie perfectly motionless, while others will peep out in an instant.

Here under a broad sassafras leaf is a tree cricket. It is early in the year for him, but here he is, dressed in his Sunday—or season's—best. The gauze green wings and the slender white body, so daintily marked with brown, are interesting to look at; but far more wonderful is that marvelous trill. It is "presto" from beginning to end. Faster, faster, faster, until, we are told, he produces one thousand notes to the minute.

Wild rose, raspberry, blackberry, button bush, sassafras, and bindweed are tangled together in a riotous glory of pink and green, and from the mass projects a panel or two of rickety rail fence, left to ruin and decay. The bindweed, with its rosy trumpets and glossy, heart-shaped leaves, has crept in and out, weaving a robe of beauty that contrasts exquisitely with the soft grays of the weather-beaten rails. At closer examination the shining leaves are found perforated with tiny holes, for be it known the bindweed is one of Dame Nature's favorites, and she has starred it with her living jewels. Under its leaves may be found the "golden dandy" feeding, the *cassida aurichalcea*, a very long name for such a little

beetle, but if known intimately he will be found worthy. His shell is a brilliant gold, while his brother near him is a perfect opal. Beyond is one of a dull yellow, and still another of purest pearl. The golden beetle changes his color as suits his whim, but alas, it is no use to carry him home for one's cherished collection, for once deprive him of life and he is only a little rusty brown beetle.

Yonder a spider has dropped from a leaf fully nine feet above the ground and disappeared in the grass, leaving a slender rope of web, attached at the upper end to a leaf, and at the lower to a fallen acorn. In a few minutes a small white caterpillar, barely an inch long, begins to climb this rope. It grasps the thread in its mouth and draws up its body about a sixteenth of an inch at a time, then holds tight with its two fore-feet, and, lifting its head, seizes the rope a sixteenth higher, repeating this operation incessantly, the rest of the body swinging in the air. Never pausing, without haste and without rest, this creature patiently works its way upward, as a man might up a rope.

Let any one seize a beam overhead and attempt to lift the chest up to a level with it; the expenditure of strength is very great. Even with long practice, to "swarm" up a pole or rope to any distance is perhaps the hardest labor the human muscles are capable of. This despised "creeping thing," without the slightest apparent effort, without once pausing to take breath, reaches the leaf overhead in rather under half an hour, having climbed a rope fully one hundred and eight times its own length. To equal this a man must climb six hundred and forty-eight feet. The caterpillar on reaching the top at once commences feeding, and easily bites through the hardest leaf. How delicately, then, it must have grasped the slender spider's web, which a touch would destroy.

The thoughts which this feat calls forth do not end here, for there was no necessity to go up the thread. The insect could, to all appearances, have traveled up the trunk of the tree with ease, and it is not to be supposed that its mouth and feet were specially adapted to climb a web. Another few minutes, and a puff of wind carries the thread away.

Upon a milkweed to one side is the pretty gold and green chrysalis of the monarch, *anosia plexippus*. There are many of these great golden-brown butterflies, artistically veined and edged with black, hovering and sailing as only a monarch can, for in flight he is the swallow of the butterfly family, and none with him can compare. Fluttering from blossom to blossom are hundreds of "skippers," tiny butterflies, with wings dashed and dotted with red-brown and gold. Here and there floats a splendid "tiger swallow-tail," with wings of pale yellow, barred and bordered with black, that soar high above the thicket, among the overhanging branches of a birch. Upon the leaves of the birch are also the fat green caterpillars which are the humble forerunners of this butterfly.

On the slender branch of a young beech a little bird is fluttering here and there, more like a butterfly than a bird. It is the chif-chaff, or least willow wren. Listen to his simple song of "Chif-chef-chef-chif-chef!" The blackbirds flute merrily through the thicket, assisted by the thrushes—the song

thrush, and his stronger-voiced relative the missel thrush. The chaffinch "twinks, twinks," sets up his topknot, and sings his very best to his mate, who is sitting near him. The tap, tap, tap of a green woodpecker comes from somewhere beyond the thicket, and then his laugh rings out. The sound made by the black and white woodpecker, as he rattles on the dead branch or limb of a tree, is very different. That can be heard full half a mile away, and it is more like the roll on a side drum played by a skilful drummer than anything else. The nuthatch ripples out his full notes as he runs nimbly about the tree-trunks and branches; while the wryneck—the cuckoo mate, he is called—shouts out his "Peet, peet, peet!"

This little bird, which is singular in its movements and plumage, always precedes the cuckoo a few days. It lives on ants and insects which it finds hiding in the bark of trees, drawing them out by the sharp, hard tip of his long tongue. When the wryneck halts in his "Peet, peet, peet!" the cuckoo chimes in with his "Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuc!"

Tangled and matted though the thicket may be, it affords homes for thousands of little lives, and there are always apartments to let. A catbird atilt on an alder, pours out a jolly medley in answer to the liquid trill of a song sparrow who sways joyously upon a blackberry vine. Bees drone a fairy bass among the wild roses, and grasshoppers s-zip, s-zip a merry song. The thicket orchestra is at its very best on a warm sunny morning. The cone-headed and common green grasshoppers, the black and white crickets, and the red-legged locusts are all hard at it. No leader have they, but each sings his *zip, zip, ze-e-e-e,* or his *s-zip, s-zip, zee-e-e-e* at his own sweet will, until the thicket fairly pulsates with their shrill notes.

SHAMROCK II.

BY WILLIAM C. FORD.

Tugging away at her anchor, swinging around with the tide,
A Scottish ship with an English crew; built on the banks of the Clyde.

Wealth in her polished brasswork, speed in her graceful turn;
Freedom in every move she makes—and an Irish name on her stern.

Gaily the waves lap round her, gaily she rides the foam;
Little she looks like a lonely lass with heartsick ones at home.

Ah! when the trumpets greet her, were she all her name should mean,
She wouldn't dance so gladly to "The Wearing of the Green."

And those who know of years of woe can never have much love,
For Irish paint and an Irish name, with the English flag above.

THE "WISE WOMAN'S" SPELL.*

BY L. W. REILLY.

There was sorrow in a cabin in the Kerry mountains, blacker than the night outside—the only child of a woman was sick unto death.

The mother was bending over the cradle of her darling. Grief was in possession of her heart. Her eyes were heavy with unshed tears. She sighed deeply as she put her hand on the forehead of the little one, and found it hot.

"It's burning up she is," she remarked to her husband, who sat by the door, swaying himself on a tilted chair.

He nodded his head to indicate that he had heard her, but he made no other response.

"O my song-bird of the woods, my flower of the hill-side," moaned the mother, placing the tallow candle on the table so that its light would not shine on the patient, and then seating herself by the bed, "open your soft, bright eyes, alanna, and get well."

But the child was unconscious. Its breath came in quick gasps. One little hand lay under its flushed cheek, and one was outstretched on the quilt. It was only a year old, but large for its age and uncommonly pretty.

On a cot, in another corner of the room, a three-year-old step-sister lay, placidly sleeping, in the bloom of health.

"Love of my heart," went on the woman, "sure you mustn't think to die. The cabin would be lonesome without you, Kathleen asthore. The turf even now burns black, because you're not up and about. The sun will look sad on the morrow when it sees you still sick. Throw off the fever, mavourneen, and crawl once again on the floor!"

Still Kathleen heard not a word, bound as she was in the stupor of disease. Perhaps she would never again pay heed to the voice of a mother's heart. Her soul was intent to catch the sound of the songs of the angels.

Then the woman was silent. Her mind was busy. In her desperation, thoughts came to her of a last hope—the "wise woman," of whom strange tales were told at wake and christening. Would she apply to her? Yes, yes, yes she would—she'd do anything to save her child. Of a sudden, she jumped to her feet.

"Stay you here, Shemus, and watch the child," she commanded; "I'm off to see the Widow Coll."

The man stared at her in amazement and protest.

"Don't look at me that way," she objected. "I'm going to save my child. Priest nor doctor can cure her. The widow may."

She had her hood and her cloak on in no time. Gazing wistfully a moment at the motionless form in the crib, she hurried out. Her husband made way for her at the door. She took the path that led across the mountain. The moon was coming up. She could just see her way. For three hours she stumbled along the rough trail. Then, to-

*This weird story, of Irish folk-lore, was taken down from the lips of a woman, who had heard it in her childhood, substantially as she related it; with no attempt, however, to catch the sweet brogue in which it was told.

wards midnight, she came to a stone hut. It was off from the road a bit, up the boreen. She knocked at the door. There came no answer. She knocked louder than before. Then she waited for a space, but still there was no response. She knocked again, and when a voice within was heard inquiring what was wanted, she replied:

"Open the door in the name of God!"

The bolt was drawn and the door opened that same moment, and at the threshold stood an aged, gray-haired, wrinkled, white-clad woman, who glared at her visitor as she cried:

"Who dares tell me to open the door in that name?"

The mother was not disconcerted. Her purpose gave her strength.

"I dare," she replied, "for my child is dying."

Mother-love, understood from woman to woman, brings its own excuse.

Without another word, the crone ushered her untimely guest into the one room of her dwelling. She seated herself on a stool and pointed to another one. She asked no question.

The mother told her story. Her child was deathly sick and got no good from medicine. So she had come for a cure.

"Have you no other children?"

"None except a step-daughter, three years old."

"Have you any silver?"

"Yes, all I own."

Seven shillings were laid by her on the table.

Then the hag turned her back on her visitor, went to the fire-place, raked together the live ashes, put on a fresh turf, sat down before it, took her left knee between her clasped hands, and rocked herself backward and forward for full three minutes, peering into the fire, uttering not a word. Presently she arose, went to her cupboard, drew forth a small black wooden box, took from it a tiny package wrapped in brown paper, and went back to her visitor.

"Take this," she said, "and go home. Give the powder, in a little water, to the child of the woman that's dead. Better hers than yours; and some one must die, for the 'good people' have sent this trouble to your door. After she's taken it, she'll begin to sneeze and keep it up until the end. Take care that no one says: 'God bless you!' If that's said the spell will fail and you may bury your child."

"And can't you give me a cure for Kathleen without doing harm to Nora?"

"Go home out of this and let me go to my bed," was the only reply. And before any further protest could be made, the "wise woman" took the mother by the shoulder, shoved her out of the room, and shut the door.

All the way home the mother debated with her conscience the question whether or not to give the potion to her step-child. Now she would, for mother-love is strong; now she wouldn't. Now she would, now she wouldn't. When she reached her cabin, it was after three o'clock, she was tired out, her child was restless, her husband was asleep, and Nora was still placid in her innocence.

Again the struggle took place in her conscience—now she would, now she wouldn't. She aroused her husband angrily and told him of the result of her visit.

"What 'll you do?" asked Shemus.

"What *will* we do?" asked she.

"Give it," he said, without a tremor,

searching her eyes to see if the answer gratified her.

But the woman averted her face, for she did not like this proof that she was more to him than was her predecessor. And still she hesitated. Now she would; now she wouldn't. At last she jumped to a conclusion.

"If I wait till morning," she thought, my child 'll be dead, and, even otherwise, in the light I'll not have the heart to do it."

So she bade her husband get some fresh water. When the pail was brought, she opened the package, emptied into a cup the powder it contained, poured in some water, and stirred it up.

Even then she was loath to put the fatal spell on the child of the woman that was dead. But she happened to cast her eyes on her own darling, now pallid as wax, and that glance half decided her; and when her husband said: "Hurry up, I'll hold the light," his urging removed the rest of her hesitation.

Accordingly they called little Nora until she awoke and sat up in her cot, and then they gave her the drink.

The motherless lamb, fearing no guile from them, took the cool draught gratefully, drank it, and lay down again to sleep.

The man and the woman watched the little girl furtively and guiltily, looking askance at each other the while; one instant hoping that nothing evil would happen to her, and the next moment wondering if they could get back their silver in case the "wise woman" had deceived them. Presently Nora sneezed. They started. She sneezed again. They grew pale, a chill of fear seized them, and their hearts began to thump violently. She sneezed again, and again, and again. And as the spell came upon the poor, doomed thing, Kathleen awoke, conscious and well, and called for "Mamma!"

The woman bounded to the crib, picked up her babe and strained it to her heart, forgetting in her joy at what price its recovery had been bought. The mother-love is masterful.

But only for one full second did the woman revel in her bliss, for the hissing of Nora's sneezing broke in on her delight and tempered it with woe.

"O my God," she cried within her soul, "what have I done? What have I done?"

Then she put down her daughter and went over to the cot where Nora was almost strangled for breath. She regarded her with compassionate eyes. She began to reiterate softly:

"You poor little thing, you!"

Out of sympathy the woman got a drink of water for the victim of the spell, clapped her on the back, tried to frighten her by making a sudden noise, and endeavored to rid her of the sneezing in every way she could think of—in every way but one: she took thought not to say: "God bless you!" So distressed was the woman at the child's misery that she turned to her husband, dozing in a chair by the fireplace, and inquired:

"Can nothing be done for the poor creature?"

But he only shook his head and went on to light his pipe. Then the mother gave her own child a drink of milk, and the little one fell into a sound sleep.

Quicker and sharper came the sneezes now. The three-year-old was soon exhausted. Yet the attack kept up. Sneeze, sneeze, sneeze! Too weak even to raise her head from the pillow and taking quick breaths between, she sneezed, and sneezed, and sneezed.

There was terror in her eyes. What was this malady that had come upon her? Could nothing be done for her relief? Sneeze, sneeze, sneeze!

The father went on smoking drowsily, for he was weary from work and tired from watching. But the stepmother, in spite of her labors, her walk, and her vigil, was wide awake. She wrung her hands.

"Will you do nothing for her?" she asked.

Taking the black clay pipe out of his mouth as if to speak, he put it in again without a word, and shook his head. What was there to do? The choice had been made, and he was content to abide by it, set to please the living wife even at the expense of the dead one.

Pity, remorse, sympathy, dread, affection and contrition, smote the heart of the woman as one paroxysm followed another. She was frantic. At last she could not withstand her emotion no longer. She got up, took the suffering child in her arms, and sat down with her on a low rush-bottomed chair, clasping her tight, as if to keep down the spasms of sneezing. Tears flowed into her eyes. Then, mindful only of the grief that would be in the far churchyard if its occupant could know that her first-born was in such agony, forgetting her own offspring the while, and then, yes, before God, deliberately confronting the possibility of a return of the fever, defying it, and the spell, and the vicious crone who had cast it, with all a mother's love, she responded to a sneeze of the step-child:

"May God bless you!"

Instantly the child had relief. Not another sneeze did she make. Instead, she sank down on the woman's lap into a blessed condition of relaxation and peace.

Instantly the mother looked with apprehension at the crib, but her babe smiled in its sleep.

Instantly, too, the father began to sneeze. Sneeze, sneeze, sneeze! The pipe was cast aside. Sneeze, sneeze, sneeze! Fear came upon him but not compunction. He felt that he was receiving his due. He had made way for his wife to go to consult the "wise woman," he had urged her to give the potion, he had hardened his heart against the sufferings of his own, he had consented to the death of his child. He was guilty of dealings with the powers of evil, he was guilty of cruelty to a child, he was guilty of the will to murder. He was worthy of death. Why should he not grow wild with fear and despair? Sneeze, sneeze, sneeze.

To mother-love, doing wrong, out of its own fervor and not out of malice, much might be forgiven. But to a father without affection, what hope could there be for mercy?

Out of the cabin rushed the wife running for a neighbor to hurry for the priest and the doctor, recalling the witch's word: "Some one must die, for the 'good people' have sent this trouble to your door!"

But before any one could be summoned, before even the wife could get back, with no one to wish him the blessing of God, the father who had been unfatherly to his own, sneezed himself to death!

BOOK REVIEWS.

Roads to Rome. Being Personal Records of Some of the More Recent Converts to the Catholic Faith. With an introduction by his Eminence, Cardinal Vaughan. Compiled and Edited by the author of "Ten Years in Anglican Orders."

It is always instructive to know the grounds which lead men of undoubted sincerity to forsake one or the other of the varied non-Catholic forms of Christianity, and to seek admission into the Catholic fold. Men of strong character and of family prejudices do not lightly make changes which bring with them wide-reaching and painful results, combined, as a rule, with petty social persecution. When, then, we find those who do sacrifice the rewards and blandishments of modern society for the sake of following the dictates of conscience, we naturally like to investigate the cause of this unusual phenomenon. It is in this subtle analysis that the book under consideration excels. In these pages we trace the hand of the skilful dissector, who lays bare the hidden forces which impelled men to take steps fraught with momentous consequences. One is led into the Catholic Church by his conviction of the need of a Visible Head for a Visible Church; another, by the sincere piety of devout Catholic peasants; another, by the unfair treatment of the Church at the hands of so-called orthodox Protestants, another by the felt need of an infallible teaching authority; another, by the yearning for a calm sea, not troubled by the tempests of doubt; and still other seekers after truth are guided by ways and methods most extraordinary into the one fold under the one shepherd. It is passing strange to note the large number of converts who acknowledge a deep debt of gratitude for their religious position to the apostolic Newman. Those who have to deal with non-Catholics of learning and refinement will find this volume, with its treasures of mental analysis, of great help in settling doubts and in marking distinctly the varied ways in which the Spirit of God works upon the human soul.

Longmans, Green & Company, New York.

The Life of St. Gerlach. By Frederick A. Houck.

This interesting biography takes us back to the ages of faith and Christian chivalry. It was then that the Church, always striving to elevate what is noble, held up Christ as the ideal of knighthood and taught that His cause was the most worthy to engage its valor and courage. The Immaculate Mother of God was shown to be the fairest type of womanhood, and the defence of her honor, a worthy object of the Christian knight's ambition. The early years of Gerlach gave no indications of the sanctity he displayed in maturer life. As a boy he was so self-willed and impetuous, that, in a fit of passion, he kicked his own mother. He was one of the most courageous and most venturesome youths of his day, and at tournament, he strove so intensely for the mastery, that his thirst for renown often made him indifferent to justice. In unexpected ways does the grace of God act. Knight Gerlach's conversion occurred as he was preparing to enter the lists at the historic tournament of Juelich. It was occasioned by the sudden death of his youthful consort. In this overwhelming calamity he clearly perceived the utter nothingness of all earthly matters, and he resolved to consecrate his life to something higher than the pursuit of human applause. In accordance with this plan, after the funeral of his lady-wife, Gerlach donned the pilgrim's garb and went on foot to Rome. Here he was graciously received by Pope Eugene III, who heard his confession, and, at the request of the knight himself, imposed upon him the obligation of journeying to the Holy Land and of spending there seven years in the service of the sick and poor. Upon his return to his native land at the end of the seven years' penance, he took up the life of an anchorite, having obtained leave to wear the Norbertine habit. In this austere manner of living he passed the remainder of his days, the generous helper of the poor and the afflicted, the spiritual consoler of his fellow-countrymen. Mr. Houck tells the details of this wonderful life with sin-

gular vividness and sympathy, so that the book affords a practical guide to all those who desire to lead lives of high perfection. We can also see that it would bear much fruit, if given to those who are treading the primrose paths of danger, and whose conversion is ardently desired. The book is excellently printed and bound in a pleasing and substantial manner.

Benziger Bros., New York. 55 cents.

Henry Schomberg Kerr; Sailor and Jesuit. By the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott of Abbotsford. With two portraits and a Map of the Jesuit Mission on the Zambesi.

This is a delightful collection of personal journals, letters and reminiscences so deftly woven together as to place before the reader a complete portraiture of Henry Schomberg Kerr, who passed from the Royal Navy to the ranks of the Society of Jesus. The subject of this sketch was a member of the illustrious Kerr family, which has, on more than one occasion, done yeoman service for England. He was born in 1838 at Ditisham, Devonshire; made his studies at the famous college of Winchester, whence he entered the navy in 1852 at the early age of thirteen. He served as midshipman in the Crimea. The young naval officer, when seventeen years old, became a convert to the Church and was received by Father Egan, O. M. I., at Galashiels, on May 21st, 1855. He passed with great credit through the different examinations and grades of naval life to the rank of commander of the Bellerophon. In this position he showed an admirable fidelity to his own Catholic duties and set an excellent example to all the Catholic members of the crew. In 1867, when twenty-nine years of age, Henry Schomberg Kerr became convinced that God called him to the religious life, and so turning his eyes away from the bright worldly prospects which rank, influence and personal merit held out to him, he gave up everything to enter the Society of Jesus. This event took place on September 7, 1867. In 1875 he was promoted to the sacred order of priesthood. After one or two community offices, he was sent by his superiors in 1879 to the island of Cyprus to serve as chaplain to the British troops. Upon his return from Cyprus he was chosen for the new and unaccustomed office of Catholic chaplain to the Catholic viceroy of India, the marquis of Ripon. In this difficult position Father Kerr's absolute sincerity, rare talents, and goodness of heart won the admiration, even of the suspicious Protestant Press.

Returning to England at the end of Lord Ripon's tenure of the viceroyalty, Father Kerr pursued his zealous work in Roehampton, London, Manchester and Bournemouth. He was made Superior-General of the Zambesi Mission in March, 1891, and he held this position until his unexpected death on August 18th, 1895.

Father Kerr was a man naturally noble and unselfish, of a strong and sensible mind, loveable by others, and in turn full of sympathy for others. His activity, energy, devotion and capacity for organization gave him extraordinary aptitude for missionary work. He was a model to others in his manly vigor, his force of character, his capacity for endurance, his intense straightforwardness, his superiority to all human respect, his overpowering sense of duty.

It is needless to remark that the influence of so noble a character must be beyond description. Fitting, therefore, was it that so accomplished a writer as Mrs. Maxwell Scott should have told the story of Father Kerr's life in well-chosen and vivid language. Would that every young man in the land could be presented with a copy of this inspiring book! It is Christian teaching in concrete form which urges men on to lives of lofty probity and to deeds of Christian heroism.

Longmans, Green & Co. New York. $2.50.

Short Sermons for Low Masses. By F. Heffner, O. P.

This is the second volume of the Homiletic Library. The sermons are simple, straightforward and earnest. Devoid of all the pomp of rhetoric, they inculcate the broad lessons of life with energy and directness. Excellent synopses of all the sermons follow the table of contents, so that the entire book furnishes a handy weapon to the busy and tired preacher who wishes to give a few words of sound Christian instruction to the large numbers of Catholics who flock to the early Masses.

Joseph F. Wagner, New York. $1.00.

History of the Christian Religion to the Year Two Hundred. By Charles B. Waite, A.M. Fifth Edition. Revised.

This work is said to be the result of *many* years of investigation. The author claims that he did not write it from the standpoint of previous convictions, but from a sincere desire to know the truth. With a bold hand, Mr. Waite attacks the foundations of Christianity, and he evidently feels that he has succeeded in wrecking that venerable institution. The German Rationalists, however, have forestalled Mr. Waite on many points, and the complete and conclusive answers given to their assertions by the vast army of orthodox theologians might be cited against Mr. Waite, had we the space to do so. Unlike the Rationalists, however, Mr. Waite has not, in the majority of cases, thought it necessary to adduce proof in favor of his statements. It is truly amusing to read sentences like the following:

"Ewald concludes that there was a Gospel of Paul; thinks it was in the Greek language, and that it may have been written by evangelist Philip (sic). It may be inferred that it afterwards became incorporated into the Gospel of Marcion, since Marcion was a follower of Paul, and for his own gospel claimed the sanction of that apostle."

Is not this a marvellous method of writing history? One author ventures to make a supposition, from which a second draws an inference, and upon this a third erects a splendid edifice of fact. What Mr. Waite has really accomplished is to bring together, in convenient form, a large number of the spiteful, irreverent and calumnious utterances, either entirely or partially groundless, made against the Christian religion, its writings, and its supporters, by men proven to be malicious, prejudiced, or radically unsound. The setting of the work is on a par with its contents. The paper is poor and the binding unattractive. As to the writer's style, it will be sufficient to state that he shows throughout entire ignorance of the fundamental difference between the period and the paragraph. If Mr. Waite would direct his efforts toward the bettering of the poor, and towards the comforting of the sick, in the way of the humblest Christian, his time would be more profitably employed. Of one thing he may be assured, that it will take something more potent than his badly prepared dynamite to make even a slight breach in the outworks of Christianity.

C. V. Waite & Co., Chicago. $2.25.

"First Religious Instruction for Little Ones—with an appendix on First Confession," by the Rev. Albert Schaffler, New York.

The spirit of faith and of ardent piety which permeates these instructions for little children is very consoling. It is safe to say that no child could be drilled in Father Schaffler's lessons and in his well-chosen examples without drawing therefrom deep profit to his soul and a clear understanding of his moral duties. At the end of each lesson there is a number of leading questions which will test effectually the amount of knowledge actually acquired by the children. The book would have been made more serviceable for constant use had better paper been employed. It is not economy to make use of poor material, and then, too, Father Schaffler's production deserves a better setting. From these simple and devout instructions the apostolic worker in the Sunday school can learn the difficult art of attracting and of instructing the undeveloped mind of a little child.

Some of the expressions are rather quaint, and a few sentences ought to be recast. By way of illustration, one or two phrases which need changing might be quoted:

"The beautiful sun in the heavens has *such a brilliant ray.*"

"The song of a *sprightly* bird."

"Where gold is found, it is so mixed with other substances that if you were to find it, you *would* not recognize it."

"Particular help should be given to those who are the least *apt* to obtain help."

"The *nicest* little prayer books, etc."

These are *slight* defects, it is true, but we all dislike to see an excellent work even slightly marred.

Joseph F. Wagner, New York. $1.25.

"Instructions on the Sixth Commandment," by Father I. De Bressanvido, O. F. M., translated from the Italian by Rev. John Roche, O. F. M.

The Holy Scriptures are full of warnings with regard to the sad results which follow upon violations of the fundamental laws of morality. Upon the

faithful and exact observance of these laws depend not only vigor of body and strength of mind, but also the entire beauty of moral character. The feeble, unbalanced bodies, the erratic minds we frequently meet with, are, in many instances, due to a strange refusal to abide by the laws which the Almighty has laid down for the glory and for the perpetuity of the race. In face of the vast army of weaklings and of the mentally afflicted who crowd our large cities, it is not unwise to call attention to the ravages wrought by the foul monsters of vice. Might it not, however, be possible to reach the same result by dwelling in vivid terms upon the attractiveness of virtue and upon the sublime dignity of personal integrity?

Joseph F. Wagner, New York. 25 cents.

The Children of Nazareth. By E. Le Camus, Eveque de la Rochelle. Translated by Lady Herbert.

We have long felt the need of a book like this for children. It is so important that the little ones should have a practical knowledge of our Lord's life, that they should be able to picture for themselves how the Divine Child lived, prayed, worked and played. These are the especial points upon which Mgr. Le Camus insists, and the result is a volume of growing interest and of solid instruction. The clear explanations are still further enhanced by exquisite illustrations, which throw a flood of light upon the subject, and which will be eagerly studied, not only by the readers for whom the book was intended, but also by children of maturer years. The Bishop gives very sensible advice in his dedication, when he says: "A child who is always gracious and amiable, is not one who remains stiff and silent like an archaic statue, or one who prefers to live absolutely alone. One is only agreeable (in childhood), when one shares in the pleasures of others, and that with the sweetness and brightness and delicious simplicity which make the charm of young natures." The goody-goody simpleton is not the product of Christian piety. This book should be in every Christian home, and the children should be made perfectly familiar with it. It is gotten out in a very attractive form and the little folk will be delighted with its bright blue covering. While the translator has done her part well, still a few phrases would bear re-casting. One or two of the illustrations are somewhat blurred. These could be remedied in another edition.

Benziger Bros., New York. $1.30.

Mr. Jacob A. Riis has a happy way of taking his readers into his confidence at the very beginning of their acquaintance with him, and is refreshingly frank in his narration of the experiences that transformed the Danish boy into the American reformer who devoted twenty years " to the defeat of the slum with its helpless heredity of despair."

He is a graphic writer, forceful, direct, and always rationally optimistic. In his latest work, "The Making of An American," he keeps his readers with him during the story of forty years of strenuous living, with much love to lighten toil, and much success to reward endeavor. To read the book ought to be an inspiration to young men. In the evolution of the American so much of the Dane is evident that only at the very end is the reader sure that the process has been complete.

The story begins on the bridge spanning the river Nibs in the town of Ribe, where ambition and purpose entered into the character of the carpenter's apprentice, when, piqued yet attracted by the pretty school girl's disdainful treatment, he there and then decided that she should be his wife. In this is evident the determination that afterwards characterized the man. But Elizabeth's father was obdurate in his refusal, and soon the youthful suitor was on the ocean, with forty dollars in his pocket, intent on winning the fortune that would make his suit acceptable. As the steamer anchored off Castle Island hope rose high "that somewhere in this teeming hive there would be a place for me."

And in the end his faith was justified. But what an experience of the dark side of life came to him! fruitlessly tramping New York in search of work; building miners' huts at Brady's Bend, where the girl in the boarding house harrowed his feelings by singing always to the one tune, "The Letter That Never Came," coal-mining; seeking to enlist in Buffalo; and back again in New York, wandering about the streets "with a gripsack that had only a linen duster and a pair of socks in it." Famished

and footsore, he reached Fordham, and the kindness extended to him is gratefully remembered after thirty years, in his tribute to "the excellent charities of the Roman Church, and the noble spirit that animates them." Forced back to New York, homeless and penniless, he joined the great army of tramps, "wandering about the streets in the daytime with the one aim of somehow stilling the hunger that gnawed at my vitals, and fighting at night with vagrant curs or outcasts as miserable as myself for the protection of some sheltering ash-bin or doorway. I was too proud in all my misery to beg. I do not believe I ever did. But I remember well a basement window at the down-town Delmonico's, the silent appearance of my ravenous face at which, at a certain hour in the evening, always evoked a generous supply of meat-bones and rolls from a white-capped cook who spoke French."

The hardest luck was yet to come. One October night the wanderer found himself in such dire straits that the North River tempted him to end all, but the loyal devotion of his little dog saved him from the tempter. The cruel death of this faithful friend, at the hands of the door-keeper at the Church street station, was the means of engaging his master in the battle he afterwards waged against injustice, ignorance, and indifference. Tramping; living on apples; sleeping in barns; working when he could at various occupations from making cradles at $2.40 a dozen to trapping musk rats at twenty cents a skin; the intrepid young Dane struggled on till, at the end of three years, starving, bankrupt, and hopeless, he asked himself, "How long is this to last?" The answer came when the desk editor of the New York News gave him his first assignment, a banquet at the Astor House. Mr. Riis says "in a kind of haze I beheld half the savory viands of earth spread under the eyes and nostrils of a man who had not tasted food for the third day. I didn't ask for any . . . but it may be that a touch of it all crept into my report for when the editor had read it he said briefly, 'You will do. Take that desk and report at ten every morning, sharp.'" The turning point in the destiny of this stranger in a strange land had been reached. The history of his subsequent career as a newspaper man, in the work of civic reform, and the happy development of the pretty romance, is of even more absorbing interest than the period noted here.

Mr. Riis' experience was exceptional and the personal element in the book brings the facts home as no merely objective writing can, giving in the form of a story that which will be read by many for its own sake, and by many more as a study of conditions that should engage the attention of every intelligent American, and the progressive foreign-born element as well.

The book is already in the fifth edition, and a special edition for the blind is in course of preparation, a remarkable record for a work to make in such a brief time from the date of issue.

The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.00.

In "The Right of Way," Gilbert Parker has produced one of the strongest novels of the year, and one of the most original in its characterization. Charley Steele, the central figure, is powerfully drawn. The author says of him "the world would talk about him to the end," and the reader will have him in view long after the last page has been read. He is insistent in his claim for attention, whether in the court-room pleading for the life of Joseph Nadeau, in the office scenes with Kathleen and her brother, Billy Wantage, among the river drivers in the Cote Dorion, or in the thrilling events that follow the raising of the curtain on his new life in the village of Chaudiere. His personality is the dominant force, and gives to the romance a degree of permanency unusual in modern novels. Other characters that denote the author's skill in delineation are the Cure, Rosalie, Kathleen, and the Seigneur; the Rev. John Brown, too, is conspicuous as a type. The Abbe Rossignol is less happily portrayed, his severity and mistaken zeal being rather overdone. Yet through all the narrative Mr. Parker shows much tact, good taste, and sane judgment in the working out of the parts assigned to the priests he introduces, and it would be a captious critic indeed that could ask for a more thoroughly edifying type of the priest of God than that presented in the Cure of Chaudiere, Marcel Loisel. As is to be expected there are occasional untrue touches, and the Cure's frantic eagerness to force Charley into the Church as he lies on his death-bed is almost melodramatic, but on the whole the book is singularly free from the grotesque errors

and misrepresentations that mar the work of some novelists not of the Faith. There is a singular gentleness and delicacy of treatment in the portrayal of the women of the story, extending even to the poor outcast, Pauline Dubois, who through mother love reaches to a knowledge of love divine.

Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.50.

"She Stands Alone," by Mark Ashton, is the story of Pilate's wife, Euphrosyne, who pleaded with the governor to save the life of the Master. As a child she was a strange little creature, thoughtful and grave beyond her years in some things, wild and wilful in others. She was always propounding whys and wherefores in her little mind, especially pondering why the slaves should work, and she play. "Why should I be rich and they poor?" was a question often on her lips, and she frequently manifested anger when injustice and cruelty came to her attention. Educated under a peculiar system devised by her father, the maid of Athens grew to womanhood with a mind markedly developed beyond that of other women of her race and time. One effect of much thinking was the weakening of her belief in the gods, and the scene in which she denounces Zeus, is one of the strongest in the book. "I will believe in no god who does not reveal truth to me," she asserted passionately, and when her father jestingly advised her to seek it from the unknown God she replied, "I will seek Him out and ask Him." After eventful years the desired knowledge was given to her as a reward for her compassion when the Christ stood before Pilate and had no one to speak for Him.

The story is told with much dignity and power, and throughout the reader will note the reverent spirit in which the author accomplishes his task of writing of the time when Christ lived among men.

L. C. Page & Company, Boston. $1.50.

"Irish Pastorals," by Shan F. Bullock, is a collection of character sketches of the Irish soil. The author has lived long and closely among the laboring, farming peasantry of that land and while depicting their days of toil, with scanty food, sketches in also bright little pictures showing the abundant elements of keen native wit, irrepressible good-nature and shrewd, practical wisdom characteristic of the Irish peasant. The book gives a new conception of Irish pastoral life, and a fuller appreciation of the conditions which go to form the strength and gentleness of the Irish character. These qualities are notably evident in "The Turf Cutters," when old Robin grows reminiscent, and in the scene between the master and his son. The result of the conflict between the father's will and the boy's passionate resistance is admirably told. "Just a word or two, just a look and a word; and behold, at last, the lad as wax in the master's hands. Anger died in him and bitterness; the cloak of his insolence fell in the dust. Emotion surged full in him. A yearning for home and for all at home—for everyone and everything, for his mother and sister, for the big kitchen, and Tim the dog lying by his hearth, for the fields even, and the hills and the peasants toiling upon them—swept in and mastered him. His lips began quivering. A lump rose in his throat. Tears welled up. He turned to the window, biting at his lips; leant against the frame and stood fighting himself . . . turned at last with a quick sound of sobbing. 'Father,' he said, 'Father!' I'll go home—I'll go home."

McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. $1.50.

"A Life's Labyrinth," by Mary E. Mannix, is a novel with many unusual features, and justifies the author's claim that it is original, though the stolen child, the robbers' cave, and the hidden gems are time-worn elements of fiction. To offset this, however, the usual order of events is reversed, the heroine rescuing the hero and taking the leading part all through the story. Exception has been taken to the over-dramatic touch felt throughout, but it must be remembered that a large majority of young people like to read novels dealing with the improbable,—and for them Mrs. Mannix has provided an admirable romance.

The Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind. $1.25.

"The Perfect Woman," translated from the French of Charles Sainte-Foi by Zephirine Brown, is a safe and trustworthy guide for the woman in need of advice.

In its pages are found instructions and suggestions to aid women in the world, in the home, and for the young

woman striving to reach a decision as to her vocation. The scope of the work is indicated by the headings of the twenty-five chapters treating such subjects as: "The Dignity and Character of Woman," "The Religious Life," "Ill-Assorted Marriages," "Theatres and Novels," "Motherhood and the Duties it Imposes," "The Education of Youth," etc.

The book is tastefully bound in blue and gold.

Marlier & Company, Boston. $1.00.

Mr. George Edward Graham, war correspondent of the Associated Press, has written a detailed account of the cruise of the Flying Squadron, the blockade of Santiago Harbor, and the destruction of Cervera's fleet. Mr. Graham was aboard the Brooklyn, Commodore Schley's flagship, during the entire five months of the Spanish-American war, and therefore writes of "Schley and Santiago" from his personal knowledge of the stirring events that took place. His special duty aboard the Brooklyn was to correctly observe and report the operations of the fleet for the Associated Press, and this position naturally afforded him unusual facilities for acquiring the information he now gives to the public. The book has the the absolute and unqualified endorsement of Rear-Admiral Schley, and also includes his own story of the fight. Mr. Graham imparts to his narrative a graphic touch that brings people and events very vividly before the reader. From "Taking Command" to the "Closing Incidents," the story of the wonderful battle, and the people who took part in it, retains its hold on one's attention, but perhaps the most interesting chapter of all is that devoted to Hobson's Exploit, which is described with strong dramatic effect. In view of the recent enquiry and verdict, this history has an added interest at the present time. Commodore Schley's advocates will consider it as the authorized and unbiased version of the Santiago campaign, from their hero's standpoint, and the general reading public will appreciate it as a thrilling story and also as a useful reference. The author not only employed his pen to record events, but enlisted as well the aid of the camera, with the result that many original pictures, many of them taken during action, adorn the pages of the volume.

W. B. Conkey Company, Chicago.

"The Failure of Success," by Lady Mabel Howard, is a novel dealing with English social life, and the rather uninteresting pursuits of a certain leisure class. The men and women who move through the story have nothing in particular to recommend them, either in character or achievement.

Longmans, Green & Company, New York. $1.50.

The second edition of the "First Year's Latin Grammar," by Rev. G. E. Viger, S.S., is very much improved by the author's revision. Misprints and faults have been corrected, some additions made to the text, and the index has been made more comprehensive. This text book places before first-year students all that should be studied the first year and nothing else, and while carefully retaining all essentials avoids many things frequently introduced in grammars for no other purpose it would seem than to confuse and discourage beginners.

John Murphy Company, Baltimore.

Young readers should be grateful to Benziger Brothers for providing such a generous supply of really entertaining juvenile books. Six little books, recently issued, will be warmly welcomed by both boys and girls. "Mary Tracy," by Anna Sadlier, is a sweet little story of an orphan child reared in a squatter's hut, who makes friends for herself by her grateful spirit and her gentleness and patience. She is devoted to "Jim" and Teddy, and with them has many novel experiences on the "Rocks."

"Recruit Tommy Collins" is one of Mrs. Bonesteel's admirable stories of army life. Tommy was born in the fort, and his adventures will be eagerly followed to the moment when he appears on the transport that bears him off to Cuba.

"As True as Gold," by Mary E. Mannix, is a clever tale, evidently suggested by "Ramona." There is a Ramona in it, an Alejandro, a stately Senora, a devoted padre, and other characters that recall Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson's beautiful story, but Mrs. Mannix has assigned them different parts, and has worked out a happy little romance for the young.

"Bunt and Bill," by Clara Mulholland, tells of the merry times of the Maybank children, and of the good they accomplished by their kindness and courtesy to the strolling singer and little Fay.

That "The Golden Lily," by Katharine

Tynan Hinkson, will be popular, goes without saying.

Another friend of the children, Mary T. Waggaman, has prepared a treat for them in "Bob O'Link," who with Trust and Tray led such a delightful life in the Falcon's Nest.

The home, where the children have their own little library, even one shelf of books, provides for dull hours and wet days when other entertainment may not be available, and these little volumes will make a pleasing addition to the children's stock of reading matter. Their low price brings them within the reach of all.

Benziger Bros., New York. 45 cents each.

The Catholic Truth Society of San Francisco has issued a second edition of two pamphlets. "The Gospel Story of the Passion" is a continued and complete narrative compiled from the Four Gospels and no word, except those of the inspired writers, has been used. "The Ceremonies of Holy Week Explained" describes and explains the meaning, of the solemn ceremonial from Palm Sunday to Easter Sunday. These pamphlets are neatly bound in strong paper covers. Pastors will find them suitable for distribution amongst their congregations. They may be had in quantities for two dollars and fifty cents ($2.50) per hundred copies. The Truth Society has also a well-written sketch of St. Patrick, which will be appreciated by many of his spiritual children.

From the same source comes "Catholicism in the Middle Ages," the first of a course of historical lectures which Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, of the Catholic University, delivered under its auspices last September. Dr. Shahan brilliantly sums up the manifold activity of the Church from 500 A. D. to 1500.

The pamphlet would make an excellent text-book for reading circles, literary clubs or advanced classes in parochial schools and academies. It sells at 10 cents per copy.

Catholic Truth Society, San Francisco, Cal.

The Catholic Truth Society of San Francisco has published a neat edition of Cardinal Manning's reasons for his belief. The volume is a masterpiece of close and convincing reasoning. The Cardinal proves four great truths, viz., the existence of God, the fact of revelation, the truth of Christianity, and that historical Christianity is the Catholic faith. No better pamphlet could be placed in the hands of indifferentists and non-Catholics. Now that it has been published at nominal cost in attractive form, it should have a wide circulation. Quantities may be had at the rate of $5.00 per 100 copies.

Other pamphlets received are: "Religious Education and its Failures," by Rt. Rev. James Bellord, D.D., Ave Maria Press (ten cents).

"Mrs. Eddy and Bob Ingersoll, or Christian Science Tested," by Rev. C. Van Der Donckt. Price, thirty cents.

"Foreign Freemasonry," by D. Moncrieff O'Connor. H. L. Kilner & Co. Five cents.

"Where to Build the Isthmian Canal," by Jacob William Miller, President of Nicaragua Company.

The publishers of "The American Boy," Detroit, Mich., have secured from Will Levington Comfort, who was the youngest newspaper correspondent in the Philippines at the time of the death of General Lawton, an exciting story, based upon fact, relating the experiences of the youngest correspondent in General Lawton's army. The hero of the story was the first of the newspaper correspondents to cable to America the news of the death of General Lawton at the hands of the insurgents. The story begins in the February number.

A new use for station masters has been discovered by a certain publishing house. The following letter sent by a priest to the Cathedral Library Association of New York explains fully the character of the new "industry":

"The Continental Bible House in St. Louis has sent a circular to the station master here asking him to be agent for their book, "The Devil in Robes." From the synopsis, the book must be a most immoral and villainous publication. It gives what is called the oath which every priest must take on ordination. In it he swears neither to spare age nor sex; to kill and destroy Protestants by every means. He will crush the infant in the womb. He will use the dagger and the poisonous cup. Then it goes on to relate how wives and daughters are unsafe from the leacherous brood of the Italian Pontiff, and calls upon all good Americans to arise and crush it. The circular tells how agents and ministers may make big salaries by the sale of the book. Evidently, they thought the station master was a Protestant, and they urged his speedy answer, or some one else would get the agency here."

QUESTION BOX.

Q. Why do Catholics say that theirs is the right Church?

A. Because it is. There is no other Church that reaches back to the days of the Apostles, and that traces its establishment to Christ Himself. A Church established by Martin Luther has no more claim to being called the right Church than one that Mr. Dowie or Mrs. Eddy, or some renegade and apostate priest might today establish. "Either with Me, or against Me," said Jesus. Either with Jesus from the beginning or not His at all. So, only the Church founded by Him and always enduring is His. Many, however, who belong to these churches of merely human invention are in good faith, believe themselves to be of Christ's Church, and shall have the reward of their faith and their good works. But those to whom doubt or fear has come regarding these mere human institutions that are called Churches, are bound to investigate. Prayer and a willingness to follow the light will bring them into the true Church, the Catholic Church, founded by Jesus Christ upon Peter.

Q. I met a lady the other day, who told me that she was reading one of ——— ———'s books. She could not see anything so very dreadful about it, that it should be condemned. I could not tell her the reason, because I did not know, and having never read a work of this author, I could not even give an opinion. I have the book the lady spoke of, having bought it long before I knew it was condemned. I thought I would read it, for I meet many young persons who are advised by older people to read it. If I had some personal knowledge, I could advise them against its dangers. I have been told by a most true woman that this book places the Church and its ministers in a most degraded light.

A. We prefer to print this letter as it came, rather than to alter it into the form of questions. Many persons probably feel as does this writer, regarding the reading of forbidden books. I can read it to do others good; it can do me no harm. A thing is not made good because I cannot see harm in something the Church condemns. The Church sees the harm. The matter is settled. Christ has constituted her the Teacher in faith and morals. And this teaching power necessarily extends to a decision regarding the way in which books treat of faith and morals. Books are teachers, and the divinely constituted Teacher has jurisdiction over these self-constituted teachers, at least to forbid that they shall be accepted in her school and by her scholars. The scholars who do not like the regulations of the school, as to what books shall be used or not used, must choose another school. "'Tis with our judgments as our watches, no two go just alike, yet each believes his own." We may have opinions about watches, not about faith and morals, when such opinions contradict the Church.

Again, when a law is general, we are not to make individual exceptions. Even if sure that we are strong enough to overcome the evil, we owe obedience to the Church. The law is for all, and even the specious pretext of doing good to others does not exempt us from the law. Where application is made to the Church, she can and does dispense in particular cases, where she believes such dispensation to be wise and opportune. We must not presume on such dispensation, nor act as if it were already given.

And since the book in question "places the Church and its ministers in a most degraded light," evidently it is not fit for the children of the Church to read. Children who love their mother shun all persons who would vilify that mother. Where a book is as yet of unknown quality, a reader may find it unsafe, and so tell others. But where a book has been explicitly condemned, to read it and then tell others is not the Catholic way. The Church has condemned the book, the Church acts wisely. I would not think of reading against her judgment, nor must you. That is sufficient argument for every Catholic who understands the powers entrusted to the Church by her guide and preserver, the Lord Jesus Christ.

Q. Was confession introduced by the Council of Lateran?

A. No: it was introduced by Christ. When He said to His Apostles: "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven,

and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained," he constituted these men as judges. They judge to forgive or retain only as people come and disclose to them the conditions of their souls. They are not arbitrary judges, clairvoyants, or fortune-tellers. They know and judge on what an individual tells about himself. Confession had been in existence for twelve centuries, when the Fourth Council of Lateran made it obligatory on all Catholics to go to confession at least once a year. This was simply defining the time beyond which a Catholic is not permitted to defer confession.

Q. Do Catholics place any faith in holy wells or fountains?

A. We have evidence in the Holy Scripture that cures were effected by God's will at certain chosen places, Naaman, the leper, by order of the prophet Eliseus, washed seven times in the river Jordan, "and his flesh was restored like the flesh of a little child, and he was made clean." The man born blind gave answer to those who asked: "How were thy eyes opened?" "That man that is called Jesus made clay, and anointed my eyes, and said to me: Go to the pool of Siloe, and wash. And I went, and I washed, and I see." Miracles have not ceased in the Church, and God still manifests His will to cure in some chosen places of His goodness. Lourdes in France is the most famous in our day. And the water of the spring at Lourdes, or brought from Lourdes, has been the instrument of bodily blessings to many clients of Mary. There is the tradition of many favors, and of return to health associated with the holy wells of Ireland. God regards the faith of the people, their supplications for health are granted, when He knows it is fitting to grant such petitions. And why may not He who has appointed water for the cleansing of our souls from sin, give virtue to the water of the wells, the fountains, the springs, or the rivers, to cleanse the body from sickness?

Q. Is love of praise usually the strongest motive in men's minds in seeking advancement?

A. Men's motives differ. Those who are governed by merely natural forces may seek the gratification of pride in the possession of power, in the receiving of human praise. And motives are not so simple that they respond readily to analysis. The true Christian is influenced not only by the natural, but by the supernatural. He recognizes God in everything, and works for the glory of God: "hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come." Millions of Catholics, as witness the morning offering of the members of the Sacred Heart League, seek the glory and praise of God in all things. Other motives have their influence. But these should be but secondary, never primary and ruling motives, and never in opposition to the principle set forth in these words of St. Paul: "Whether you eat or drink, or whatsoever else you do, do all to the glory of God."

Holy Cross Mission,
Koserefsky P. O., Alaska.

The Alaska Mission of the Yukon finds itself in sore need of help, owing to a devastating plague which has raged lately among the Esquimaux, and which in a short time, carried off one-half of the population. It would be too long to describe the tale of horror witnessed by the missionaries during the plague. Suffice it to say that the well ones fled from food, from home, abandoning the sick to their fate, amidst the unburied remains of the dead and exposing themselves to the horrors of starvation. The missionaries exerted themselves to their utmost, nursing the sick, assisting the dying, burying the dead and distributing with unsparing hand every means at command, leaving the mission exhausted and in a crippled condition, struggling to keep on with its work and its schools. We cannot think of abandoning the field or of sending adrift the orphans whom the fearful plague left upon our hands, but we shall continue the work begun, confiding in God's Providence and trusting in the efficacy of this appeal to your generosity. Hoping that you will contribute your mite of one dollar and will pray for the conversion of these natives, I am sincerely yours in Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Rev. J. L. Lucchesi, S.J.

P. S.—Contributions may be sent directly to above address or to Rev. J. M. Piet, S.J., Gonzaga College, Spokane, Wash. We have 16 priests on the Yukon and Mass intentions would be most welcome.

TON
UBLIC
LIBRARY

THE ANGEL OF THE ANNUNCIATION.

"Oh, the marvellous eyes!
All strange with a rapt surprise,
They mused and dreamed as he went;
The great lids drooping and white,
Screened the glory from sight;
His lips were most innocent.'

His clear hands shining withal,
Bore lilies, silver and tall,
That had grown in the pleasaunce of God;
His robe was fashioned and spun
Of threads from the heart of the sun;
His feet with white fire were shod."

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Parker

"Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet
As the Saviour who would have us
Come and gather round His Feet?

There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His Blood."

Donahoe's Magazine.

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Vol. XLVII. APRIL, 1902. No. 4

PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE FIRST EASTER.

BY REV. J. J. NEARY, S. J.

On a night in early spring time,
At a cottage window dreaming,
Sat a mother yet a virgin,
Save her son the fairest creature
That the hand of God could fashion.
All the night her sad eyes hungered
For the coming of her loved One,
To her heart in silence telling
All her Jesus did and suffered.

Thro' the window bars she gazes
At the moon and star-lit heavens,
Sees the moon and stars change places
In the deep blue sea above her,
Listens to the sighing night-wind
Whisp'ring thro' the distant olives—
Thro' that garden, still, forsaken,
Thro' that garden, dark and awful—
Where her Son in anguish prostrate,
'Let this chalice pass,' petitioned;
Hears the night-wind round the cottage
Into plaintive minors breaking,
Like the child from joy to weeping
When the mother's brow is saddened.
E'en the stars on tip-toe peering
O'er the clouds of fleecy whiteness—
Steel-cold stars that have for ages
Looked on human pain and sorrow,—
Draw behind the wind-blown masses,
Hide as if they knew her sorrow,
Then to cheer the beauteous Virgin
Send down ray on ray of silver
On the upturned saddened features
Of God's daughter, spouse and mother.

But the night-wind's plaintive sighing
Cannot ease our Lady's sorrow,
Nor the star-beams bring her comfort,
Nor light up her eyes of longing;
For dire Calvary hath robbed her
Of the fount of all her pleasures,
And each feature of the Passion
In her loving heart hath kindled
High-heaped pyres of burning sorrows,
And the flames her heart consuming
Dry the tear-wells in her bosom.
Thus in tearless contemplation
Sat the Virgin, mused the mother,
Watching for her loved One's coming.
'Tis the time when night is darkest,
And the gems in heaven's mantle
Bright and brighter glow and sparkle,
For the reign of night is ending—
As the night of sin and sorrow—
And upon the whole creation
Casts her darkness in profusion.
Lo, the air is growing brighter!
Whence the splendor falling round her?
Can it be the sun arisen?
No, it must be in her dreaming
She hath passed the bounds of heaven.
Are the watcher's eyes deceiving?
Is the brightness that surrounds her
From the cheering rays of sunshine?
No, the sun has not yet risen,
Not yet graced the vales of Juda.
Tho' the far horizon glowing
Tells the coming of his glory,
Not as yet on Juda's valleys
Has his golden shower descended.
While she gazes hoping, doubting,
Sweet and low from out the brightness
Music to her ear is wafted,
Music from angelic voices,
Filling all the night with gladness,
Bringing to that grieving mother
Visions of her Son in glory.
Now she hears the happy voices
Of the saints from Limbo ransomed

Pouring forth their hymn thanksgiving
For their longed-for liberation.
Round her, thro' her, thrills the music
Till like murmuring of waters,
Like the harping of the harpers
John of Patmos heard in vision,
Rings the loud, long Alleluia,
Rings exulting, gladsome, glorious:
"Resurrexit, sicut dixit,"
"Alleluia, Alleuia!"
As 'mid Seraph, Throne and Cherub
'Mid the whole nine choirs exulting
Led by Michael the Archangel
Comes the Lord, the Christ, the Mighty,
Comes Emanuel, the Saviour.
Quick beats Mary's heart with pleasure,
Quickly clasp her hands in rapture,
Eyes and lips forget their sorrow
While her heart is nigh to bursting
With her eagerness to see Him.
Lo! He comes—but Him she sees not,
For the glory of His coming
Dazzles e'en her eyes of longing.
Down into her heart all bleeding
Pierced those rays of heavenly glory
Banishing all pain and sorrow.
As the sun the mist-hung river,
So the light of Christ in glory
Cleared away the clouds of sorrow
Which about her pure soul hovered.
Mother-love her eyes soon strengthens,
And her soul with rapture thrilling,
Quick she rises up to greet Him,
To her loving heart to hold Him.
Is it He? For see, she pauses.
'Tis her Son, her longed-for loved One—
But how changed from mangled Jesus
Are the face and form before her!
Not in tortures of His passion,
Not besprent with blood and bruises,
Not as crucified and dying,
Is her Jesus now before her;
But in all His glory radiant,
Brighter far than sun when leaping
From the cradling lap of ocean,

Than the noon-tide's golden glory;
For His wounds—love-lips whose pleading
Won again our right to heaven—
Shone as suns of wondrous beauty,—
Each in splendor so surpassing
All we know of earthly splendor
That the sunlight, moonlight, starlight
All in one great glory gathered
Would seem lustreless beside it.
'Tis this beauty caused her pausing.
Only God she sees before her:
So in speechless adoration
Down she kneels and bows before Him.
Words can ne'er express the rapture
That is now her pure soul thrilling.
Jesus gently raised His mother
Stayed a moment in His loving,
Looking love to her eyes loving.
Kissed her with a kiss of heaven,
Then with love divinely-human
Strained her to His glowing bosom.
And while all the hosts angelic
Sang the victory of the Saviour,
Sang the praises of the mother,
While the saints from Limbo ransomed
Blessed the Saviour and His mother,
In His loving arms He clasped her
Telling of the life eternal
She would live in Heaven's city,
Loved by Son, by Spouse and Father,
Queen of all the hosts of Heaven,
Served by all on earth in Heaven;
More, He promised at her asking
Never to refuse a favor.

Then that mother's heart was sated
Thinking how with all the treasures
Flowing from His Heart all burning,
Burning for His sinful creatures,
She could show herself a mother
To the sons her Jesus left her,
To the sinners He had died for,
Win and save the wayward sinners,
Heal and guide them to the haven
Where beneath her sway in glory
They might live and love forever,
Love and reign with her forever.

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Pfannschmidt

"Comes the Lord, the Christ, the Mighty,
Comes Emanuel, the Saviour."

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Ingres.

OUR LADY OF THE EUCHARIST.

"THE UNKNOWABLE."

AN EASTER MEDITATION.

BY REV. HENRY A. BRANN, D.D.

The attitude of unbelieving scientists towards reason and faith is often ludicrous. What can be more amusing than an army of entomologists denying the creative cause, and dissecting the body of a common bug to find out the nature and relation of its members, and the source of its life and motive power. After centuries of vivisection they cannot solve the problem of the bug's life. Another division of scientists armed with microscopes inspects the minute bacillus, and with persistent zeal pursues the investigation through every repulsive change and habitat, without being able to solve the problem of bacterial vitality or origin. Again an army of chemists well supplied with retorts, alembics, and with disintegrating acids, after the most careful and profound research is puzzled by a drop of liquid or the quintessence of a gas. What is it? Whence does it come? They cannot answer. They have boiled down everything and have explained the processes by which they make the decoction or the distillation, only to find the residue and remainder,—an unknown quantity without a cause!

Thus puzzled are all of them; from the geologist with his pick and spade looking for fossils, to the astronomer with his telescope inspecting and measuring the stars. In presence of the questions,—what is an atom? What is ether? Whence do they come? these scientists are dumb or evasive. They are not willing to accept the answer which reason suggests, or the light with which faith illumines the subject, so they try to parry the question and befog the multitude with platitudes about the Unknowable, and by preaching agnosticism. Fortunately, however, the multitude is not sophisticated, and simple nature gives them the answer which proud and prejudiced reason refuses to accept. Following the voice of rational nature, plain common sense, the multitude cries out to the scientist: "You have found a mystery, because your mind is finite. The solution is known only to the Infinite intellect. There is no mystery for the Infinite. You have found an effect and this implies a cause; you have found a creature and this implies a Creator." Thus do the plain people know who gave life to the bug and to the bacillus, and existence to the ether and to the atom.

Leaving aside religious belief and the virtue of Christian humility which we cannot expect to find in unregenerate man, there are in every science countless reasons for what might be called natural humility.

Consider for a moment how little the scientists know, and how little the human intellect understands of the material and spiritual beings of the Universe! Ignorance is not confined to the lack of comprehension of the mysteries of physical nature. "The Riddle of the Universe" is not limited

to the visible and the tangible order. In the metaphysical order also, whether objectively or subjectively considered, insoluble problems are everywhere met. If the physical scientists contend about the nature of an atom, the metaphysicians dispute about the nature of the primary elements of thought. What is thought? What is an idea? Aristotle leads one host and Plato the other in battle over this question, and although the fight has been going on for ages there is no chance for a definite victory on either side. We have a faculty which is daily creating dramas and comedies in the theatre of our brain, yet we do not know what imagination is. The mystery of memory or of sensation is as inexplicable as the nature of light, of time, or of space, or of extension which geometry babbles about but cannot satisfactorily explain.

What is the nature of our sentiments and affections? The moralist may know their proximate origin, their tendency and purpose, and lay down laws for their government; but the ignorant peasant knows as much as Aristotle about their inner essence. No human eye has ever penetrated the mystery of human love and hate, which, like etherial and intangible fluids, permeate the whole of human life. There never was a Haeckel who could tell us what a body is; nor an Aristotle who could remove the impenetrable veil that hides the human soul. But if all these problems and riddles which scientists meet in their peculiar studies do not make them refuse to accept the undemonstrated truths of the material order, why should they hesitate to accept the truths of the spiritual order? If difficulty and mystery are not barriers to the acceptance of scientific theories, why should they be obstacles in the way of accepting truths of a higher order even if these be not susceptible of apodictical demonstration? If we accept as truth only what can be apodictically demonstrated, then even mathematics must be discredited.

In view of the fact that scientists know so little of the nature of the material order, is it not presumption on their part to relegate demonstrable truths of the spiritual order like the Existence of God, and the spirituality of the soul to the realm of the "Unknowable"?

In fact what these scientists call the "Unknowable" is only so in part. If they were consistent, they would admit the first Cause as they admit the secondary and intermediary causes. Throughout all their explorations, researches, investigations and analysis, they are constantly arguing from effect to cause. They find a symptom or outward manifestation, and deduce a cause from it, and following the line of causality by induction and deduction through all their links of effects and of causes, they balk only when they reach the first Cause. Why balk at that? When they reach the atom why hesitate to admit its creator? When they find that spiritual phenomena cannot be explained by a material cause, why not admit a spiritual cause? The Creator and the soul adequately solve the riddle. Nothing else can. The atom did not make itself; and matter cannot think. Thus a belief in the Creator and the soul makes even mysteries intelligible.

The Creator, who is consequently the legislator is limited only by His own intelligence and will; but He has set a

limit to the creature's knowledge of nature and its laws. As we are creatures we are essentially limited; we are not supposed to know everything. We are not God. He has given us intellect enough and knowledge enough for our necessities. Reason and justice cannot demand more. Whatever else we receive is a gift of mercy not of justice. We have no natural right to revelation or to immortality. Revelation and grace are special gifts from God.

Belief in the existence of God and of the soul is forced on the scientist by every problem which he cannot solve. God and the soul are facts which the scientist finds at the end of his spade, his scalpel, or his telescope; under the microscope, or at the bottom of the retort. He feels, he knows that only a spiritual being could do his complex work of inductive and deductive ratiocination; and the spiritual being, which does this work, should prove the existence of a first cause like to itself,—should find a spiritual Creator as the first link in the last analysis of physical, metaphysical and moral science.

Even the immortality of the soul so frequently considered a truth of revelation exclusively is more clearly demonstrable than many of the pet theories of the scientists. The belief in immortality is an aspiration of nature. Immortality is a necessity for the explanation and perfection of human life. How tersely, beautifully and grandly, Dante, the greatest of Christian poets as he is the greatest of Italian prose writers, puts the argument for immortality: "By way of preface, I say that of all irrational opinions, the most senseless, the most contemptible, the most pernicious, is the one which holds that, after this life there is no other life; for, if we study the writings of the philosophers, and of other learned men as well, we find them agreeing that there is in us a part of us that is everlasting. And this especially, in his work on the 'Soul' does Aristotle favor; and every one of the Stoics also; and Tully, particularly in his book on 'Old Age'; yes, and every poet who spoke according to the creed of the Gentiles. Every code stands by this opinion—Jews, Saracens, Tartars, and all others who live under any law. Now if all these were deceived, we should have to draw a conclusion wholly impossible, the mere statement of which would be horrible.

Every one is certain that human nature is the most perfect of all the natures in this world. No one denies this. Aristotle affirms it, when he says, in the twelfth chapter of his work on 'Animals,' that, of all the animals, man is the most perfect. But as there are many living animals that are wholly mortal, as the brutes are; and as, during their life, they have had no hope of another life; if our hope be vain, then should our imperfection be greater than that of any other animal; for many of us have given up the pleasures of this life for the other, and so it would follow that the most perfect animal, man, is the most imperfect—which is an impossibility—and that the part of man, which is his greater perfection—his very reason—was the cause of his greater imperfection; and this would be to state a contradiction. And furthermore, as we have said, many, in order that they might live in this other life, have hurried on to the

death of the body, it would follow, that placing this hope (of another life) in the human mind, Nature had so done as the enemy of herself; and this, too, is impossible."—*Il Convito: Trattato II Cap. IX.*

Take away the hope of immortality, that hope implanted in the human breast by the author of nature, and suffering humanity will soon cease to exist. If convinced that there is no future life, every man who suffers would carry his own phial of hemlock, his own dagger or pistol, to terminate at once a life of misery which would be the end of all things.

How low and groveling are the theories of all the infidel grub hunters compared to the truth of nature stated so beautifully by the majestic genius of the great Florentine theologian, philosopher and poet! Alleluia!

"HE IS ARISEN, HE IS NOT HERE."

BY MARGARET E. JORDAN.

Oh! the lilies are white in the Easter light,
The lilies with hearts of gold;
And they silently tell with each milk-white bell
The story an angel told.

And they've whispered it long to the weak and the strong,
The rich and the poor among men;
Each Easter day till time dies away
They will tell the tale again.

In the tomb new-made where the Christ was laid
The angel told the story,
Of how He arose from death's repose,
The Son of Eternal Glory.

A VERY JONAH.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

He was one of a litter of five puppies which were born under the manger in the pony's stall. No one troubled to drown them, but the pony's feet accounted for two in a very short space of time, and they were the two prettiest. Then various people came in and inspected what was left of the litter, and took away his two brothers. So he only was left.

He was not old enough to miss their society. His idea of enjoying himself was to sleep a great deal under his mother's silky and warm side, and when he had slept himself wide awake to crawl over her in the darkness under the manger and tug at her long ears in a state of contentment which ought to have lasted forever.

The day came, however, when the mother took him for his first walk. She was a pretty creature wrapped up in soft fur of a golden-chestnut color, bright-eyed, graceful, and with a timid fawning manner which won her caresses even from rough folk.

The puppy, however, was broad and squat. Not a sign of a curl appeared on his sleek, bloated sides. His eyes were very small and his cheeks pendulous. He sprawled helplessly, his little body flat in the effort he made to take hold on the smooth cobble-stones of the farm-yard.

There were two dogs standing in the midst of the farm-yard watching the progress of Flo and her puppy. One was a smooth brown terrier. He had a bored and cynical air, and he looked beyond pretty Flo and the ugly puppy. The other, a sheep dog, wore a grieved expression, in addition to his usual sharp anxiety, but his eyes were kind and honest as he watched the approach of mother and son.

"What do you think of him?" asked Flo, indicating the waddling puppy as she came up to the pair of men folk.

The terrier looked farther away than ever. The sheep-dog shook his grey head.

"He's not good-looking, Flo," he said.

The puppy listened, unable to make it out, but watching intelligently from his slits of eyes.

"Perhaps he'll be clever," said the sheep-dog consolingly. "Good looks and cleverness don't always go together."

"I didn't think he was so bad as that," said Flo, looking at the puppy with an expression which fortunately he did not understand.

"His head is so big," said the sheep-dog, "and his figure so ill-formed. His ears are prettily marked but then his nose is so turned up, and his eyes mere pin-points. And he will have no coat. I never think a dog good-looking myself unless he stands high, and has a good coat, with a ruff, and a long nose, and a well-feathered tail. You agree with me, Jock?"—to the terrier.

"I haven't been listening to you," said the terrier with an ostentatious yawn. "I suppose you are talking about yourself as usual. All I know is there is room here for no more dogs. The grub is scarce enough as it is."

Then he walked away with an air of having his hands in his pockets.

"I'm sure I'm sorry for you, Flo," said the sheep-dog, pricking up his ears for the shepherd's whistle. "It was hard luck that you should have kept the ugliest one. Let us hope he'll turn out better than we think."

Then he galloped off as fast as his legs would carry him, while Flo, dispirited, took her son back to the stable.

A day or two afterwards the puppy tweaked his mother's ears rather more sharply than usual. To his amazement he was suddenly taken up and shaken as though he were a rat. He was gasping for breath when he was put down, and felt his hitherto kind, warm world going round about him.

"You are unlucky, that's what you are!" his mother said angrily, "and I am the unlucky dog to be the mother of any thing so ugly."

It was the first time he had heard the epithet which was to cling to him for so many years of his life. Immediately afterwards Flo got sorry, and licked him all over from head to foot, repeating to herself, with the illogicality of her sex, that he wasn't ugly, and if he was it was all the more reason for his own mother to be fond of him.

The puppy forgave, being as forgiving as a puppy usually is, yet he thought a good deal over that moment when his mother had shaken him, and he had felt his world tumbling to pieces. He had brains as the sheep-dog had discovered; and too early he realized that the world was not simply a round ball for puppies to play with.

Afterwards his mother's affection gradually cooled, so gradually that it was no shock to him when she came to receive his playful onslaughts with growling and snapping. He was nearly always "unlucky" now; unlucky because the pony had not trodden on him rather than his brother and sister, unlucky because his drowning had been overlooked, unlucky to be so ugly, to be so healthy, unlucky for a thousand reasons not usually associated with ill-luck.

However, being incurably cheerful, the puppy did not take his mother's scoldings much to heart. Indeed he hardly missed her when she became a stranger to him, since he had been adopted by the farmer's little daughter, a pink-frocked, brown-eyed little haymaker, in whose fat arms it was a

joy to be hugged, even if the hugging was rather on the side of strangulation.

His devotion to his little mistress was entire. Everywhere she went he followed her, and the excursions were pleasant ones;—through meadows where the brown grass, the poppies, and moon daisies hid dog and child, along leafy country lanes, in garden and orchard, by winding streams fringed with meadow-sweet, over-hung by alders, everywhere a free country-child's wandering feet might lead her.

Sometimes they rode in the hay-wagons or tumbled in the heaps of fragrant hay in the meadows. It was on some such merry-making that the child lost her sun-bonnet and wandered in the sun with no one to restrain her, for what could a puppy know about such matters?

That evening she was heavy with sleep. The puppy could not tempt her to play, though after supper in the farm-house kitchen he tried by every means in his power to attract her attention to the woollen ball she was expected to throw to him. At last she was carried upstairs in her mother's arms, and the puppy creeping after, settled himself under her little bed for the night, none being the wiser. Sometime when the night was very dark he saw his little mistress' mother come in with a candle. He was wide-awake, for the child had been moaning and tossing, and talking a great deal in a strange voice, and had taken no notice at all when he had jumped upon her cot and licked her hand to let her know he was there. Afterwards there was a great commotion. The whole house was awake though it was the middle of the night, and a stranger came and stood by the little cot and felt the child's pulse, and did many strange things, the meaning of which the puppy, who crouched under the cot, vaguely terrified, did not understand.

Then he was shut out of the room, and whenever he tried to insinuate himself by the open door he was discovered and turned out again; and once he was squeezed in the door, and yelped in terror, and someone kicked him, and he stole away, feeling very much ashamed of himself for having yelped, because he understood the kick was given not in cruelty, but in the mere irritation of great unhappiness.

The misery of those days really transcended in his mind all he suffered afterwards, for a dog's fear and terror when someone he loves is threatened is a blind suffering for which there is no comparison. At last he was taken away by a young maid-servant and dropped into a house under a hay-rick, where the light only came through chinks, and where he seemed to be forgotten, though he whined and scratched every time he heard a foot pass by.

He might have been there only a day, or perhaps two, or maybe three. His suffering took no count of time. Once a grimy hand put in food and water to him, and he caught a glimpse of Kate, the farm-servant, in the gloom. But for all the frantic welcome he gave her he did not get his liberty as he desired. She flung him back on a heap of rubbish and closed the door upon him before he could regain his footing.

At last he was let out, and made a frantic dash for his little mistress' room. As he passed through the kitchen he hardly noticed that Kate

stood idly with her apron to her eyes. His mother and Jock, the brown terrier, sat before a cold hearth, with drooping heads. All the doors stood open; the house had an empty, uncared-for look. He flew frantically upstairs to the room, where he had last seen her. It was dark; all the blinds were down; the cot was empty and there were flowers strewn upon it. She was not anywhere. He raced through the house, scenting for her. There was no trace of her; and in the days that followed, though he was always having delusive hopes, remembering places he had not searched for her and which they had visited together, he never found her.

Once her father kicked him aside, with a groan.

"He is unlucky," he said. "I wish we had drowned him."

Then he went out, and his wife, who had been going about her household work as though she dragged the world at her heels, picked up the puppy and comforted him.

"You are indeed unlucky," she said, "for you have lost her. She has gone further away than you will follow her."

The puppy pricked up his ears at that. He had the disadvantage of his cleverness that he knew too much for his age, and understood so much of what was said to him without being able to piece things together.

Therefore, when the mother had put him down gently, and turned away, sobbing, he rushed out of the house, and without pausing to take an older dog's advice, ran away down the open road as fast as his feet could carry him.

They were wrong, he thought, if they fancied he would not follow her far enough. She might have only gone to her grandmother's in the market town, as she had done before. He never paused to think if he were not perhaps turning his back upon the town, but ran on fast, feeling sure that if he did not find her today he would tomorrow. Being so young he had heart enough for anything except the chilly house without her, and the something which terrified him in her father's and mother's faces.

It was July when he ran away. The time turned round to winter, and yet he had not found her, though he traveled incessantly. He had good and bad fortune in the people he met. Sometimes a child would give him a crust, or a kind woman a saucer of milk. Then for that a boy would throw a stone at him, or there would be a chorus of yells upon his path that would send him flying with his ears back and his nose to the ground in blind panic till he had distanced his pursuers.

On one of these occasions a policeman aimed a blow at him with his truncheon. Fortunately he did not know the meaning of that, and though many joined in the pursuit he managed to distance them till he reached open country and a hay-rick with a hole in its side into which he was able to creep and lie hidden till he had recovered from the beating of his heart.

After that he liked to avoid towns if he could, or, if they lay direct in his path, to slink through them, almost flattened against the house-walls, with a suspiciousness of aspect that brought many a stone after him where he had gone safe if he had walked like any dog with an owner. He knew what it was to be thirsty and foot-sore in sum-

mer, to be sodden and hungry and frost-bitten in winter. He was commonly lame, from the flints of the highways or the thorns of the hedgerows. As he grew older he had sometimes quarrels forced upon him by other dogs, and was often wounded and carried many scars, which added to his disreputable appearance.

If he had only known kind people would have rescued him many a time, and given him a happy home; but he had come to believe the world a place of kicks and rough words, of flying stones, and even of kettles tied to a wandering dog's tail, where it was best for a dog to slink along so as not to attract attention if he would keep a comparatively whole skin.

Once he spent a week in a hole under a railway-platform, and that was the most terrifying experience of all, for the place was in the bowels of the earth, and the noise of the incessant trains nearly scared him out of what senses he had left. While he was there people came and obscured the entrance to the hole, trying to get a sight of him, and he heard them calling him delusively through the shriek and rattle of the trains. But he only pressed further into his tunnel. Sometimes, when the noises ceased for a while or were further off, he would creep out and find scraps of meat and some sooty water placed just outside the hole.

By this time he had almost forgotten the original object of his quest. His little mistress, his mother, the sheep-dog, Jock, the handsome terrier, all were forgotten, or only came back to his mind when someone who had tried to entice him from his safe hiding-hole desisted, calling him "an unlucky little beggar."

At last he escaped from this fearful trap, traveling miles through black tunnels, where shrieking things with one great fiery eye rushed down upon him from every direction, till at last he emerged in open air, and found a steep bank of very dirty grass, up which he climbed into the world again.

He was half-crazy by this time, and grimed from head to foot, so that the first urchin who saw him slinking under an archway took aim at him with a stone, with the most happy result. The dog—he was about two years old now, but he thought he had lived through ages—pulled up short with an agonizing yell. Then he slunk back in the darkest part of the arch and fell to licking his leg. The boy had meanwhile gone on his way whistling, though he would have felt more meritorious, no doubt, if he had known that the cur's leg was broken.

After a time another boy came that way, a pale, peaked, suffering-looking child, with a satchel of books on his back. He caught sight of something stirring in the darkest corner of the archway. His eyes, bright with the feverishness of pain, were very observant.

"Why, it is a dog," he said to himself.

Then he climbed over the bit of railing which divided him from the dog, who left off licking his paw, and drew back growling, ready to defend his wretched life since there was no escape for him.

The boy lifted him up gently, and cradled him in his arms in a way that made the dog shiver with a sudden pang of memory.

"Don't be afraid," said the child's thin little voice, "as though I should

hurt you! And, I say, your leg is hurt, too. Never mind: I shall take you to Daddy, and he will put that straight."

A blessed sense of reassurance crept into the dog's heart. He stopped growling, and licked the pale little face instead. Even the agony of his leg was nothing in comparison with the sudden relief from the hunted feeling which he had known for so long, which he had thought never to lose again. He did not even moan when the boy on his homeward way shifted him a little and something like a red hot iron shot through him.

Presently they reached an open door and went in, and up a great many flights of stairs, all very black and grimy and with horrible gray walls scratched all over, and full of damp stains. The last flight or so the dog was conscious of a queer squealing sound which caused him a sensation half-rapture and half-pain so that he had an inclination to lift his head and whine in unison with the sound.

Then the boy opened a door and went in. There sitting in the room was a man with a great shock of soft hair and eyes that looked far, far away, as though they saw something beautiful. The sounds were coming from a strange thing he held on his shoulder and across which he drew a long double stick, or so it seemed to the dog. There was a delicious savory smell in the room, which almost made the hungry dog forget the sounds he had heard, and the increasing pain of his leg.

"Ah, Fritz, is it thou?" said the man. "And what starveling hast thou brought us?"

"What good thing is there in the pipkin, Daddy?" said the boy. "It smells very good."

"Ah, little friend, it is something good. I picked up a lady's purse which she had dropped, and she gave me a whole bright shilling, so I thought I would come home and cook thee something, for thou hadst a poor breakfast, and afterwards we should go to the Abbey, thou and I, or I would play for thee all the afternoon, as thou wouldst."

"See this poor thing, Daddy?" said the boy. "His paw is hurt. He must have had a bad time, for he was afraid of me and growled. What can we do for him?"

The man laid down the thing which had made the music—and which the dog knew very soon as the fiddle—upon the bed as though it were a child.

"Let me see it, Fritz," he said, taking the dog on his knee and examining the injured leg. "Alas, it is broken! Who was so cruel as to do it?"

"What matter? You will mend it, Daddy, as you mended poor Dicky's claw when he broke it."

"I will do my best. Hast thou fortitude to bear it, little one? Ah, see, Fritz, he says, 'yes.' How wise they are, those creatures of the good God! To think anyone should be found to maltreat them!"

The boy knelt down by his father while the dog's leg was put in splints and bandaged. At one time the pain was excruciating, but the dog's tongue only licked their hands the harder.

"It is a grateful soul," said the man, when the little operation was finished and the dog lay on the bed by the fiddle, which he watched somewhat suspiciously.

Nor did they forget to feed him with scraps of the savory meal, nor to give him a drink of clean water.

Afterwards the boy made a little fire because the afternoon was chilly and they were to stay at home for their guest's sake, and the dog, being transferred to the hearth, lay blinking in the fire-light as he had never thought to do again. The boy lay along the narrow strip of rug beside him, with his hands behind his head and smiling to himself as at something delightful, while for hours the squeaking of the fiddle went on, and it took all the dog's natural politeness not to show the torture it inflicted.

Afterwards, when the thing was put away in a velvet-lined case, came a time of perfect peace. The room was quite clean and sweet, and there were pots of musk on the window ledge, and many pictures on the walls, and a gay quilt on the bed, and everything sweet and seemly; though indeed the dog had no appreciation for anything but the kindness and comfort.

After that he learned to keep the house every day while the Fritzes, father and son, were abroad. It was lonely; but then he could not have got very far on his broken leg, and there was always the delightful hour when little Fritz returned and set out the evening meal, and presently big Fritz came in, too, and there were the lamp-lit hours which even the squeaking of the fiddle could hardly mar.

But one day while he was alone a heavy foot sounded on the staircase, and someone rapped at the door, in a noisy way which irritated the dog, no longer homeless and friendless, so that he barked angrily.

After a time the footsteps went away. But that evening, just as they were sitting down to a delicious meal of sausage, for big Fritz had had another stroke of luck and it was a plentiful day, the heavy feet were heard again outside the door.

Then a big man, dressed in blue, came in and set down a strip of blue paper in the midst of the meal.

"I understand," he said, "that you are keeping a dog without a license, and you are hereby summoned to appear before the magistrate to answer for it."

"Ach, Gott!" cried big Fritz, staring wildly—"what for?"

"For keeping a dog without license," repeated the policeman, stolidly. "There's no use denying it, for I see the dog and hear him, too."

"I never thought to deny it," said Fritz. "The boy brought it home. The leg was broken all to bits. Wouldst thou have had us cast it on the cruel streets once more?"

"I'm not here to argufy with you," said the policeman. "You can say all that to his Worship. It'll be ten shillings or seven days maybe."

"But I did not know," said Fritz, "and what remained for us to do, seeing the limb was broken? Has thy law no heart?"

"If you say that in the Court it might be fourteen days," said the policeman. "Here, let's look at the baste. Come here, you bit of bad luck!"

The dog crept towards him with some idea of propitiating one he saw to be powerful, and timidly licked the policeman's big hand.

"'Tis a friendly bit of bad luck," said the policeman, looking pleased, "and I'm sorry for you, my friend, so

I am,"—to big Fritz. "Maybe there'll be someone to pay the fine for you."

"Ah, thanks," said big Fritz, "but do not call the little dog so, I pray you. He is the creature of the good God, and the good God doubtless sent him to us."

The policeman stared.

"Sure may he be a bit of good luck to you!" he said, kindly. "I don't agree meself wid them licenses an' things, an' I wouldn't mind plankin' down a shilling towards the fine. You'll see me about the Court a-Wednesday."

"It will be a friend's face," said big Fritz gratefully.

The dog fretted much in the intervening days between that and Wednesday, to think he should have brought ill-luck to those who had been so good to him; but there was no change in their manner to him, only, if possible, they were more affectionate.

Sometimes big Fritz would drop the fiddle and put it away like a child tired of crying, and talk to little Fritz about what was to be done in case he had to go to prison in default of the money to pay the fine. Their calculations always ended the one way. The money was not forthcoming. True: but the good God was in His Heaven, and He would take care of motherless and ailing little Fritz till his father returned to him.

Then the dog found himself one morning in little Fritz's arms in a place crowded with people which he supposed to be the Court. An amiable-looking old gentleman with glasses leant upon a high desk and listened to the proceedings, making marks upon his blotting pad as though he heard nothing, though his eyes looked very wide-awake.

After a time big Fritz was called. "Fritz Koerner, wandering musician." He stumbled forward, very pale.

"Believe, Worship," he said, "I had no thought to break the law. My son brought me the little dog. Here he is, Worship! His leg was broken. What could we do but take him in and mend it?"

"You are a foreigner, Mr. Koerner?" said the old gentleman, peering at him.

"An Alsatian, Worship."

"'Tis no excuse for breaking the law of the country you live in. You should not have sheltered the dog if you did not intend to pay the license."

"Worship, I had not the money. We are very poor. I play Schubert, Bach, Schumann; the people pass me by."

"I am very sorry for you. You are certainly unlucky. You should have turned the dog into the street again."

"With a broken leg! Ach, dear God, no, Worship!"

"It is the law. You must pay a fine of half-a-crown in addition to the cost of the license. It is the least I can make it."

Big Fritz threw out his hands with a gesture of despair, and at the sight the dog burst into a howl of sympathy and sorrow for his own misfortune that he should have brought ill-luck to those who had sheltered him. Why had he not died before it had come to that?

A gentleman, with a curious, curled head-dress rose in the Court.

"If you please, your Worship," he said, "I should like to pay the half-sovereign for this man."

At the other side one of a body of men sitting at a table stood up.

"I and my colleagues at the reporters' table, your Worship, have a similar wish," he said.

"Those expressions of feeling do you great credit, gentlemen," said the

magistrate, "but I may mention that I have already paid in the amount. As a matter of fact I never intended that the man should suffer for his act of benevolence, but the letter of the law is against him, though not its spirit."

As they went out of the Court, the two Fritzes and the dog, in an ecstasy of gratitude, the policeman who had brought the summons slipped some coins into little Fritz's hand.

"From meself," he said, "an' a few members of the Force, towards the little baste's keep."

For days after that the newspapers were full of letters about Fritz Koerner's case, and various sums of money were sent for him and the boy, to the magistrate and the editors of newspapers. But of this the Fritzes knew nothing. Little Fritz had a feverish attack, brought on by anxiety, and big Fritz stayed at home to nurse him. The gifts of the kind policeman and the gentlemen in Court kept the cupboard unusually full. And all day, the fiddle cried its Te Deums, while little Fritz sat among his pillows, smiling as though he saw the angels, and the dog stifled his own feelings about the music because he saw that it made his protectors so happy.

They were in the midst of the *Ave Maria* of Schubert, big Fritz playing from a ragged score, and rocking in an ecstasy of satisfaction, so that no one but the dog heard a gentle knock at the door, which came once and was not repeated. Then the last sob of the fiddle died down; and immediately the door was pushed open, and a lady came in.

She was a most beautiful lady, and she was dressed as befitted her beauty. In the sudden silence the champing of horses could be heard in the alley below.

The lady looked all about her with sparkling eyes.

"You are Fritz Koerner," she said, "and this the child, and this the dog?"

"Yes, lady," said big Fritz, flinging back his soft wild hair. "What would your Highness do with us?"

"Give me a chair, please," she said, as though she were accustomed to obedience, "and play for me. I want to hear more of your music."

She sat smiling while big Fritz played, and her smile had the same quiet radiance which the fiddle brought to the faces of the two Fritzes.

At last she sprang to her feet.

"I must stay no longer," she said, "or my coachman will give me warning. You are a musician, my friend. Would you like to live in a little house in my park, and be my . . . shall we call it Chapel-Master? It will be better than flinging pearls before swine in the city streets."

"Lady!" gasped Fritz, and could say no more.

"It will be lonely," she said, smiling. "Nothing but miles and miles of green country. But it will be good for the child. And you will have your fill of music."

"You offer us Heaven, Highness," said big Fritz, with rapturous closed eyes.

"Then I shall send someone to arrange things. I am the Duchess of D——. You will bring the dog also. I shall be a friend to him as well.

. . . . . .

"Dear Heaven," said big Fritz to the dog, when the radiant vision had departed, leaving the trail of her beautiful presence behind. "To think that anyone should have dared to call thee unlucky!"

THE DANISH ISLANDS.

BY REV. L. W. MULHANE.

For many years negotiations have been in progress between Denmark and the United States for the purchase of the Danish West Indies—St. Thomas, St. John and St. Croix; in fact as far back as 1867, a vote was taken on the island of St. Thomas, which resulted in 1244 for and 22 against, but the matter failed in the United States Senate. At present it seems, however, that at last negotiations will soon close. The Senate has voted favorably on the treaty, and instead of $15,000,000, which Denmark wished in 1867, she has now accepted $5,000,000. The last step will be the ratification by the Danish parliament —the "rigsdag," which will be the last formality. It is said that Congress will likely legislate for the islands similar to the present laws of Porto Rico and eventually the islands and Porto Rico will have a common territorial government. The islands are in the near vicinity of Porto Rico—St. Thomas, the nearest, being only forty miles' distant and having a magnificent harbor, giving fine advantages for warships, besides an opportunity for our government to establish there a coaling station. The three islands combined have an area of about 130 square miles and a population of about 50,000. St. Croix is the largest of the islands and was discovered by Columbus on his second voyage and has been under various governments—Dutch, British, Spanish and French—France ceding it to Denmark in 1733. In 1807, England took it, but restored it to Denmark by the treaty of Paris. The soil is quite fertile and nearly the whole island is under cultivation, about one-half in sugar cane. St. Thomas and St. John are not nearly so fertile, having no running streams, but are especially fitted for harbors and eight regular steam lines touch their ports. The population is mixed—blacks predominating—about 15 per cent white; the black are of a superior class and have the same rights and privileges as the whites. The color line does not exist, either in business, schools or churches. The United States Senate Committee on foreign relations, in making a favorable report on the purchase of these islands among other reasons, stated:—

"These islands, together with Porto Rico, are of great importance in a strategic way, whether the strategy be military or commercial. St. Thomas is the natural point of call for all European trade bound to the West Indies, Central America or northern South America. These islands, together with Porto Rico, form the northeastern corner of the Caribbean sea, and are of great importance in connection with the American isthmus, where a canal will be constructed between the Atlantic and Pacific. They are of first importance in connection with our relations to the region of the Orinoco and the Amazon, and with our control of the Windward passage. In view of the isthmian canal and European settlements in South America, every additional acquisition of the United States is of value. Porto Rico is densely populated. Its roads are poor. It has a long coast line without ports for large vessels. It is consequently very difficult of defense. San Juan is the only harbor capable of fortifications and this is only suitable for vessels of light draught."

Mr. Van Horne, the present United States consul at St. Thomas, gives the following account of the group:

"The principal industry of the islands is coaling steamers. An average of 30 steamers call here every month for coal. Ninety thousand eight hundred and

eighteen tons of coal were imported last year, of which 86,571 tons came from the United States, and the remainder from the East.

The bayberry, or Pimenta acris, yields a leaf and berry, out of which a superior bay rum is manufactured and exported all over the world. As now understood, no other place in the world yields so fine a berry and leaf for this business as the bay tree of the island of St. John. The provision supply is almost wholly from the United States. The leading article is flour, 13,271 barrels, at a cost of $48,234, being received from the United States, and 42 barrels, at an expense of $153, from all other countries. Sugar presents the next largest figure, the West Indies having supplied 1,000,103 pounds, at an expense of $26,424, and all other countries 40,228 pounds, at an expense of $1,416. Coal and provisions are therefore the leading articles imported from the United States. The increase of imports this year (1901) has been $51,238 from the United States. American shoes have become imperative in the supply of this trade, no other shoes giving the same satisfaction. The value of the trade to the United States this year (1901) is $20,925, out of the total value of $28,176, leaving $7,647 to all other countries.

The climate is purely tropical, the temperature in summer varying from 80 to 91 degrees. There are periods when the temperature will not vary more than three degrees in 30 days. Though there are sudden and heavy rainfalls, severe thunder and lightning are seldom experienced. The trade winds constantly produce refreshing breezes, relieving in a great measure the debilitating effects of the heat. Home life and a high estimate of the family relation, with the influence of the seven churches in the city and two in the country, have crystallized in bringing about the same social conditions as exist in ordinary Christian communities.

The cost of living would, upon the whole, be about what it costs in the United States, that is, in New England. Many things are cheaper, and many, on the other hand, much dearer, as, for instance, any part of the beef can be bought for 16 cents per pound, while flour would cost 40 per cent more per barrel. There is an ample supply of canned provisions, which sell at a small average higher than in the United States.

The facilities to perform the service of relief as a port of refuge are good. First is the large supply of provisions kept by the merchants, in the best of condition, and sold at reasonable prices. Such extortionate prices as have been reported as charged in some of the islands have never obtained here. Several distressed American vessels came here last winter with their stores all unsuitable for use by the sea water. They had fled from Northern blizzards. Their first relief was the Gulf stream. Their second relief was a landlocked harbor, with the gentle breeze of June, where by a little delay they were enabled to rest their crews, rerig masts, restore their larder and regain the 1,400 miles they had lost by having been driven off their courses. There are good ship carpenters here, and the floating dock and marine slip for small vessels, as well as the excellent machine shop of the Royal Mail Steamship Company."

The Church in these islands is in the diocese of Roseau, Island of Dominica, under the care of Rt. Rev. A. C. Caron, D.D., C.SS.R., who was consecrated last year as successor to Bishop Michael Naughten, who died July 15th, 1900. The diocese of Roseau embraces the British islands of Antiqua, Anquilia, Culebra, Dominica, Monserrat (Little Ireland), Nevis and St. Christopher; and the three islands of St. Thomas, St. Croix and St. John. Monserrat is still called Little Ireland and has a most salubrious climate for invalids, and in the Church register of the one church on the island—St. Patrick's, under the care of Rev. T. J. Fortune, may be found some of the most honorable names on record. The new Bishop of Roseau will have the unique distinction of having both subjects of England and the United States under his spiritual jurisdiction. The three islands, soon to come under the jurisdiction of this country, are entirely in the charge of the Redemptorist Fathers, priests of the Order of St.

Alphonsus Liguori. Three priests and two brothers of this order look after the spiritual welfare of the Catholics on the islands of St. Thomas and St. John, and in addition to two churches on St. Thomas island, there is a Catholic Hospital, a convent and boarding school for young ladies under the care of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart; a college for boys, a High School for girls, a free school for boys, and three smaller schools for girls, in addition to a mixed school in the country; hence the education of youth is amply provided for in a Catholic population of 7000—there being but few Catholics on the little island of St. John. On St. Croix island, there are about 7000 Catholics looked after by four priests and four brothers in the towns of Fredericksted and Christiansted, with three schools for boys and girls. The total Catholic population of the three islands approximates about 15,000. Charlotte Amalie is the only town, population 10,000, on St. Thomas island, and is built along the bay. It has paved and clean streets; the stores and houses are nearly all one-story structures. The old buildings are built of stone, but the modern houses are of wood and all are of the old Spanish style. The roofs are tiled and flat and so arranged as to easily and quickly shed the rain into cisterns, where it is kept for drinking purposes, no other water being available. Christiansted and Fredericksted on the island of St. Croix are very pretty little towns. The climate is a very healthful one and this spot, midway between two oceans and two continents, is very similar to those islands way out in the Pacific—that we have lately acquired—the Hawaiian group of which Stoddard sings:—

"Where the wave tumbles.
Where the reef rumbles,
Where the sea sweeps
Under bending palm branches,
Sliding its snow white
And swift avalanches;
Where the sails pass
O'er an ocean of glass,
Or trail their dull anchors
Down in the sea-grass."

EASTER TIME.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

Willow branches whit'ning
'Neath the April skies;
Sodden meadows bright'ning,
Where the warm sun lies.

Robin Red-breast swinging,
In a tree-top high;
Swollen brooklets singing—
Easter draweth nigh!

Tender fledgelings hushing,
Eager to take wing;
Trees and hedges, flushing,
With the joy of spring.

Crocus buds up-springing
Through the cold dark sward,
Living incense bringing
To the risen Lord.

ELIZABETH NOURSE, AN AMERICAN ARTIST.

BY ANNA SEATON SCHMIDT.

All who have followed the history of our artists know that Elizabeth Nourse is the descendant of an old Huguenot family; that her ancestor, Rebecca Nourse, was hanged as a witch in Massachusetts; that she was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, where she entered the School of Design as a child of thirteen and that she has received every honor possible to an artist, both here and abroad. What is unknown to the world is her beautiful Christian life and the consecration which she has made of her work to the service of God.

Many years ago a young man in Massachusetts, resigning his patrimony in favor of his sisters, went West to seek his fortune. On his way he stopped over night in Cincinnati. There was a dance at the hotel. Ladies being in the minority, a little girl in short skirts and long pantelets was admitted to make up the quadrille. Something in the face of the child appealed so strongly to the man that he decided to remain in this city for a few days—the days lengthened into years and the friendship into love. Shortly after the marriage of Charles E. Nourse and Elizabeth Rogers (whose parents had also come from Massachusetts) the famous controversy between Archibishop Purcell and the Reverend Mr. Campbell took place. It was attended by the most intellectual people of Cincinnati, among them the young couple whose Puritan traditions were so opposed to the teachings of the Catholic Church. Both became converts. Thus Elizabeth Nourse, in addition to the noble qualities of her Huguenot and New England inheritance, received from her parents the richness of a fervent faith. In a beautiful studio, opposite the Gardens of the Luxembourg, the drama of a human life is being written in letters of gold. Here the poor come for comfort and assistance, sure of finding a friend in the famous artist. Stories of the Latin Quarter (and in this many writers include the Artist Quarter) give the impression of a gay, thoughtless life, of men and women whose only aim, apart from their work, is worldly pleasure. Living there with Miss Nourse, I have seen but little of the traditional ungodliness of that part of Paris. Many of the artists are Catholics, some of whom go daily to

WATCHING FOR THE FISHERMEN'S RETURN.

Mass. The church of Notre Dame des Champs has one of the most devout congregations in France. The evening services during May are crowded to suffocation. Many of the men receive Holy Communion every Sunday, some oftener. These cannot belong to the immoral class of the Latin Quarter of whom we hear so much in America. Of course, the inhabitants are not all artists and the students who are responsible for its reputation are from every country of the world. Bartoldi, the sculptor of our great Statue of Liberty in the New York harbor, lived on our right; to the left Cazin, his wife and son, were then working. Whistler, Alexander Harrison and Elizabeth Gardner were among our noted American neighbors, while Bouguereau's studio could be seen from our back windows. They also overlooked the gardens of the Convent of Zion, founded by Ratisbone, the converted Jew. In the beautiful chapel there Elizabeth Gardner was received into the church and, later, married to Bouguereau. I have often wondered if the dear Sisters appreciated the romance which ended beneath their roof. Or is marriage but the beginning of a deeper romance? For twenty years the proud, reserved New England woman had braved the criticisms of the Parisians, who could not understand her pure devotion to the artist. Bouguereau's mother opposed their marriage, and though a man of more than sixty, he would not rupture the sacred tie between mother and son. Whatever may be said against the French character, no one can accuse them of a want of tender reverence for their parents. As soon as Bouguereau's old mother died, he felt free to marry the woman who had so faithfully loved him. Quietly, without ostentation, the marriage service of the world-renowned man was performed in the Convent Chapel.

Surrounded by these famous artists, Elizabeth Nourse draws from them much inspiration for her work. Her parents dying when she was still a student in the Cincinnati School of Design, she determined to go to Paris to study. Unfortunately, her father, who was a banker, had lost his money during one of our financial panics. To live in Paris one must have an income. With unfaltering courage the young girl resolutely confronted the problem of earning it. Outside of school hours she taught, designed, and decorated the walls in the homes of some of Cincinnati's most noted citizens. On her graduation she was offered a very fine position as teacher of drawing. This she refused, realizing that it would interfere with her more ambitious projects. Many wondered at her courage in resigning such a lucrative position, for at that time she was very poor. Instead of a teacher she continued to be a pupil in the school, taking a post-garduate course in painting from life. Fortunately she was aided and encouraged by the loving devotion of her sister Louise, who, in addition to being the housekeeper, worked daily at her wood carving, which was greatly in demand. Together they saved every possible cent until five thousand dollars had been accumulated. This, with the little rescued from the wreck of their father's fortune, insured their expenses abroad for several years. Arriving in Paris, Miss Nourse entered the Julien School, where her ability astonished the artists

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THIRSTY.

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MOTHER AND CHILD.

who criticized the student's work. They advised her to rent a studio and work alone. "Your drawing is excellent and we fear that the influence of academic training may interfere with the development of your original style," was the verdict of Henner and Carolus Duran. Following their advice, she remained but six weeks in the school—then began painting in her own studio. That winter she sent "A Mother and Child" to the Salon. It was accepted and hung on the line—an unprecedented honor for a new comer.

Since that time her work has been received with enthusiasm, and she is now regarded as one of the strongest American painters in Paris. She has chosen that city for her home not because she is in any sense disloyal to America, but because she finds there an artistic atmosphere which is most helpful in the development of her genius. She probably knows more of American affairs than many who have never left their homes. During our war with Spain she followed the movements of each commander. Her studio was hung with maps, photographs of forts, and of the prominent officers. She never appeared on the streets without her precious American flag — which she wore in the shape of a pin. Recently I received a letter from her, in which she said, speaking of meeting an American, "We became friends at once through our common love for our dear country." Her patriotism is well known and admired by her French friends. Not less admired is her great charity. A member of the Third Order of St. Francis, she follows closely his loving service among the lowly children of Christ. She gives them not only money, but her precious time and strength. "Why will you climb all those stairs, Elizabeth, when you are so tired?" I would ask. "But my poor 'old lady' sits at the top counting the hours until I arrive. She is

so happy when she sees me coming, I only reproach myself for not going oftener. You should see how pretty her room looks. My friends have been most generous, giving me furniture, curtains and bedding." She did not speak of the labor of hunting for that small room, of watching each piece of furniture as it was carried there from her studio, nor of the hours spent by her sister and herself in hemming sheets and towels, putting up the curtains and making the barren place home-like for the "old lady" whom they had rescued from absolute starvation. She was too sick to work and preferred to die rather than go to a hospital. It was the old story of better days, failing health and an ungrateful child. Miss Nourse, always aided and abetted by her noble sister, hired the tiny room on the sixth floor of an apartment house. Paying the rent for six months, she begged the furniture from her friends and installed the "old lady" with her blind cat. This cat was the subject of much discussion as its food added to the ex-

ELIZABETH NOURSE.

UNDER THE TREES.

pense of the little ménage and many advised that it should be killed. "It is the only living thing that loves me. At night when my heart is heavy with anguish and I cannot sleep for thinking of my son, who deserted his old mother, Mimi creeps into my bed and lays her warm, soft head against mine —she seems to understand. She is all that I have left of the old life. Do not take her from me." And Miss Nourse never did, though her slender resources were already taxed to the uttermost. When the "old lady" grew stronger she was eager to work—but what could she do? Constant weeping had almost destroyed her eyesight. She was too feeble for housework and too emaciated for a model. One day Miss Nourse came home with a beaming face—"Le Croix wants our 'old lady' to pose as a skeleton. He will give her a dollar a morning. The class is studying anatomy and must have a model whose bones can be seen."

"My husband can get no work, Mademoiselle. The ground has been frozen so long no hauling is being done—but the horse must be fed and his appetite seems worse than ever. He eats up three francs every day! We can't afford to let him get sick, so the children must go hungry." Philomene was one of Miss Nourse's favorite models and of course had to be helped over such a hard time. Before the painting could begin the little ones must have their breakfast. Artists, eager to commence work, find any delay irritating, but Miss Nourse's patience was inexhaustible. For several summers she has lived among the peasants in the forest of Rambouillet, where I had the good fortune to share her home. Her sister was our housekeeper and the guardian angel of the village. "The sick, the halt and the lame," came daily to our door. Marie, our one maid, supplied models in the shape of two golden-haired children who tyrannized over the artist. "Me tumin' in fer brekfus, me dood bouy dis day." And Daniele would climb

on Miss Nourse's lap, capture her fork and spoon and proceed to eat whatever she had on her plate, while she looked on in rapt admiration. "Me ywants to see de chickies—D a n n y bad buoy, he not pose dis mawnin'." "Oh yes, Danny must pose, he shall have a real live chickie for his own if he'll keep quiet." "Aunt Lidabee, tarry me in her arms an' ketch de chickie, den Danny pose." A pretty picture it was, the f a i r madonna's face bending over the golden curls as she carried him through the flowers to the kitchen garden. "You should have been a mother, Elizabeth." "But I *am* a mother. I am never without a baby, and my baby doesn't grow old; it is always at the fascinating, cuddling age when I can carry it in my arms, isn't it Danny? Come now, cher Ange, we must get to work." A thousand times would Danny lose his pose —if one can speak of *pose* in connection with such a wriggling bit of humanity. No Court Jester ever worked harder to please the king than poor Louise to amuse his royal highness. She was a lion, a bear, a whole menagerie of wild animals. Daniele was insatiable!

THE MORNING TOILETTE.

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"Painting children means hard work not only for the artist, but for the good angel who undertakes to keep them quiet." "Yes, indeed," laughed Elizabeth. "I often tell Louise that she deserves half the credit for whatever I may accomplish. But it's much easier here where Ninette plays in the garden while I am painting Daniele. Last winter when Therese was posing for me, she invariably arrived with her two children. It took all Louise's time to amuse them. Even then one was usually crying. Poor Therese had no fire at home and no relatives where she could leave the children, so she was

obliged to bring them. Of course we had to give them their meals as Therese was saving every cent just then for her rent. Whenever she did any washing she brought the wet clothes in a push-cart to hang in our studio. She said it was such a lovely place for drying! Madame G—— arrived one day when the studio was white with steam, and declared that we ruined our models; that when they posed for the men they managed to leave their children somewhere and dry their clothes at home. I suppose we ought not to allow them to impose on us, but it is so hard to know just where Christian charity ends and weakness of character begins! The Italians are simply grown-up children and never learn anything by experience. Unfortunately rent day only comes once in three months. When that is past even Therese becomes reckless. She will appear in a new apron, very gorgeous, but *not* warranted to wash, or a bit of coral jewelry will tempt her. Then the children must have penny toys and small cakes to reward them for their long fast. Next pay-day belongs to the dim and distant future. Why worry over the unknown!"

Fortunately for us Marie was French—a synonym for thrift. Every penny that the children earned by posing was put in the bank to start them in life, although Marie and her husband were so poor that they lived in one room and rarely had meat on their table. "Ninette must have a dowry, Mademoiselle. No girl in France can marry unless she has a dot or a good trade. The men become more and more exacting. Daniele will need money to pay his apprenticeship. I want him to be a skilled workman, not a woodcutter like his father." Absolutely nothing was wasted in our small ménage. When the bread was cut the crumbs were carefully gathered up to put in the soup, for which meat bones and gravy had been hoarded. The most delicious dishes were made out of bits of cold fish, vegetables or meat. "Mademoiselle, will you give me the stems of your cherries?" asked the frugal Marie, "I can make a nice drink with them for my husband."

Six months is a lifetime to a child and from Daniele's point of view the artist had always belonged to him body and soul and always would. His slightest wish was law. He ruled the little household with a rod of iron. Never had he seemed to me more fascinatingly beautiful than on the morning when the tragedy occurred, which changed the whole course of his baby existence. His aunt appeared with a queer-looking bundle in her arms. She unrolled the old shawl in which it was enveloped and revealed a soft, curly head; two bright, black eyes and a tender, dimpling mouth. Elizabeth gave a little gasp, held out her arms and gathered this new treasure close to her mother heart. "Me lub oo, Aunt Lidabee. Me tumin' to see oo dis day—me twimin'on oo lap." But for once her ears were deaf to poor little Danny's pleading. A new king claimed her allegiance, and the famous painter of babies was already planning her next Salon picture.

When Miss Nourse was elected Associée of the Societé des Beaux Arts, Puvis de Chavannes was the first to congratulate her. "I am rejoiced to know that you have obtained the recognition which your talent so richly de-

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COMING HOME FROM CHURCH, BRITTANY.

serves." Death had placed its seal on the master's lips before she was made a Sociétaire, but Dagnan-Bouveret, Rodin, and a host of noted men showered upon her the congratulations which Puvis would so gladly have offered. Not only because he admired her personally, but from the fact that she was the first (and so far, the only) American woman on whom this honor had been bestowed.

To the French artists Miss Nourse

is an enigma. "She paints like a man six feet tall," yet she is "frail, delicate, a child in appearance and action." They cannot reconcile virility, strength in painting, with sweet, gentle womanliness; above all, intellectual strength. And this is pre-eminently the quality of Miss Nourse's work. No picture leaves her studio that does not bear the impress of deep thought. Through the homely life of the humble shines forth the fundamental truths of humanity. The simplest action, as the mother handing a cup of cold water to her child, reveals this underlying spiritual life. That is the gift of her genius and therein lies the value of her work. A sincere student of nature, of the real, the actual, she paints only what she sees, but hers is the vision of a noble soul which pierces through the conventionalities to the poetry and beauty which underlie all life. No one can live with her pictures and not be helped by them. A man resting from his work, a mother dressing her child, peasants coming home from church—we have all seen them hundreds of times, but as Browning says:—

> We love first when we see them painted, things
> We have passed a hundred times, perhaps,
> Nor cared to see. So they are better painted
> * * * Art was meant for that. God uses
> Us to help each other, so, *lending our minds out.*"

"I wish that I could translate for you the charm of an afternoon in Paris," writes Vance Thompson in the Cosmopolitan. "It was in a studio. Everywhere there were pictures. A young mother, watching with ineffable eyes her sleeping child—peasants at prayer—a girl dreaming in a glade. . . . And all these pictures you would have said were the work of a man; of one whose tenderness was based on strength—of a man who had Millet's feeling for form and Baudry's sense of color. In any case a strong man. I have often thought that fate loves to cheat the man of ready-made convictions. This artist was a woman . . . fragile, very gentle, with a face in which there were beauty and almost synthetic womanliness. . . . No American woman artist stands so high in Paris today as Miss Nourse. Indeed, she is the one woman painter of our country . . . who ranks in the world as a painter and not as *a woman who paints.* . . . Miss Nourse has learned by some woman's intuition the lesson that few men learn after penible artistic years—that only exceptionally does life move on a ball-room plane—that only now and then does it wear sword and pipe-clay. . . . She has understood why Raphael, when he would paint the Mother of our Lord—painted a baker's daughter."

The simple stories of those who toil are what she loves best to interpret. It is her sympathetic rendering of peasant life which has gained for her the right to be called "the Millet of America." An omnivorous reader, she has studied human nature through the eyes of the best English and French writers. Yet the poor among whom she lives have been her best teacher. To quote from an article by Caroline Lord, "If all the world could see her, as I have, walking along the Volendam Dikes, her eyes searching the face of man, woman and child for its history; her heart stealing into theirs; could see her delicate hand touch lovingly the cheeks of child or mother, as if to say, 'This I love; this will I paint.' If all the

A FAMILY REPAST.

A HUMBLE MENAGE.

world, I say, could watch the lovelight come into the weary faces—then all the world would want to buy the pictures which tell the story." Because that is the *Universal* story, in which each one of us has some part. I was with her last summer and saw "the lovelight" brighten the face of many a Brittany peasant. When our little model "Goldenhead" lay dying, it was Miss Nourse who sat by her bedside, and later lavished her loving tenderness upon the bereaved mother. Nor was it only when sorrow came to them that she sought the peasants in their humble homes. She dearly loved to join in their fêtes, their marriage feasts and dances. For though her work is so serious she possesses a large capacity for enjoyment. Her leisure moments were devoted to making rag dolls, cardboard houses and toys for the children, who adored her. These dolls and toys she regards with much pride. "Look at this fine house. I have put two pigs and a tree in the front yard! Come, see if you can make as nice a wind-mill!" But for her painting she has only the severest criticism. Nor can the praises of the

best artists do more than make her long to reach a still higher plane where she may do better work.

No amount of hardship discourages her. Working out of doors in the late fall, her hands and feet are often frost-bitten, yet not until the hardy peasants declare that it is too cold for them to pose, will she leave her painting. When the light permits she works eight hours a day, sometimes refusing to stop for dinner. Her only anxiety is for her models, whom she dislikes to tire. Obstacles merely incite her to more vigorous effort. When in Russia she was advised against painting in the houses of the poor. The wealthy nobles whom she was visiting had never stepped foot inside these lowly dwellings. They said that she might even be murdered, and if she persisted in such a dangerous undertaking, one of the men servants must accompany her as protector. Secure in the love which she had received from the German, French and Italian peasants, she went boldly to the homes of the Russians and met with the same kindly welcome.

Varied and amusing were our experiences in some of the small villages seldom visited by strangers. The first startling announcement would be the fact that we were not married. Three young women traveling alone aroused much apprehension. The head man of the place would call to assure himself that we were not spies. Once we were almost arrested, the mayor insisting that our being unmarried was most suspicious. Many were the offers which we received of assistance in securing husbands. In Italy we were assured that we could purchase one for a very small sum. "Why you can get an educated man, Signorina, a real professor, for a few thousand francs, and the nobles are so poor just now, you can even find them for but little more!" That we did not take advantage of these "reduced rates" in husbands was most disappointing to the good peasants. Only on the ground of our being Americans could they understand our indifference. "Americans are all a little queer," they would exclaim with a sigh. The wild Indian, supposed to inhabit our largest cities, was an unfailing source of interest. "Are you not afraid to go on your streets, Signorina?" Even in France there are many to whom the United States is but a name and New York an unknown city. "My husband went to your country last year, Mademoiselle, but he was afraid to remain. No—he didn't *see* any Indians in New York, but then he was only there a day. They told him that all foreigners were sold as slaves, so he hurried back to the steamer and stayed there until it sailed." Then she proudly added, "I speek leetle I-e-anglish. I say he-ow do do you!"

In a tiny village of the Austrian Tyrol the people had never seen a picture and were inclined to look upon artists as conjurers inspired by the evil one. When we arrived, the priest thought it best to explain from the altar that we were not in league with his satanic majesty and that it would not be a sin for them to have their portrait painted. Indeed he advised them to become models, not to molest us in any way, nor to allow the boys to stone us on the streets. A few weeks sufficed to win the love of these simple people. Miss Nourse and her sister became the idols of the village.

When we left all the inhabitants followed our carriage, weeping and imploring us to return.

I have dwelt on the human side of this artist's character, because it is this which we feel most strongly in her work; which raises it above mere technical perfection, and places her among the great interpretive artists of the 20th century. Rodin, admitted by many critics to be the foremost sculptor of this age, says that a picture, a statue, must have some meaning; that if it awakens no thought, then it is not a work of art. Brunetière and other deep thinkers are making a plea for art—not for art's sake, but for the uplifting and ennobling of humanity. Art is a great power, a moral force which, like all the great natural forces, can be used either to serve or to destroy mankind. How necessary, then, for us to realize that the theatre, poetry, painting can be used to elevate or degrade human charcter. Catholics to whom has been bequeathed one of the greatest art periods, in the Italian Renaissance, can do much to encourage the development in our country of an art which will ennoble both the artists who create it and the people to whom it is given. Such pictures as Elizabeth Nourse points stand for this highest type of Christian art. While the subjects may not be strictly religious, they are such as appeal to our noblest emotions and cannot fail to help forward that great movement whose fulfilment is the dream of all philanthropists, "The Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God."

THE BROOK.

BY LUCIA V. TAYLOR.

Gently, lightly, flashing onward,
Does the merry brooklet flow,
Where the violets bloom the sweetest,
Where the gentlest zephyrs blow.

Gay and careless, happy brooklet,
How I would that I could say,
That a holy, heavenly gladness,
Made my life one joyous day.

In the beams of palest moonlight,
Rippling, dancing, rushing on,
Tossing up your sparkling jewels,
Mingling with the dews of dawn.

How I love thee, little brooklet!
Never weary, always gay,
Teaching by your bright contentment
Men to choose the purer way.

OUR TRUE POSITION.

V.

THE CHURCH IS APOSTOLIC.

REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL.D.

I.

The fourth mark of the church is found in her succession from the apostles, and not as some would have us believe, merely because her doctrine is apostolic. This would be saying that the true church is that church which teaches the truth—which might be called an indeterminate proposition. We cannot know what the truth is until we have first found the true church. To find the true church we must have some visible mark to guide us. This sign must be what the primitive Fathers have pointed out so clearly in their writings, namely, the fact of the apostolic succession. Remember, that we are not to understand that all churches claiming to have derived their orders from the apostles are therefore apostolic. There is but one apostolic church. Any other interpretation is rank absurdity. It is the branch theory in a shabbier garb than ever. It is a threadbare notion that has been held by all the heretics and schismatics that were ever anatomized by the Fathers and anathematized by the church, since the days of our Blessed Redeemer. It was in condemnation of all such pretenders that the church defined herself to be apostolic. The apostolic succession implies not merely the transmission of orders, but also the conveyance of mission and jurisdiction. But jurisdiction must flow from a single source. What this source has always been, no one, who has read the history of the church, can for one moment hesitate to believe or understand. It resides in the chair of Peter, where sat One who by divine election was the chief of the apostles, and upon whom the indestructible church was erected. It is to be found in that central seat where all the offices of the Kingdom of God meet and find their expression, which from the days of Peter to the days of Leo XIII has been known and honored in grand Pre-eminence, as the Apostolic See.

Prejudice is always obstinate, but no prejudice is so wilfully stubborn as that which is professional. It is bad enough in any case that the mind should be settled in opposition to truth, but when men make it the special business of life to oppose truth and controvert truth, their intelligence becomes so fortified by their will as to be almost inaccessible. Such minds are systematically warped. They are trained to reason upon false premises. They become the champions of untruth, and they repel with holy anger the notion that they have been defending error, if indeed such a thought is allowed to dawn upon their intelligence. Today, the sincere, honest, Protestant mind regards the marks of the true church, not only as a great barrier to the reunion of Christendom and the prolific source of corruption in the faith, but even as historically the perversion of Christianity itself. They arrive at this conclusion by reading the marks of the church backwards. They begin with the apostolicity of the

church and end with the distorted idea of the mark of her unity. They put last what should have been taken first and so have only found a stumbling block in what might have been a shining beacon to guide their steps into the one true fold. They look upon the primacy of the Roman Pontiffs, which is included in the apostolicity of the church, as an excrescence. They seem to forget that the growth of the Supremacy of Peter is too big a thing to be mere accident. Its roots are struck too deep and too closely twined in the very heart of the church to be torn away. It has grown with the church's growth. It has for sixteen centuries pervaded with its strength and spirit the whole body of Christendom. Denounce the authority of the Pope as an usurpation and as a perversion of Christianity and you strike at the root of faith by denying the power and the fact of the Incarnation. There is but one alternative—submission to the apostolic see or infidelity. Rome or rationalism.

The dreary negations of Protestant principles are driving the non-Catholic world today into either the ranks of infidelity or into the One, Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. Thank God, many are giving up the Protestant principles, for their eyes have been opened and they have seen the glory of God manifested in the organization of His church, which, as Clement of Alexandria says, is "a city upon earth which can neither be taken nor tyrannized over, being administered by the Word." They have learned that Christianity is the realization in time of God's eternal plan for the restoration of a fallen race, and they now know that upon any Protestant theory, the history of Christianity presents the amazing spectacle of a God baffled in the execution of His intention, of a God perpetually struggling and perpetually foiled by the very powers of darkness whose conquest He had attempted. What intelligent believer can retain his faith in the shadow of such conviction! Protestantism is thus its own refutation; its principles are mutually destructive, its negations are at war with its assertions. If it be right in condemning the Apostolicity of the church which implies the supremacy of Peter, it is convicted of absurdity in maintaining the supernatural origin of the Christian church. Dear Protestant readers, accept the marks of the Catholic Church, and immediately the primacy of the Holy See becomes as luminous with meaning as it is prominent of fact. The history of Christianity then becomes intelligible. It is then a work worthy of the Deity. The very existence of heresy serves only as an index of the resistless force of God's Kingdom, whose advance it can neither hinder nor destroy.

Glance over the centuries of Christianity and discover the evolution of this Apostolic Church. Behold the new Jerusalem. "Walk about Sion, and go around her, and tell the towers thereof. Mark well her bulwarks; consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to another generation." Know ye not, gentle readers, that in all this earth there is but one such city of the great king? This great city is the one, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church—the Mother and head of all churches, founded by God Himself, supervised by God Himself and by His indwelling, to be con-

tinued for the regeneration of the human race till the end of time.

The real meaning of the reformation in the sixteenth century was to break up that unity of type which distinguishes the church as a spiritual kingdom. This unity was galling to a mind which had not become spiritualized by grace. Many men in the church at that time had almost forgotten the primary purpose of Christianity. Their conception of the church had become earthly. When these men broke away from the church their teachings developed two anti-Christian principles—first, the independence of all authority in matters of faith, and secondly, the subordination of the spiritual to the secular in matters of jurisdiction. The first of these doctrines is the boasted right of private judgment which makes every man his own Pope, and which in the end is the destruction of Christianity itself. The reformers of their day never carried out their own destructive dogma of private judgment, but what they did was practically to substitute for the precept, "Hear the church," the earnest exhortation, "Hear us." The second principle is equally deadly in its results. It is the triumph of the world over the church. It is the subjection of the eternal to the temporal. It is hailed with greedy joy by all the infidel forces of human society. It is the appearance in an ecclesiastical dress of that pagan nationalism which can have no counterpart in the true city of God. It means the partition of the church, as a spoil system, among the infidel nations of the earth, because she is and always will be antagonistic to their pretentions. It is everywhere the badge of Protestantism.

To prove that the church is the only lineal descendant of the apostles we proudly point to the fact that she alone of all the churches, claiming to be Christian, can trace her pedigree, generation after generation, back to the apostles. The origin of all other Christian communities can be traced to a comparative modern date. Martin Luther, an excommunicated Saxon priest, was the founder of the church which bears his name. He died in 1545. Henry VIII of England originated the Episcopal church, when he divorced himself from his lawful wife, to gratify his lustful passion for another woman. Pope Clement VII refused to sanction the action of this licentious monarch, and hence the Episcopal sect in 1534. John Calvin and John Knox, two excommunicated priests, evolved several branches of the Protestant faith in 1550. John Wesley is the founder of the Methodist church, which dates back to 1729. It would be tedious to mention the originator of each of the numerous Protestant sects, whose origin is fifteen hundred years or more too late to have any pretentions to be called the apostolic church. Besides most of these seceders advocated errors against Christian truth and Christian morality that today cause the blush of shame to come to the cheek of many of their followers, and the more honest among them have the manliness to denounce the reformers and the so-called reformation as a miserable apostasy.

Thus far, we have learned that the church must be one; we can easily understand that its unity has been divinely secured. We have seen that the church is holy and that she has made provisions for the perpetual

charity of her faith and the integrity of her government. There can be no indestructible unity without a fixed and indivisible centre. There can be no universality without agreement and a standard of uniformity—there can be no apostolic order without an apostolic ruler presiding, "as a head over the members" and all this we have in the One, Holy Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church.

II.

That Catholic apologists argue in a vicious circle is the pretence of some writers antagonistic to the Church. Such misrepresentation is one of the most fallacious modes that can be conceived of presenting an argument. The vicious circle always implies the changing of the relation which facts have to each other. Thus, he must be inclined to deceive rather than to instruct, who would exhibit cause and effect as always co-existing, because they do co-exist after the effect has been produced,—when in truth there was a time when they did not co-exist, for the cause existed alone, before the effect was produced. An honest, well-regulated mind will view them in their natural and historical order, and, from the succession of their existence will deduce the reasoning, giving the value of its priority to that which first existed, and never forgetting nor concealing that there was such a relation as priority in one, and consequence in the other. He must indeed be stupid and consider his readers more stupid who, because cause and effect had co-existed for a long time, forgets that there still is and always will be the distinction of precedence between them till the end of time. He, who knowing the fact of this precedence would labor to conceal it for the purpose of confounding cause and effect would be dishonest. This want of honesty or of intellect must exist in every person who charges Roman Catholics with the fallacy of the vicious circle, or he must fall into another mistake equally unfortunate.

There is scarcely a moral or religious truth which has not two sorts of argument in its favor; one which is strong, cogent and sufficient, and which may be called properly and exclusively its proof; the other not so clear, full, or satisfactory, and which rather tends to confirm that which has received previous proof, than to be the motive of its credibility. When both these modes are had recourse to for maintaining a proposition, it must argue no great love for truth in those who, knowing the fact, speak and write as if the latter mode alone had been used. Yet such is the conduct of those who, knowing our doctrine and position, charge us with the fallacy of the vicious circle.

Again, the connection between the premises and the conclusion of a sound argument is so complete that, although the truth of the former should be apparent, still when by their means the truth of the conclusion becomes evident, though in reality the certainty of their truth is not increased, still the satisfaction of contemplating it is enhanced, and the mind becomes more satisfied from the exhibition. This additional pleasure is frequently mistaken for a new proof of the premises themselves. Thus, should I know the President of these United States to be wise, and good and generous, I would

feel additional pleasure from contemplating the new evidences of his wisdom and goodness and generosity; my pleasure but not my conviction is increased. Should I, from a church which I know to be infallible, receive books of whose inspiration I could have no knowledge, except for her testimony; and should I find in the books themselves additional evidences of what I already know, namely, her infallibility, etc., my former knowledge is not derived from this late discovery, though I feel my pleasure and satisfaction thereby augmented. Although I cannot fairly use this late and gratifying discovery to prove my original premises, it will not be the error of a vicious circle to apply it as a confirmation of that for which I have already convincing evidence.

It not infrequently happens regarding the proof and value of written documents, that their authenticity can be proved only by the authority of a tribunal. The authority of this tribunal was evident without the documents and before they existed; but when by the authority of the tribunal their value was established, the documents themselves were found to contain new proof of the authority of the tribunal. Yet to use the new proof in addition to that which was sufficient, and which existed before the documents were written, would not be arguing in a circle because, though by admitting their value, their testimony would prove the power of the tribunal, yet it was only by them that it was originally proved. Thus, if a stranger has the public testimony that the persons who preside in one of our courts are the supreme judges of the State of New York, this testimony is evidence for him of their authority. Possessing this knowledge of their power, he observes their proceedings; he beholds them not only declare that certain books contain legal authority, but he finds that they interpret certain passages of these books as being good testimony in favor of their exercise of power. They never refer to the commission in virtue of which they sit, but they refer to the book which their decision explains; surely no person would say that this court was guilty of a vicious circle, by claiming their power of decision from the book, and by their decision making the book an authority. For it is obvious that their power of decision existed and was generally known without the book; and whilst the general tenor of the book might be known before their decision, yet it was by the decision of what was the exact meaning of the passages that the application became previously fixed.

III.

Protestant writers charge Roman Catholics with the absurdity of a vicious circle. But what is a vicious circle? A vicious circle is the using of two propositions, equally uncertain, to prove each other. Thus, Protestants claim that Catholics prove the authority of their scriptures by the infallibility of their church, and then prove the infallibility of their church from the authority of the scriptures. How shall we meet this formidable statement? How shall we refute these peculiar arguments? We shall do so in the following manner:

First, a Catholic argues with a person who believes in the authority of the scriptures, but does not believe in the doctrine of the infallibility of the

church. No one will tell us that the said Catholic is guilty of bad logic and is a sophist, when he thus addresses such a person: "Good Protestant neighbor, you acknowledge this book to be an authority: I shall show you from several passages thereof, that the church is infallible." This is not a vicious circle, for there is no question between them of the authority of the scripture, and to such a person the Catholic does not prove the authority of the scriptures by the infallibility of the church. Hence, in this case, there is no vicious circle, for if he proves the infallibility of the church from the authority of the scripture, he only proves that which has been questioned, from that concerning which there was no dispute.

Secondly, a Catholic argues with a person who acknowledges the church, but questions and doubts the authority of certain books of the Bible. No one can say that it would be sophistry to address such a person in these words: "Good Protestant friend, you allow that the Catholic church does certainly know what God has revealed, and can point out with infallible certainty the books which do contain His revelations. The church testifies to you that these books do contain His revelations. Therefore, by your principle, you must receive these books as the word of God." This certainly is not proving one questionable proposition by another, and then proving the second by the first. But it is proving that which has been questioned and of which there was doubt, by that of which there was no doubt. This is no sophistry.

Thirdly, a Catholic argues with a person who does not believe either in the infallibility of the church or in the authority of the scriptures. In this case he cannot assume either as a principle. What is he to do? Under the circumstances what the Protestant would do, the Catholic can do. The Protestant says that without the authority of an infallible church he can prove the authority of the Scriptures. The same arguments in the mouth of the Catholic will lead to the same conclusion. Therefore, if it be possible for the Protestant, it is possible for the Catholic, for the Catholic needs not the infallibility of the church to do what his neighbor can do without it.

Having proved the authority of the scriptures, the Catholic may next proceed upon what he has proved, now assuming as a principle that of which there can be no doubt. Or, the Catholic may find, without the authority of the scripture, reasons to convince a person, that if God speaks He must establish some mode by which man may infallibly find out what He teaches; and next that this mode is by receiving the testimony of the church. Thus, whether a Catholic argues with a person who allows the authority of the scripture, but does not allow the church's infallibility; or argues with a person who allows the church's infallibility, but does not allow scriptural authority, or argues with a person who does not allow either, he proceeds to prove both points without sophistry; he does not argue in a vicious circle and he is not a violator of the rules of logic. Protestant scholars are very ignorant of the manner in which Catholics argue, or are very ignorant of what is meant by the sophism of a vicious circle,—or are dishonest men who try to deceive the public upon a vital ques-

tion by bearing false witness against the best, the most numerous, and the most refined society in the world. We leave to our readers their choice of the several portions of this disjunctive proposition, and we trust that each day will add new light to the intellect and new desires to the will, so that true knowledge may increase, sophistry be detected and exposed, and the most important concerns of men be brought more closely under the eyes of reason and the regulation of correct judgment.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing:
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again."

IN THE WATCHES OF THE NIGHT.

BY ANNE ELIZABETH O'HARE.

A hundred round-eyed cabin windows threw little discs of light, like unaimed yellow balls, against the dark and changeful flooring of the sea. Broad sheets of brightness quivered across the mid-deck from the brilliant salon, where the strains of an indifferent orchestra hardly drowned the sizzle of the opening bottles of champagne or the echoes of prolonged laughter over the glasses. In scattered groups the people about the long tables kept up an animated chatter as they munched their biscuits and cheese with a relish that belongs exclusively to hungry children and veteran seafarers. The dexterous waiters replenished plates and uncorked bottles with cheerful alacrity, and the passengers jested and supped with the democratic and infectious good-fellowship of a voyage five days old. One group was planning a farewell concert; another, made up of old sailors of many crossings, was relating strange experiences with jealous exaggeration; nearby, a blind man with important whiskers was explaining to an uninitiated maiden the intricacies of foreign coinage; a less hardy few, as the ship rolled a bit on a rougher-growing sea, made hasty good-nights and hurried exits, followed by good-natured smiles and shrugs of comprehension. Two or three peered a little anxiously out the window as occasional jets of far-reaching spray spattered against the panes.

Outside, the deep voice of the waves drowned all other voices. Dark hills of sea below and dark peaks of cloud above reached into the heart of the night and made it pulse with mystery. Solitary, and in couples, a few passengers paced the long deck silently. Somewhere out of the darkness an officer sang out a command; his voice clove for a moment the steady roar of the night and then was drowned in the all-engulfing waves. A sailor hurried past, dragging a rope, and swearing under his breath; the rope grated against the deck and the curses hissed impotently; and again the waters swelled their night-chorus unbrokenly.

In a patch of deep shadow, beyond

the light from the salon windows, a man and a woman leaned over the deck railing, looking down into the moving blackness underneath. Occasionally the woman shivered and drew her long cloak more closely about her, but neither spoke, though the silence was full of conscious echoes of speech that had trailed off into a subtler medium than words. At last the man broke out softly, breaking the spell: "It is sublime! One feels such an unnecessary onlooker in the great play of the winds and the clouds and the sea!"

The woman strained her eyes into the darkness. Then she said, half to herself, half to him: "An onlooker? That is the man of it! I—because I'm a woman, I suppose,—I am part of it all! These voices steal messages into my ears, the mystery drenches my consciousness, the strength overpowers me. It makes you admire; it makes me feel."

The ship swayed to meet a great wave that loomed up close to them and dashed their faces with cold spray, "It makes me afraid of myself, Maurice," she went on, almost in a whisper, taking up the broken thread, "even though I am with you. It makes me wonder if there is not a power behind all this, behind us. It makes me feel that life is not all,—that I—that we—" She turned to him appealingly, but he was looking straight before him and said nothing. She waited a moment and then continued, the words coming rapidly, as if long waiting for outlet. "Of course, you cannot quite understand. With you, your mind is made up and the thing is done. There is no going back. But with a woman it is different. She is forever walking over old ground, rehabiting old doubts, old misgivings. At first we were free, you and I, speeding away from the old life to a new, when I felt you near me and knew it was to be for always, I did not think,—I was only happy, only happy. I had never known happiness before. My heart had been always hungry,—and it was fed. I had been so tired,—and your love brought me rest. What else was there to care about, to think about? but this last day or two, I have been wondering, half unconsciously, if life is all,—and happiness. If there is something else,—if there is, Maurice —something we have not felt, perhaps—"

He turned toward her quickly, but she went on,—"Bear with me, Maurice, just this once!—Perhaps the voice of the world is an echo of another voice. Perhaps there *is* duty in suffering and sacrifice. Perhaps—oh Maurice, it is always perhaps! Have I done injustice to you as well as to—to that other? Tell me, have I? I—I do not think these things when you are near me. Then there is forgetfulness, security, peace. I do not want to think about them. That is the trouble—I do not want to think! But will the time never come when both of us *must* think?"

The man's voice broke in upon hers almost sternly. "Martha! Martha! I thought we had done with these old questionings! We put the old ways behind us. What do we care for the voice of the world or for any other voice? We took up our lives afresh—together. Together, dear, together. Is not that all? What can be more than that?"

"Yes, yes! I should do it again! Do not think I am beginning to regret. When I am with you there is

no thought of turning back. You are so strong, so confident! But when I am alone—through these dark night watches, when I hear nothing but the restless washing of the sea against my window,—then the old doubts return."

"The old life is not worth a doubt, Martha, not worth another pang of yours. Let us not go back to it. For me, each waking brings happiness because we are farther away from it, because you are all the happiness life need ever bring me now."

The woman laughed softly. "Dear!" she said. Then she stood erect and put her hand on one of his. "I shall not think of these things again. It is the sea, Maurice, this grim old sea! It is so fathomless, so terrible, and yet so human! It is always talking to me, whispering hateful things, and still I love it so! Oh, the great unresting heart of it! Look, look, at yonder bar of light, how it sinks under with the billow and shines again on its breast! You are smiling at my enthusiasm, Maurice, you who are sea-weary and land-weary alike. But think what it means never to have been on the ocean before! I was born with the love of the sea in my heart and its brine in my blood. My father died on the sea, before I was born. And my mother, whose death came so soon after, left only a command for my inheritance—that I should never trust myself to its treachery. And so I was brought up in a dusty inland town, with a crowd of self-satisfied girls whom I hated, at what was called a girls' school. We walked two by two through the ugly streets or droned off our lessons like a set of automatons. We had daily training in deportment—I remember it all so well! We were always taught how we should behave, never how we should *be*. It was all seeming, seeming—how it would look to do this, what people would say if we did that. It has been seeming ever since—until now. Even then, Maurice, I used to long for the sea. My life was so parched, so narrow,—I longed for the soft wetness, the great open. Ah, do you understand? It was all like dry, dust-choked grass, and the sea was like fresh, drenching rain. I had no friend in all the world, and I wanted, wanted—all life was a great want! Yet even that was better than after—after I married. It is strange that I am telling you all this for the first time; it was so hard to speak of it. No, no," as he tried to interrupt her, "I want you to know! He came. I was something new, such an isolated bit of humanity, curiously indifferent and incredibly ignorant. He liked my hands and the color of my hair,—and—he asked me to marry him."

There was a long pause. She had turned away from him and her hands were clasped tight on the railing in front of her. When she went on her voice was high and strained.

"I—I wanted to get away. Miss Driscome was anxious to be rid of me, I had no friends, no ties—— seemed as good a way out of it as any. So I married him. I might have known, but I was so young—only eighteen. We went to New York, and I came to know what kind of a man I had given my life to."

Again she paused and he heard her breath come in quick, short gasps. "I had the sea," she said in the same unnatural voice. "It was my friend, and only its wild and tender moods spoke sympathy in those long months. But

even the sea did not ease the thirst, and I knew then that I wanted something near and heart-filling, something human. In the times when the hypocrisy and the misery were more than I could bear, I used to go to the loneliest part of the Long Island shore and cry out to my father, whose spirit was somewhere on the waste, and to my mother, to whom the sea had been so cruel. But they never heeded me. The wind and the waters only gave me back my cry. Then—you came, and I—I found myself at last!"

The man bent over her tenderly and took the cold clasped hands in both of his. They trembled a moment in his grasp, at once strong and silencing, together they listened without speech to the louder growing beat of the sea and the hungry-sounding lap of the waves. A great wall of water rose threateningly beneath them, almost washing the deck under their feet. She watched the rearing crest scatter itself into little angry jets of foam, and then she said slowly, "Maurice, for all I am so happy, I am glad that my mother did not live to see this day. She would not understand—and she would think the sea was more cruel to me, perhaps, than to her—"

"Oh, hush, dear, hush! What a child you are, after all, you who have never had a childhood! But wait,—once away from the old life and the old memories, we shall draw out our youth forever. What's to make us ever old? We shall forget, forget everything but each other!"

"Do you think we can, Maurice, do you think we can?" she whispered eagerly, as he drew her hand through his arm and led her away from the railing.

"We will!" was all he said in answer, but his voice had in it the confident faith of a man used to shaping events in his own mold.

They paced the deck up and down in silence. The salon was still noisy with laughter and clatter and the sound was borne out to them jarringly. One by one the few strollers sought the light and cheer within, as the wind rose and the spray dashed higher, until at last they found themselves almost alone in the darkness. The tall masts loomed up into the sky like lean fingers of warning, and the shrouded life-boats flung spectral shapes over the choppy sea.

They walked slowly towards the extreme end of the deck, still without speaking. Suddenly from below there was a dull heavy sound and a low cry of pain. They halted instinctively and then the woman started forward quickly.

"Some one has fallen?" she cried. "I think it is on the lower deck."

She ran quickly down the narrow stairs, grasping the stout railing firmly as the ship gave a great lurch, and beckoning him after her.

The place was deserted and wrapped in the gloom of the night. A faint moaning and a patch of uncertain light in the steerage hatchway guided them to a prone, shawl-swathed figure lying still and limp just above the stairway.

"She has fainted, Maurice!—How lucky that we were so near! Quick, for some water and the surgeon!"

She deftly unfastened the heavy shawl and opened the dress at the neck, pushing back the heavy hair that had fallen over the face. It was the face of a young woman,—a common face,

with prominent features and skin coarsened by toil. The flickering light made it ghastly in its pallor. There were lines about the poor drawn mouth, lines of patient weariness, but above the closed eyes there was a suggestion of sweetness and peace. Martha shivered as she looked down at it, and yet something in the half defined expression attracted her strangely. She was still bending over the unconscious form when the surgeon's quick footsteps sounded on the deck.

"Bad!" he said tersely as he knelt down and felt the feeble pulse. "Very bad! The woman's got precious little life in her," he went on, forcing some brandy through the closed lips. "We must get her out of this at once."

With a quick gesture he motioned Maurice, who was close behind, and together they lifted up the prostrate form and carried it down the deck and into the little hospital cabin, not many yards away.

The woman was still heavily unconscious, and there was a deep line between the doctor's eyes as he laid her gently on the narrow bed and turned to give three sharp taps at the bell near the door. He was a man who never used his voice when his hands would speak for him, and, as he bent again over his patient, he motioned the two waiting figures away with a commanding gesture of dismissal.

"Is there nothing further I can do, doctor?" asked the man as he turned to obey.

"Nothing," answered the surgeon without turning.

"Go, Maurice," whispered Martha in the doorway. "You cannot do any more. I think I shall stay a little while. I may be needed,—she is a woman, you know, and—"

"No, no," he objected hastily. "There is the stewardess for cases like this. You are not fit for any more strain."

"The stewardess will have her hands full, and this poor creature must have some one with her when she regains consciousness. As for me, I am so glad to do something! It makes me forget myself!"

He looked at her curiously. "You will not stay long, then?" he answered. "Promise me that."

"Sh!" she whispered. "I will stay as long as I can be of use. Good night."

She closed the door softly, but the doctor looked around at the sound. "You are still here?" he said sternly.

"Yes, I am going to stay," she replied simply.

"I have summoned the stewardess. There will be no need for any one else."

"I think you will find me not altogether useless," she said smiling. "Anyway, I shall wait to see if the stewardess will be able to stay with her."

He shrugged his shoulders and bent again over the berth. In a few moments one of the stewardesses from the steerage entered, with flushed face and blown hair. "Well, doctor, what's the matter now?" she panted in harsh, unlowered tones.

"The matter, Haskins," answered the surgeon with quick emphasis, "is that some one of you may be responsible for this woman's death. She has had a nasty fall, but the trouble was before that. She seems to have had no nourishment for days and she's so weak that it is hardly likely that we can pull her through."

"Responsible, indeed!" the stewardess broke out indignantly. "D'ye think

we 'ave nothiink to do but go round seekin' out them that 'as not sense to look after themselves? We 'aven't the gift o' second-sight, and—"

The doctor cut her short impatiently. "That will be looked into later," he said. "It's our business now to save her if we can," and he began to give his directions for the night. "I'll look in every hour or so," he concluded. "The case is critical, and I'd stay myself if it weren't for these idiots who think they need me every minute. But you must not leave her."

"It can't be done," exclaimed the stewardess in distress. "They're in a bad way below, and not a soul to do an' 'and's turn but the two of us! The sea's got a stiff swell on 'er and I've been kept runnin' this blessed day as it is. I can't leave 'em, doctor!"

He drew his eyebrows together ominously, but Martha interposed quickly, "I shall be here, doctor. It is what I expected."

Something in the calm efficiency of her tone made him turn to her with more consideration. "Some one must be here," he said. "If you think you can manage it, Mrs. Stafford, very well. You know something about nursing?"

"Not a thing," she answered, "but I shall follow your directions explicitly."

"You had better get back to your patients," he said shortly to the stewardess. "It is out of order," he added to Martha, "but it is life or death. You will have little to do but watch. Force this through her lips as often as she can stand it, and if there is any change,—but I will be back by that time."

He gave a few more hasty directions as he brought out bottles and glasses from a stout little medicine chest; then he arranged a chair for her comfort, and was gone, fastening the door securely behind him.

Martha listened until the last echo of his quick footsteps died away on the quiet deck. Then she looked about her curiously. There were a few big bottles fastened against the wall in queer-shaped wooden holders, and some chemical appliances and a little case of surgical instruments on a shelf under them. A leather settee filled the space beneath, and on the other side was the berth where lay the unconscious girl. Her low, difficult breathing seemed to fill the little cabin, and Martha found herself listening to it until the sound throbbed in her brain and beat against the narrow walls of the tiny room like the flapping of the wings of an imprisoned bird. Outside, she heard the lonely, monotonous washing of the sea as the ship heaved through the waves. The night was growing stormier. Far up above her, among the masts and shroudings and belching smoke-stacks, fitful windsqualls whistled and moaned. As from a vast distance, above the splashing of the sea and the careering wind, came the echo of an officer's sing-song call. Hungrily she strained her ears to catch it again, but there was only the ceaseless roar of the waters, the faraway throb of the engine panting against its labor, and adown the deck the uncanny shuffling of heavy feet as the sailors obeyed orders.

As her eyes traveled restlessly about the little stateroom, they came back always to rest on the white face on the pillow, in its heavy framing of coarse black hair. And as she listened for

another echo of a human voice above the steady clamor of the sea, there smote always on her ears the low gasps and persistent strife for breath that feebly shook the limp form under the coverlid. She feverishly busied herself in straightening the pillows, in arranging and re-arranging the glasses and phials on the little shelf at the head of the bed. Then she sat down weakly, all at once spent and unstrung with the emotional strain of the day. She looked about the cabin helplessly. The close walls seemed to hem her in and she found herself breathing hard and struggling against some unbodied force that weighed upon her chest and held her in a vise.

As the vigil lengthened, she kept repeating ever and over again the doctor's formula, to hear the sound of her own voice and to keep her thoughts from a wild riot of doubts and fears. Under her acute consciousness of the agony of each moment, she wondered impotently why she had offered to stay, why she had invited her own punishment. The air was full of the heaviness of stupor and peopled with shapes and portents. She started when a bottle rattled as the vessel rocked and heaved. Once the figure on the bed half moved and she sprang up terrified. She tried to think of a hundred trivialities; she whispered to herself snatches of remembered poetry and conjugated French verbs in a jumble of moods and tenses. But always the fluttering for breath, like a soul suddenly unvoiced and quivering for speech,—and always the pallid face staring up at her sightlessly. Try as she would, there was no escape from these things. She closed her eyes, but the staring face still looked at her through the darkness. She pressed her fingers to her ears, but the gasping breath still beat against the silence.

She was afraid, mortally afraid! She did not try to hide it from herself; —she was afraid of the night and the loneliness, afraid of the figure locked in stupor, but most afraid of a Presence that filled the narrow cabin and weighted the air with mystery. It was the presence of Death.

Never in her life before had she been close to the likeness of death. She threw out her arms blindly against it; her hands groped through the brooding emptiness of the narrow space. A sob of fright fastened in her throat, but she had not the power to utter it. She stumbled up finally and reached for the door. As she turned the knob and slid the bolts, more by instinct than with any rational purpose, the hard touch of the metal brought her to herself and a gust of wet wind dashed upon her face. "Coward!" she said aloud, turning back with her teeth gritted and her hands clenched. "Oh you coward!" she repeated in a fever of self-contempt.

The sound of her own voice reassured her and she bent hastily over her charge with more composure. The cold dampness of the brow had given place to a feverish heat and the parted lips were burning. Martha's hands ceased their trembling and the weight on her heart lifted somewhat, but she glanced around her helplessly. The doctor had not foreseen fever and she did not know what to do. She moistened the dry lips and looked perplexedly at the powders and bottles. Oh, why did he not come? It might be the moment of crisis and she felt

herself miserably unskilled and ignorant. She was powerless while the means of help were within her reach.

As if in answer to her unspoken prayer, she heard the surgeon's quick step far down the deck. She waited breathlessly as the sound drew nearer. He paused a moment outside the door and then opened it softly, his professional eye traveling at once to the girl in the berth.

"Ah," he said in a little rapid staccato, shaking his head, , "It is fever!"

A few minutes passed before he turned to Martha. "She will probably be delirious before morning," he said. "Do you think you can manage for the rest of the night? You will have no trouble with her. She is too weak. And you will still have nothing to do but watch, and give her ten drops of this and one of these powders every alternate half hour. But you look ill yourself," as he noticed the feverish brightness of her eyes and the strange drawn lines about her mouth.

"Oh no," she answered weakly, trembling as she spoke, yet fearful lest he should see her terror. "Oh no! I will stay, of course, if—if you will come as often as you can."

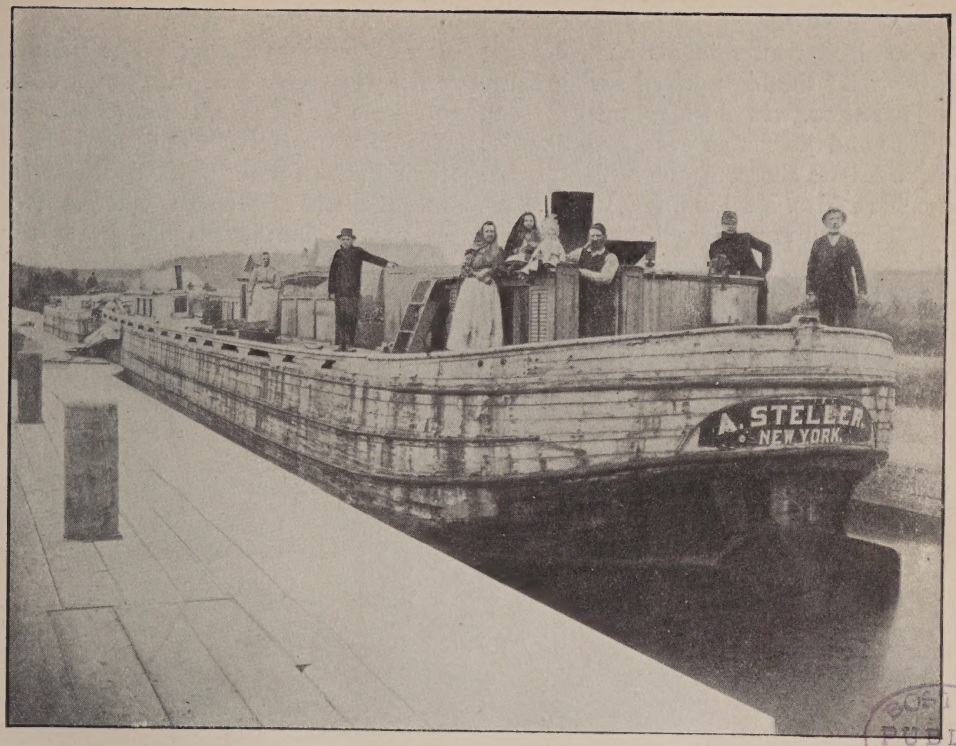
He looked at her keenly. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Stafford," he said slowly, with a troubled look on his face, "but I'll have to take you at your word. It is vital, and there is no other way now. It is a bad night and many of the passengers are sick with fright. I've just come from a hysterical woman who is threatening to make away with herself. You do not feel it so much up here, but in the steerage it is fearful. The stewardesses can do no more. Here, take this," and he poured her out a glass of spirits. "It will keep heart in you, and I will be back every hour at least. I find," he continued with unusual loquacity, as if trying to reassure her, "that the girl's name is Nora O'Neill. She has been sea-sick ever since the first day out, and no one seems to have paid any attention to her. She was so quiet about it, poor soul, that Haskins neglected her shamefully. I don't believe she's had a bit of food or care. She has a remarkable fund of native strength or she could never have dragged herself to the deck tonight. She's a Queenstown passenger, but seems to have no friends among the people down there. This fever is what I dreaded. It may—"

"Oh, doctor," interrupted Martha, paling, "there's no danger of—of death?"

The terror in her face could not be hidden. "Danger, yes," he said almost sharply, "but not immediate danger. If the fever does not abate in the next few hours, we shall not get her to land."

Martha shivered and caught at the back of her chair for support. She did not trust herself to speak. She listened vaguely as he repeated his injunctions and stood without moving long after he had closed the door and gone away. She knew that this fear of death that oppressed her had robbed her of her last shred of native courage, and she could not understand it. Why should she fear death?—She remembered how grateful and kindly a thing it had often seemed to her,—a long sleep when one might forget. But now the horror of it seized her senses and would not be shaken off. It clutched

(Continued on page 378.)



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A FAMILY GROUP.

LIFE AFLOAT, AND ALONG THE TOW PATH.

BY E. LYELL EARLE.

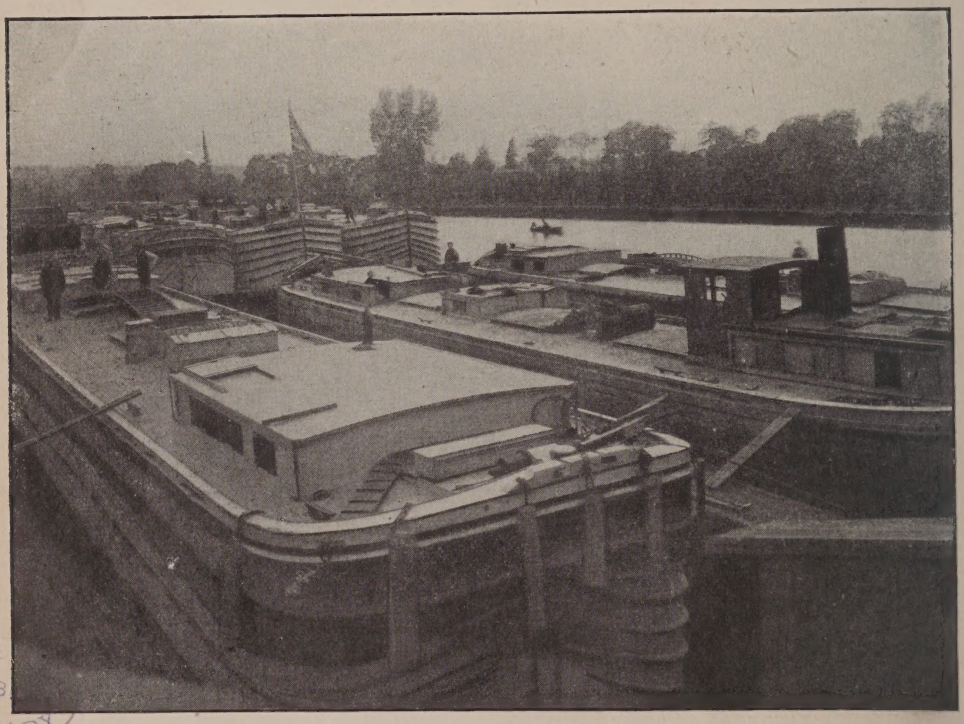
Few people ever know anything of the real life of the man whose days and weeks and years are spent afloat. Of this class, there is no more interesting type than the canal-boat man whose home, possessions, aye even empire—for he rules there supreme—are confined to the limits of a canal boat.

It was my good fortune several years ago to have the assignment with the State Canal Commission and to make the trip from Buffalo to New York by canal boat. The boat I was on was captained by old Pop Blossom, the oldest man on the canal, the man who, by the way, was instrumental in Tilden's best days as Governor in breaking up the canal ring, the most infamous after the Tweed ring. Pop Blossom was the son of an Ontario County farmer and had been attracted to canal life when a boy of fifteen and had followed the tow-path ever since, for forty-seven years. This trip had let me into the inside social life of canal people and had modified my former opinion of such life.

On going down to Coenties Slip, New York City, the other day, the first man I saw on a canal boat was old Pop Blossom superintending the unloading of potatoes which he had

stored all winter in his boat, holding them for the high-priced spring sales. There, too, was old Mammie Blossom, vast and joyous as ever, and likewise the Misses Blossom, one of them to become a Mrs. Neal in a few weeks.

They all remembered the two weeks I had spent on the boat in '92, and the hour I passed with them was glad



A TOW ON ITS WAY UP THE BEAUTIFUL HUDSON.

with pleasant reminiscences. That night there was to be a "Sociable" in neighbor Harris' boat and I gladly accepted the invitation to be present. I reached the Slip early in order to see every detail of the occasion.

The boats in Coenties Slip were lighted with extra lanterns, several of the boats showing vari-colored Chinese lamps. Captain Harris' boat is a large grain carrier. The cabin is twenty by thirty feet, with three rooms off—one for kitchen, the other two for sleeping quarters. The men have their bunks forward. A door opened into the hold of the boat, where a floor of rough pine boards had been laid. From every boat in the Slip came captain and wife and often son and daughter and always the "help," in the best that Canalville had.

The scene was unique. Down the steep steps to the cabin they rolled, each with a "good evening, Capt. and Mrs. Harris," and a cheery word for every neighbor and man in the company. Although every one in the little Canal colony sees everyone else every day and many times in the day, still

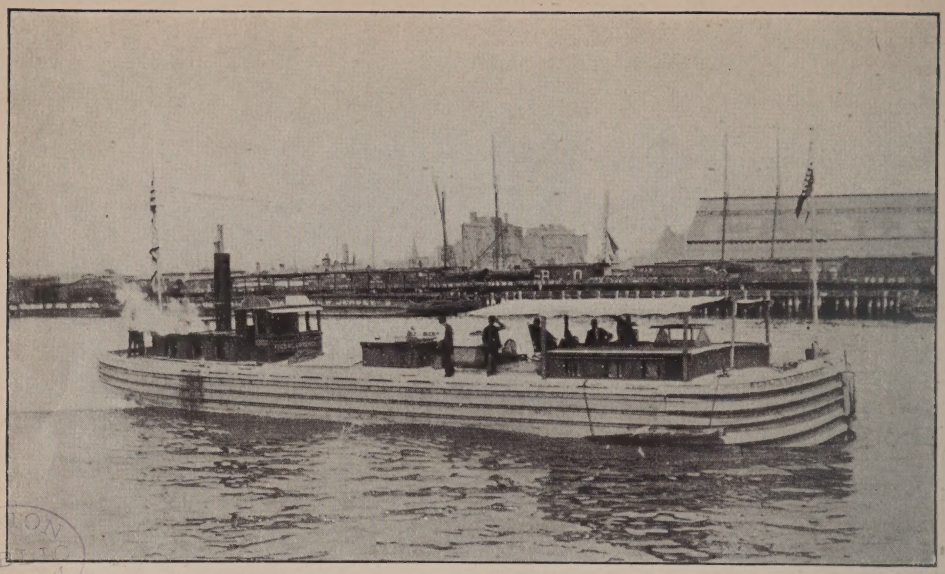
the buzz of conversation rose as if each had a great number of new and important topics to discuss, and only this evening to discuss them in.

Then "Jim" Langtry brought out his accordeon and "Jack" Lacy, the grand tenor of the fleet, sang "Annie Moore" and "They Were On Their Honeymoon," winning much applause for both. "Jack" Lacy, rumor had it, had one time been on the stage and had enjoyed better days before he took to drink; and even yet the remnants of former grace could be seen in his easy manner. After much coaxing, a performance that had to be repeated at each sociable, and after many a timorous glance at Jack Lacy, who was considered the critic of the fleet, Mary O'Brien, the belle of the Slip, a black-eyed, black-haired, pale Irish girl sang two of Moore's melodies with more than usual pathos and correctness. Then there was a wild rush, when Captain Harris opened the door leading into the big hold, and the young folk filled the rough dancing floor and whirled about in doubtful step to the more doubtful waltz and two-step of Jim Langtry's accordeon.

CAPTAIN H. B. DONALDSON,
Oldest boatman on Canal in office of F. M. Lawrence.

Cake and cider and tea were served, and the sociable broke up at eleven P.M. and the colony of Coenties Pier had social amusement enough for the current week. This is but an episode in the usual social life of a canal man.

Time was when the follower of the tow path was looked upon as a "bad" man, a man who needed watching, and a dangerous man to have anything to do with. But as old Pop Blossom put it, "All this is changed. Why, I've lived through three generations of canal life. When I went on the path as a driver forty-seven years ago it was the usual thing for a canal man to steal, fight, drink and do everything he could to break the law of God and man. After the war this was changed. Men married and raised their families on boat, and the presence of women helped make the men better. In the last twenty years there is still another change. The young folks growing up on boat and attending school and church on shore in winter, principally in New York and



CANAL STEAMER, COMMUNIPAU, N. J.

Brooklyn, has brought more style and dress and more social intercourse among canal folk. Hence a man today who owns his boat and has his home and family aboard is better off frequently than many a one in a similar social plane ashore."

Old Pop Blossom was right. As I visited over a score of boats at Coenties Slip and Erie Basin, Brooklyn, I saw every home comfort possible to such a life and no sign of want and absolutely no sign of drunkenness or worse, that so often marked Canal life in the past and sometimes marks it in occasional instances in the present.

Another feature of canal life has also developed in recent years. Many a canal captain has his home ashore up state, generally along the canal line

MAKING UP A TOW IN THE FAMOUS COENTIES SLIP, NEW YORK.

WHERE THE BOATS ARE UNLOADED.

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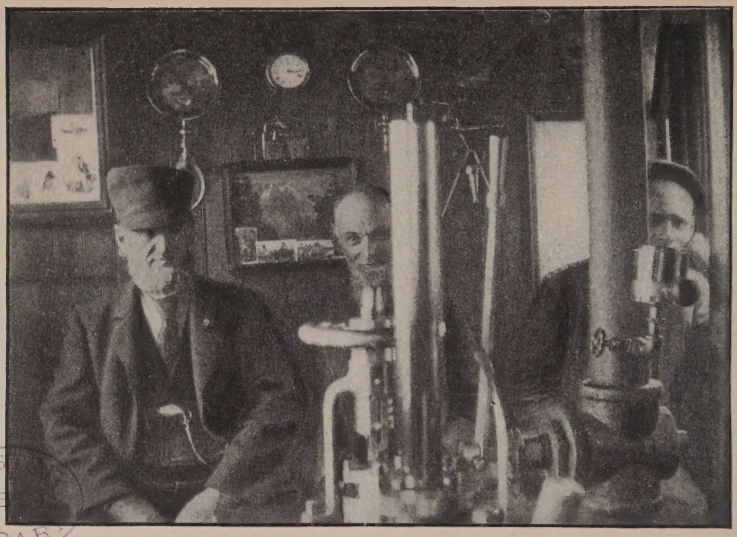
where he or some of the family farm for several months. The accompanying picture shows the home of Pop Blossom in Ontario County, New York. Another significant fact is this, that many of the children of the Canal, because of this mixed shore life, break away from their environment, the young men going into business, the girls marrying men on shore.

I visited the schools near the canal colonies in New York and Brooklyn and found that while the children are compelled to enter school late and leave it before the close of the school year, they are bright, obedient, and talented and compare well with children on shore. The people, I mean the captain and his family, are generally religious. Father Brosnan has complete charge of the great many Catholics who follow the tow path and the deep. Mariner's Temple and The Bethel are the non-Catholic churches.

The scene along the Battery front when boats from Erie Basin and Coenties Slip are being tugged into line to form an immense tow to be brought up the Hudson to Albany and thence along the picturesque Erie Canal to Buffalo is really a stirring one. The boats are lashed into line six abreast and a majestic steamer starts out with its floating city. The glad voices of the sturdy canal men are heard in joyous song as each sits on the helm of his boat, a servant to no man, lord and master of his kingdom till he is tied to shore in Buffalo.

Such a life tends to make strong, independent, fearless men, men often little understood and frequently underrated. The competition of the railroads has served to lessen in a measure



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ENGINE ROOM OF CANAL STEAMER "J. B. DALLAS," CAPTAIN TORRENCE IN CENTER.

the value of canal traffic, but the result has been good. The fittest have survived. We have as a result, a hardy, thrifty and generally honest people. One thing they are universally noted for among all who know anything about their life is their charity and devotion to one another. In time of sickness and death, for canal folk die, too, this is most manifest; and the solicitude, the little attentions they pay, the honest inquiry and the strong arm of support in the time of affliction are never wanting.

SUMMER HOME OF OLD POP. BLOSSOM.

There are many interesting stories of a true human spirit, and of respect for personal belief. Pop Blossom told me of a case that occurred between Buffalo and Rochester. Tom Barrett was a young Irishman who had been on the boat several years and who was liked by every man on the canal. Tom was an honest, fearless fellow, but had one, the old fault, of liking the bottle. He had staggered on the boat at Buffalo very late the night before the boat was to leave. They were well on their way when Tom's turn for watch came and as he had never failed to be on time, Ben Olsen, a Swede, the other man on the boat, went 'fore to call him. He lay in his bunk unconscious. Ben reported to the captain and after some time they succeeded in arousing him. On examination it was found that he had several bad marks on his head, showing either falls or a beating with a club, probably the latter. Tom grew very bad and two or three times they thought he was gone.

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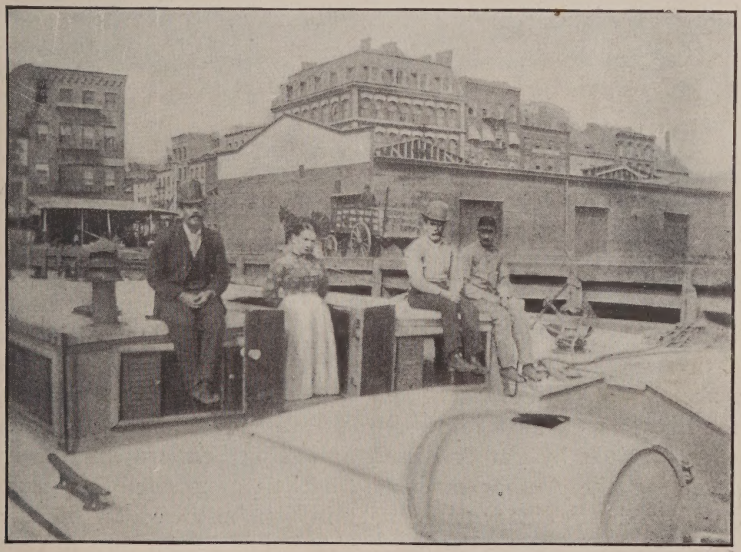
CAPTAINS TUTTLE, STELLER, DE PUY, CAMPBELL, KINNEY, AT WINTER QUARTERS, HOBOKEN, N. J.

Mammie Blossom kept cold applications to his head, which seemed literally battered in several places. Ben Olsen took Tom's turn on watch and whenever he could went forward to do all that was possible to relieve the sufferer.

"Say, Cap," he said to me once on coming out of Tom's quarters, "I guess Tom's a gone man." I an-

(Continued on page 410.)



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COUNTRY CURATE'S HOUSE.

THE R. C. C.

BY DR. R. HOWLEY.

There has been no abatement, up to date of this writing, of comment and commendation of Father Sheehan's charming sketches of Irish clerical life. Among the latest was a most interesting statement of facts by Father Russell, "Concerning the Author of My New Curate," in the February number of the American Ecclesiastical Review. At the same time came a neat paper on "Luke Delmege" in DONAHOE'S, while the London Tablet dealt adversely, almost sneeringly, with the latter work, in a weekly issue of the same month.

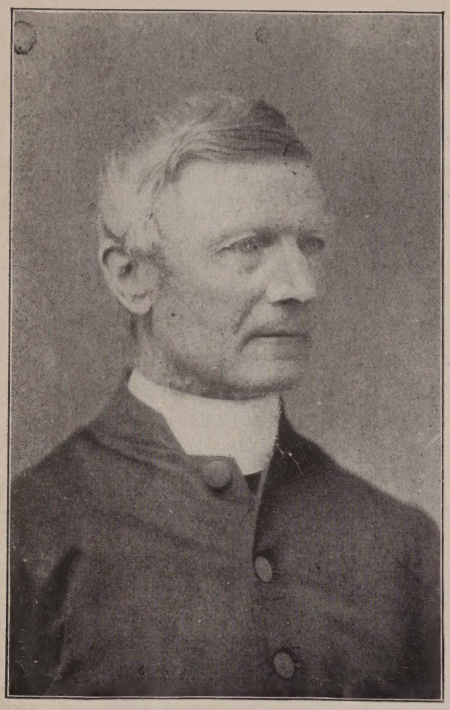
Without presuming to touch the exquisite pictures presented us by Father Sheehan, or to swell the volume of admiration bestowed on them, a useful side-light may be thrown on the general scene they unfold by raising the

curtain on the Irish Curate, the R. C. C., as he usually signs himself when he appears in print.

The Irish Curate represents a class apart, in the popular view, from the higher dignitaries and beneficiaries of his Church, and he is much nearer and dearer to the people than they. No experience of the Irish priest and people in other lands can give a true idea of the tender ties that link them together in Ireland. In our crowded cities and toiling towns both priests and people are as slaves to that rush and struggle of life that hurries them on, together, yet in some sense apart. That hallowed intimacy, that mutual tender touch of priest and people in Ireland, allowing of no estrangement—scarce even a secret—between them, is impossible in the seething city centres or the scattered missionary stations abroad. Hence, though "The Foreign Mission" may, and does, produce the tried and trusty priest and pastor there is no room in all its vastness for the home-made "Soggarth Aroon." The Irish people, too, once out of Ireland, are not quite the same, not quite as tractable in a religious sense, as in their own land. It is not true of them, nor indeed of other races, that "Coelum non animum mutant," etc. The "animus" may be there, a latent instinct, but it loses much of its animating fervor and often plays false to its first inspirations.

An Irish laborer in England was rebuked by his pastor for neglect of religious duties. They were both from the same parish in Ireland and the priest had known the man in earlier days as "a good example."

SNUG FARMER'S HOUSE AND FAMILY.



THE COLLEGE PROFESSOR.

Late V. Rev. Dr. Kavanagh, President of Carlow College.

Many readers will recall the tragic death of this learned and most courteous priest. He was killed instantly, on ascending the altar steps to celebrate Mass, by the fall of a statue from above the tabernacle.

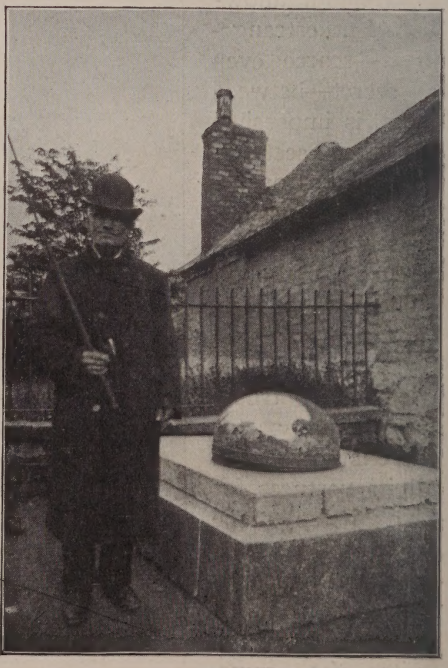
"Why," asked the clergyman, "can you not lead a decent, devout life here in England as you did, to my knowledge, in Connemara?"

"'Deed I don't know, your Reverence," replied the culprit, "I suppose it is the climate."

And so it is "the Climate" (meaning all the influences, physical and social, which change of scene and country involves) that acts disastrously on the expatriated Irishman and also on others less impressionable than he.

But, returning to the R. C. C., all Irishmen know what has been stated above, that amid the ranks of the clergy the Curate holds a special, warm corner in the hearts of the people. The P. P. (Parish Priest) is always an elderly, or an old man, as Irish preferments go, and to a great degree he keeps aloof from close intercourse with his flock.* True he is

*During his college days the writer spent part of his vacation one summer in and around a village called Portlaw, in County Waterford. The P. P., Fr. O'Rourke, was 104, and his *senior* curate, Fr. Costin, was 78 years old! It is doubtful that Fr. Costin ever became P. P. any more than he was then. Fr. O'Rourke, still a powerful torso of a man, with helpless limbs, used to be wheeled in and out from his bedroom to his parlor, where he enjoyed but seldom joined the conversation. This true picture of Irish clerical life should afford comfort and hope to the hearts of our young priests so often held back from responsible appointments during a few of the early years of their ministry.



THE P. P.'S "BOY."

ever there among them, and his presence is ever felt. But he is rather the dread while the Curate is always the darling of the parishioners. There is a latent tenderness in Tirnanogue ("The Land of the Young," as her poets call Erin in her own tongue) for all that is youthful, untried and untamed by earth's troubles. The Curate, the dashing young man, the select one of his family; "the pick of the flock," self-devoted to a life of sacrifice for his people, is the pride and joy of the Irish heart. The P. P. (Parish Priest) has run his race and received his reward. He sits there, on his parochial throne, in his decline of life, revered, remunerated, and retired from rougher duties. But the Curate only begins his course, or is following it out, with his labors, not honors, thick upon him. His very inexperience has its attraction for the people. His mistakes and his oddities (for "The New Curate" will have fads) are a delightful novelty and distraction to the parish. Let but his heart be in the right place (and when is it in the wrong?) and his "improvements" not too sweeping, and his career is crowned from beginning to end by the support and affections of the people. Indeed reforms that touch the root of venerable Irish customs are seldom attempted except when (like "The New Curate," and "Luke Delmege") the young priest has served some time abroad, and learned some outlandish

WILLIAM O'BRIEN FOUNDING "THE LEAGUE."

THE LITERARY PRIEST.
Father O'Farrell, author of "Lectures of a Certain Professor."

practices before coming to his Irish parish. Such a one will certainly strive "to raise the tone" of the place at first, the P. P., watching, and perhaps conniving, for the sake of the fun of the certain catastrophe. But the Curate will as certainly give it up "as a bad job" at some early stage of his career.

EXPECTING THE PRIEST.

To the Curate falls the hard work of the parish while on the P. P. devolves its direction and administration. This brings the Curate into closer touch with the people and he is "in and out" among them at all times and seasons. Again, the P. P., taught probably by former disappointments and dangers, is usually cautious and conservative and is especially loth to commit himself to the current of national movements. In earlier days, O'Connell, with his legal and constitutional methods, his "not one drop of blood" text, and his high Catholic ideals won the solid allegiance of the Irish P. P. His was a safe agitation in which the

religion of the land was first of all considered and first ranked as an instrument of national regeneration. So, the bishops and the P. P.'s. were with the great Tribune to a man.

But the younger blood of the R. C. C. refused to run in cold constitutional channels. In 1848, and the years immediately following, the cleavage in sentiment between the higher and lower ranks of the clergy, on the national question, was wide agape. The younger men were fired to the marrow by the patriotic flames then set ablaze. They bowed to the storm of feeling that swept the land, uttering itself in an outburst of poetry and eloquence unrivaled before or since in the song or literature of any other nation. This the most prejudiced English authors (the most notable, too) themselves have admitted. The true heart of the country spoke out at this time and the mind of the classes was struck dumb by its clamor.

The present writer knew many of those young priests in the times referred to. They were all warmed with the spirit of the period and fascinated by its splendid literature. But, oh, what a contrast between them and so many of the older clergy! The following fact was a sample of it. The present writer was about that time a student in an Irish college that was rank with the rebel rapture of the times. Elocution was taught then by a noted public and pulpit orator, a thorough "Young Irelander," whose standard text-book was "The Spirit of the Nation." One day, during the summer vacation, the student found himself in the company of several of the old conservative priests during post prandial recess. He was called upon, or mayhap volunteered, to give a recitation. He chose that swinging Irish ballad, "Fontenoy," by Thomas Davis, a favorite piece of the aforesaid professor. He never will forget the scathing rebuke he then and there received, ending with the bitter remark, "So, that's the sort of lore they furnish to the youthful mind in—college!"

There were notable and noble exceptions, but, as a rule, the horror of revolt existing then among the older clergy seemed to be deeper than their horror of the hideous spectre of famine and desolation that stalked through the land and struck one half of its people dead.*

The position thus taken, and always held, by the Irish Curate, together with his constant contact with the home-life and humble lot of the people endeared him to them in a manner altogether peculiar. Their woes and their wishes were his, and almost his alone, in the clerical body. He was their brother in patriotism as well as their father in religion. The mass of Irishmen of that day, as now, could see, or would admit, no conflict between those two cherished emotions. This is why the R. C. C. became the people's darling and the patriot's pride. This is why he was singled out from and lifted above his brethren of higher official rank in the heart of the nation and in the spirited songs of the day.

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*During the Parnell movement, the higher ranks of the Irish clergy ranged themselves again with the popular sentiment. Needless to say, the R. C. C. was once more the most conspicuous promoter and victim of the cause. An R. C. C., Rev. Dr. McCarthy, of Cork, was the first man to nominate Parnell for that constituency. He lost his place in the city and was sent to Kinsale.

THE R. C. C.

Our country holds good men and true,
Kind men, just men, and brave men too,
We'll give them all the merit due,
But here's to one well known to you—
The R. C. C.! The R. C. C.!
The gentle, faithful R. C. C.!
No better man on earth than he,
The Irish patriot R. C. C.!

We all revere the great Arch-B.,
We much admire the deep D. D.,
We know the worth of the good P. P.,
But the man we love is the R. C. C.!
The kindly, friendly R. C. C.!
The Church's bravest soldier he,
The hope of Ireland, bond or free,
The fearless patriot R. C. C.!

His heart is near the people's hearts,
He knows their wrongs, he feels their smarts,
He sees the tyrants' cruel arts,
And through his veins each outrage darts,
Oh! firm and true as steel is he,
The calm, courageous R. C. C.!
The friend of truth and liberty,
The youthful patriot R. C. C.!

The rich man, deep in sin and gold,
The great man, pompous, proud and cold,
Take care their doors shall seldom fold
On one so pure, so frank, so bold.
But, oh, give me the R. C. C.!
The poor man's love, the R. C. C.!
Good friends, his health, with three times three,
The Irish patriot R. C. C.!

It has come to pass of late years in many parts of Ireland, that the parish priests and their curates live in separate houses and have a separate ménage. The writer knows one place where the curates have rooms in the ample square tower of the parish church, and delightful rooms they are.* These, and other changes that are being made in the domestic life of the clergy, tend to arrest the course of that quaint converse and delightful intimacy between them that lends such charm to the pages of "My New Curate."

Indeed the Irish Curate in himself has undergone of late a notable transformation. He is a more cultured man than his predecessors of fifty, or even twenty years ago, but then his mental qualities and acquirements are more on a plane. Those irregular sallies of originality, those sudden strokes of raw wit and talent, that once quickened the life of the clergy are far more rare now than they formerly were. Native talent among the clergy does not seem to have grown with the growth of literary culture. There are many writers of a high order among the Irish clergy of today but fewer licensed levellers in the field of politics and polemics. The Irish Curate has taken to learned essays and refined eclectics. He is an expert and a dilettante in the matter of criticism, Biblical and Liturgical. His is a well-known name in high class magazines. But he is no longer an enthusiast, a humorist, or what used to be called in college cant "a genius." Neither is he what students of yore used to dub a certain loud-voiced and lazy class of their college mates—"a general man." Nor, indeed, does he covet that doubtful compliment. He adopts specialties and he excels in them. In all this he is wise and suits himself to his times. The days of the theological bludgeon—(and of the theological rapier likewise)—are over and done with. We have almost lost memory of the once famous champions in controversy, "Pope and Maguire." Even Bellarmine, and Billuart and

*This is in Ennis, County Clare, where the writer also spent a summer with his relative, the venerated Dean Kenny, an O'Connellite but also a loyal Whig. He was esteemed for his priestly virtues and varied learning rather than for his patriotism.

Tournely among the foreign "fancy," and Milner, and Challoner, etc., in the old English "ring" have had their day and done their work. It was a good day and it was brilliant work. But the scene, and even the cause of contention, has quite shifted or subsided. There is now Evolution, and Ethnology and Ethics. And there is Psychology and all those other spacious sciences that begin with a big P. There is also actual life and seductive story, so long shunned by the literary cleric, into which, at last, Dr. Barry of England and Father Sheehan of Ireland have so fearlessly led the way. There are some among our young clergy, too, here in America, who have begun openly to follow this lead. There are yet others with MS. slyly hidden away in their desks (their names are known as yet only to a few private friends) who are trembling on the brink of publication.

We must not bid adieu to the Irish Curate without noting his perfection as a physical man. As a class, the Irish Curate, and the Irish constable, are the very pith and pick of the manhood of their country. It is a current saying in Ireland that the priest and the peeler are "The very flower of the land." They are indeed the finest men of their own or of any other race. Alas! their relative occupations prove how fatally adaptable that race is, how capable of the loftiest and yet the lowest offices that man can hold towards his fellow man! There they are, however, those two fine battalions so well yet so diversely organized and equipped. They are beloved and detested in equal measure by a people whom the one labors to uplift, the other to enslave.

Apropos of the fine physique of the Irish Curate a story runs in a certain diocese, of a young man just ordained in Maynooth and sent to his first curacy. This was in a part of the Province far distant from his native parish so that he was a stranger to the people of the place. On one of his first sick calls he set out across country accompanied by the stalwart peasant who had summoned him. A very high barred gate joining two ditches crowned by hedge rows led to a field that offered a short cut to the sick person's abode. This gate the countryman proceeded to open. But, before he could well lay his hand on it the young priest dashed at it, cleared it and the ditch behind it at a bound, and stood smiling in the field, with face to the peasant still fumbling with the gate. It was the worst "leap" in the country and no man or horse had cleared it before.

"I beg pardon, your Reverence, but please tell me are there any more of your likes in your family at home; any bould daring sons, I mane, of the same make as yourself, God bless you?"

"Oh, yes," said the Curate, laughing, "I have several brothers, and there are two among them I wouldn't care to handle or to challenge in any bout."

"Thank Heaven for that same," exclaimed the man, "sure it would be a murther the grand stock o' ye should run out an' you priested!"

To conclude. The writer is aware that exception has been taken to "My New Curate" (and also to "Luke Delmege," its successor) by some few clerical critics, acutely conscientious, on the score that they throw too wide open the door of the priest's domestic sanctuary. Those books, they say, expose defects in the ménage, and foibles

in the character and conduct of the clergyman, that had better be concealed from unfamiliar eyes. Well, thank Heaven, the door thus opened reveals nothing worse! Had it let in light on anything better (that is "nicer" to the fastidious view or the high-strung conscience) the story of "My New Curate" were bereft of most of its charm and all of its truth. No one but a fanatic would wish to screen from public sight and public enjoyment the enchanting foibles of the fine old P. P., and the pious imprudences of his "New Curate." Even the housekeeper—good soul—half-sacristan and half-shrew, is a faithful portrait of a faithful personage. She is a telling property in the dear, homely drama. She is an ornament to it and—to her sex.

"My New Curate" has had a better effect upon the hearts of the legion of people who have read it than a thousand controversial tomes or pious tracts could the same people have been induced to peruse them. Had "My New Curate" been written (which it was not) for the express purpose of conciliating respect and affection to the clergy, and to the religion they serve, in men of every class and creed it could not better have succeeded in its object. It reveals to us "The Ghostly Father" for what he really is,—in spite of his ghostliness—one of our own kin. It proves, what every sane mind should be gratified—and edified—to learn, viz.: that—in the best sense of the phrase—"The priest's a man for a' that."

Since the above article was written, His Holiness, Leo XIII, has conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity on the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P.P., Doneraile, and has further signified his appreciation by sending him a costly medal. These medals are of the class specially struck from the Papal Mint in the early days of Pope Leo's Pontificate for presentation to distinguished literary men.

This imprimatur, from a personage so exalted in station, so distinguished in letters as Leo XIII, at once sets the seal of supreme approval on Fr. Sheehan's works that had already captured the popular heart and mind. It also gives signal encouragement to a line of literature revived rather than created by some modern members of the clerical body. Tales of mingled fact and fancy were more common in the golden ages of the Faith than they are now, and they employed the pens of many a saint and sage.

HAPPY METHODS OF AVERTING STRIKES.

ONE MAN'S WAY.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

Kipling has said that conscience does not play much of a part in the building of an Empire, and there are many persons who believe that conscience is not much of a factor in the development of great wealth. Not so with Matthew C. D. Borden, the famous Fall River manufacturer. Here is a man—"a captain of industry," if you will—who has amassed an immense fortune by the happy mingling of philanthropy with business ability, the art of illuminating the toil and moil of life with kindly deeds and charitable actions. He is a millionaire manufacturer who has ever been the pronounced advocate of the rights of labor. He is the poor man's friend. Not exactly in the sense of Andrew Carnegie, who gives munificently to public libraries, but rather as one who goes to the workingman's very fireside, and there alleviates the pain of poverty.

Mr. Borden is the head of the largest cotton manufacturing business in the world. His opportunities for befriending the laboring classes are manifold and fertile. He is unlike many other employers in that he avails himself of these opportunities. For instance, recently, by purchasing five hundred thousand pieces of cotton goods, Mr. Borden foiled a conspiracy to reduce wages, averted a strike, and saved an entire community from undeserved disaster.

This was not the first time that "the Calico King" appeared as the champion of the toilers against his fellow-manufacturers. In 1891 he cleared out a glutted market and saved 50,000 mill hands from idleness and famine by buying 850,000 pieces of cotton goods.

In February, 1897, he repeated the operation. This time he took the entire stock held by the Fall River mills —750,000—pieces and paid $1,000,000 for it. The effect on the market was an active demand at advanced prices. What appealed most to Mr. Borden was the effect on labor—3,500,000 spindles working full time instead of half time.

In November, 1899, Mr. Borden again startled New England by compelling his fellow-manufacturers to advance wages ten per cent. He had tried his usual remedy of buying a large block of goods, but his rivals had balked him by delaying the completion of the deal. Determined that the army of wage-earners should suffer no longer and that all talk of a strike should cease, he voluntarily granted the advance of ten per cent to the four thousand hands employed in his own enterprises—the Fall River Iron Works and Cotton Mills, and the American Print Company's Works. Only a month passed before the other manufacturers of cotton goods, much to their disgust, were compelled to follow suit. Fall River alone gained $25,000 a week in wages by Mr. Borden's action, and throughout New England not less than 100,000 operatives were made prosperous and happy.

In 1900, Mr. Borden won another

victory for labor. Again the cotton goods market was in a perilous condition. Again the mill-owners were threatening to cut wages, and the hands were preparing to strike. New England seemed on the eve of an industrial cataclysm. Mr. Borden's purchase of 500,000 pieces of cotton goods at a total price of $720,000 relieved the mills of over-produced goods and stimulated the moribund market into activity. As each piece will run from forty-six to fifty yards, he became the owner of 25,000,000 yards of cotton—enough to carpet a footpath from New York to San Francisco five times over. But this is not such a vast quantity to a man whose own mills in a single year produced enough calico to make a bandage around the middle of the earth with five thousand miles to spare.

The business methods of this philanthrophic financier are unique.

M. C. D. Borden went to New York several years ago and formed a business connection with the dry goods commission house of Bliss, Fabyan & Co., of which Secretary of the Interior, Cornelius N. Bliss, was the senior partner. Subsequently he obtained possession of the American company, one of the largest calico printing companies in the United States. Up to a few years ago the American was a heavy consumer of the gray goods produced by the Fall River mills, but Mr. Borden became disgusted with the methods of some of the mill agents in manipulating the cloth market, so he resolved on establishing a plant of his own to supply the needs of his print works.

He built three big mills, accordingly, and later added a fourth. The latter is an immense mill of 80,000 spindles, and in its construction Mr. Borden undertook to break all previous records in the line of mill building. He placed his orders with contractors and machinery builders with the proviso that each should guarantee to have his share of the work of constructing and equipping the mill done within a certain time limit. The time was short and many hesitated to make the contracts lest they might not be able to fill them within the period named. But the liberal terms which Mr. Borden offered, providing this condition was complied with, were too tempting to refuse.

The result was that everyone who had anything to do with the building of the Iron Works mills No. 4 and putting it in commission hurried the work. Experienced mill men scouted the idea that Mr. Borden would make good his boast to have the mill ready for operation on the date he had fixed. But the prophets were at fault. He achieved the feat, and to commemorate it he invited a large company of business men, manufacturers, merchants, and bankers from New York and New England to inspect the mill and to be present when he turned the steam on the engine for the first time to put the machinery in motion. It was a notable gathering of brains, wealth and enterprise of the commercial and industrial interests of the east. After the company had been shown over the manufacturing property of their host he invited them to a royal banquet, which was served in the dining saloon of the steamer Priscilla of the Fall River line.

That was a memorable function and at its close Mr. Borden arose and said that he had an announcement to make

in bringing the day's festivities to a close. In a few modest remarks, he declared that, in the grateful appreciation of the success with which his business career had been blessed, and in carrying out a long contemplated purpose to emphasize his affection for his native city and its interests, he had decided to make a gift of $100,000 to the charities and philanthropic institutions of Fall River, the scheme of distribution and beneficiaries to be determined later.

In pursuance of this intention he subsequently gave about $20,000 to certain eleemosynary institutions, and then selected a struggling but worthy and practical charity, supported by the modest contributions of a number of individuals—the Boys' club—to be the principal beneficiary of his princely gift.

This club was organized in February, 1890, and small and cheap quarters were provided to carry out the experiment its projectors had in mind. The object of the club was to attract boys from the streets and alienate them from the contaminating and evil influences thereof. A small library, a number of games, and amusements and entertainments of divers kinds were provided to attract and retain the interest of these arabs of the pave. The class of boys sought to be reached and brought within the scope of the work of this organization, and the ends aimed at, are thus stated by Thomas Chew, the superintendent of the club:

"The kind of boys we desire to reach are the bad boys. Nothing you could say about the character of a boy would keep him out. If he did right in the club we would not punish him for what he did outside. We will not screen a boy who has done wrong. No boy can come to the club whose parents object to him doing so. The worse the boy the better is his recommendation to us. Good boys, from good homes, are not wanted and are often turned away. It must not be understood that all, or even a majority of our boys are bad boys, but this, that when two boys present themselves for membership, one a dirty, ragged and slovenly boy, the other, clean and neat, the first boy is selected. We begin there and seek to rise in the scale from the lowest point.

"There are other things that enter into the selection of members: such as the locality from which they come, the condition of their homes, etc. We keep this record of each boy: Name, age, residence, birthplace, occupation, has he a father or mother, father's occupation. About one of seven are fatherless, one out of eleven motherless, and one out of twenty an orphan.

"There are few fathers who occupy positions as high as overseers. They are largely laborers of the unskilled class. The boys come without urging. We advertised a little at first, but to please the boys it is all that is now necessary. We make no distinction as to color, creed or race. No religious topics are allowed to be brought in or discussed. Our object is to improve their moral and physical welfare. To make good citizens is the chief aim; to give them healthy amusements without temptation or evil surroundings; to provide boys who are poor with amusements which they cannot afford to buy. The club is against intemperance, profanity, cigarette smoking and cheap shows. To pre-

vent evil, rather than to attempt to cure evil, is our object."

From the start the club has been a gratifying success. It was soon found necessary to move from its original humble quarters to more roomy ones. From a mere handful of boys the membership has grown to over 1,800, making it the largest of a like character in New England.

The attendance in the aggregate was over 50,000 last year. New features have been from time to time added to the institution. A penny savings bank is one. Deposits from one cent up are received from members until the amount standing to the credit of the individual reaches $5, when he is expected to transfer it to one of the city savings banks and take out a book thereon. Oftentimes the deposits are drawn on by the owners to buy useful or necessary articles of clothing, the kind which they would most likely be obliged to go without had they not been induced to cultivate this habit of saving their pennies.

Instructions in manual training are also given to a limited extent. The needy boys are taught to mend their shoes, are given a chance to become workers in the printing trade, a monthly paper called "Our Boys" being issued by the club, all the composition on which is done by members. There is also a class of wood-working, and instructions in other mechanical trades are being gradually added.

These are the brief and simple annals of the club which Mr. Borden finally selected to endow with the bulk of the bounty which he decided to bestow on some deserving charity.

And now something about the personality of this interesting gentleman.

Unquestionably his business ability is inherited. The Bordens are a great family in Fall River. M. C. D. Borden is the third generation of manufacturers on a large scale. And generations before that, members of the family conducted manufacturing establishments on a smaller basis.

Some people assert that there is not a great deal in heredity, but the keen business sense with which this man does everything, his remarkable success in accumulating a property worth nearly $10,000,000 seems to disprove this.

The Bordens are rich in ancestry. The first in the American line settled in Newport about 1630. Since then the family has spread throughout the country, but many of the members still reside in Fall River and in different parts of Rhode Island and Connecticut.

In Fall River the name is heard on every street. Almost every line of business contains one of the Bordens. The mills have Bordens for officers and Borden is everywhere.

Mr. Borden himself was born in 1842 in Fall River, the son of Colonel Richard Borden. He was educated at Andover and afterward attended Yale. Upon his graduation from college he returned to his native city. He did not remain long, however. Being naturally fitted for the mill business, he embarked in it immediately after his graduation. Fall River saw a little of him, to be sure, and one occasion in particular is remembered, that of the time when he acted as an assistant marshal in a parade and cleared the throng from City Hall Square, taking a refusal from no one. This incident, perhaps, indicates the character of the man, for he always did what he be-

lieved was right, and never allowed a trifling opposition to stop him.

In order to know what the presence of such a man means to a community we must know what he means to the individual. And so, I take the case of a typical Fall River operative.

"Mr. Borden is a brave man," said this poor mill worker. "The toiling masses of this country ought to honor his name forever.

"He has shown that it is possible for a man who gained riches by the toil of others to have some heart and soul—and some humanity. We all understand what these acts of kindness mean for him. He is flying in the face of his business rivals, and they would rejoice if he went 'Broke!' If anything happens to him or his fortune the wind will blow keen and nipping for all of us. The advance in wages of ten per cent that he forced all the mills to adopt last year meant the difference between bare existence and partial comfort to each of us.

"I have a family. One of my girls is in the mill; two of my boys are spinners. That increase meant a difference of $9.67 weekly in this family—and that is a lot of money! It sufficed one winter to furnish this house; to pay a doctor's bill that had worried all of us for a year; to get my dear wife a new dress—just think of that, a new dress!

"If Mr. Borden had been along this way I know she'd have blessed him. But we do bless him, and," speaking very gravely, "we all pray for him, all of us—even my little grandson on the floor there."

NAPOLEON ON ST. HELENA.

BY REV. THOMAS TWAITES.

"Thou restless ocean! Aye, thy waters dash
Against this lonely isle, and fiercely lash
Themselves to foam: thine agitated breast
Is like mine own that knows nor peace nor rest!
My power hath flown: and disappointment flings
Its sorrows o'er me: time ago, the wings
Of my proud Eagles sailed above the foe
With exultation: serried ranks fell low
Beneath my gallant troops: all nations quailed
At my approach: the forlorn wife bewailed
The soldier's fate. My name upon the scroll
Of fame was writ: and under my control
Unnumbered peoples lay. Yet from that height
I fell because I durst oppose the right
Of God's own Vicar.—I was doomed to fail;
For e'en the powers of Hell shall ne'er prevail.
My God! it was Thy Hand that humbled me:
Now prostrate in the dust I worship Thee!"

IN THE WATCHES OF THE NIGHT.

(Continued from page 356.)

at her heart and branded itself upon her brain. Afterwards she never knew how she got through the long hours of that night-vigil, while the strong sea beat and battled without and the little space within was filled with the struggling for life. The doctor's keen tones as he passed in and out while the hours dragged along were like warm blood in empty veins to her. Between his comings she took out her watch and followed the little black hands as they crawled from minute to minute.

Towards morning, in the slow-pulsed hours before the dawn, the girl began to grow restless and to utter disjointed sentences with feeble incoherence. Even that was better than the silence and Martha's hand was steadier as she forced the doctor's potion between the parched lips.

"Will ye keep me to me promise, Tim?" she heard the girl moan weakly. "Ah, ye don't know—But I'm comin' to ye, Tim, I'm comin'! An' me afther givin' ye me word!"

The loose-jointed hands clutched at the bed-clothes, and for a long time she lay with moving lips and twitching features. The low, meaningless monotone seemed to Martha like the working of some weird incantation, to which the storming sea joined its moaning accompaniment. Presently the girl's fingers began to move convulsively, and she tried to raise her head, lifting her voice in a thick, singsong chant that rose now to a weak, rending shrillness, and again fell into indistinct muttering. It was like the echo of the crying cadences of the sea.

"Hail Mary . . . blessed art thou . . . Jesus . . . pray for us . . . sinners . . . at the hour of our death. . . ."

Over and over again, the disconnected sentences rose and fell on the tense air of the little cabin. ". . . . At the hour of our death . . . at the hour of our death. . . ."

Martha pressed her cold fingers to her ears to shut out the sound. "She is praying!" she gasped. "Oh, it is too horrible! I could bear anything better than that!"

But the wailing voice rose shriller in the same disjointed syllables. . . . "Hail Mary . . . pray for us . . . sinners . . . at the hour . . . of our death . . . the hour of our death. . . ."

At last the voice sank to a weak whisper and finally ceased altogether, and the girl lay for nearly an hour in spent and exhausted speechlessness. When she spoke again the gray of a stormy dawn was coming in cold streaks through the cabin window. Martha knew the critical time was at hand, and she drew her chair close to the head of the berth and pressed her fingers against the throbbing temples. The girl's voice was feebler, but it was no longer thick with fever and the sentences were more connected. As Martha listened dry sobs broke in her throat.

"It wouldn't be right, John," murmured the helpless voice, "sure it wouldn't be right at all, dear. I'm spoken to him, you know, and he's

waitin' patient for me there in Ireland. . . . Ye shouldn't dare to spake to me like that, an' me bespoken to another! Did I let ye see, oh, did I let ye see? . . . God in heaven! It isn't me own fault! Oh, say I wasn't to blame? Wirra, see how it's hurtin' me . . . here in me heart. Goodbye! Goodbye! . . . No, no, I'm tellin' ye, it wouldn't be right. . . . Sure don't be torturin' me! . . . Ye know I'm bound to him just the same as if the priest had said the blessin' over us. . . . He said we should flee from tim'tation. . . . Yes, Tim, I'm comin' . . . Did ye think I wouldn't be thrue to my plighted word? I'm comin' . . . ye'll niver know . . . an' . . . an' . . . I'll be a good wife to ye, Tim . . . God help me, I will!"

She tried wildly to lift herself from the pillow, but Martha held her down with firm hands. The girl's aimless arms wound around her and imprisoned her as the voice went on:

"I'm sorry not to give ye more notice, ma'am, but I can't stay. Oh, I can't, Wirra, it's kind o' ye, ma'am, an' I'll not forget it to ye . . . John, John! . . . It's killin' me, the pain of it! . . . Yes, Tim ye're right . . . I'd done betther in the old counthry, instid o' goin' off . . . I should ha' stayed with ye, Tim, as ye wanted . . . I've sorrowed the day . . . O . . ." She began to sob laboriously under her breath.

When the doctor came in she was imagining herself a child. "Hark," she said, lifting herself up, "the robin! It is sweet, oh, but it's sweet! Sure that's the bell, an' we not half way yet! Father Dermott'll be settin' us up as a sign o' shame for all the others, Tim, an' we gettin' ready for our First Communion! . . . Oh, wirra, I've got a thorn in me foot . . . it's hurtin' me so. . . . . Go on yerself, Tim, ... I'll be followin' ye whin I can. . . ."

The doctor's tired face looked down at her hopelessly. "I'm afraid there's not much chance for her," he said quietly. "We may be able to keep the life in her until we get to Queenstown tomorrow, but—"

He stopped and they both stood silent as the girl wailed out brokenly—"He said I would not be tried more than I was able. . . . . Yes, I know I'm doin' right . . . I'm comin' to ye, Tim. . . . But God help me! . . . Holy Mother, pray for me. . . ."

She said the words over and over again until the sound seemed to soothe her into silence and the moaning lips curved into a wan smile that was sadder than any speech. The doctor abruptly turned away his head, and Martha, weary with long watching, covered her face with her hands while the slow tears trickled through her fingers.

"It is terrible—this sight into another soul," she whispered, "a soul stripped,—without subterfuges, without defenses—"

The doctor gave her a quick glance. "You are over-tired, Mrs. Stafford," he said, more gently than was his wont. "I have told the stewardess to relieve you and I think she will be here in a few minutes. See, the night is broken," pointing to the light through the curtained port,—"and the swell is going down. It has been a hard night, and you must rest and sleep. For this

poor creature we can only hope. Perhaps, after all, death will be better for her."

"But I cannot leave her now, doctor," answered Martha earnestly. "I —I want to be with her."

"You must rest," he replied briefly, going towards the door. "It has already been too much for you." In the doorway he turned quickly and held out his hand. "You are a brave woman, Mrs. Stafford," he said. "You have been a godsend to me."

She smiled bitterly as the door closed after him. "Brave!" she repeated. "Brave! If he only knew!"

When the stewardess came, half an hour later, Martha rose feebly from her chair, grasping the side of the berth to steady herself. "She has been wandering again," she said and her face and lips were pale. "It was awful! I—I believe the doctor was right—I am faint and tired. But I shall be better after a few hours' rest. I'll be back by noon,—and in the meantime, you will be very gentle with her, won't you? She is very low, you know," she added as she cast a troubled glance at the stewardess' rough hands.

"Yes," the woman answered bluntly. "Doctor 'e says as 'ow she may die before the end o' the day."

Martha shuddered and groped her way to the door. "I—I am more tired than I thought," she said lamely. "Oh no, no," as the stewardess offered to help her, "I shall manage very well. And if there should be any fear—any great danger, will you call me?"

The woman nodded her head and in a moment Martha found herself on the open deck, with the salt spray dashing in her face. She clung to the inner railing for a few moments, her knees trembling, but the sharp wind revived her somewhat and after much stumbling and many pauses she finally reached her stateroom. The decks and corridors were still deserted. She met no one and she breathed a sigh of thankfulness as she shut her door behind her. The sight of the white smoothness of her berth was full of the sweet suggestiveness of rest and sleep. Rest! She wanted rest from fears as well as from watching, rest from the thought of the death-shadows in the little chamber she had just left. She started as she caught sight of her reflection in the looking-glass at the end of her cabin. She looked an old woman, haggard and drawn and fear-stricken. With a low sob she threw herself down upon the bed and tried to relax the nerves that kept her body tense and aching. Her hot eyes would not close in sleep, and in a kind of miserable stupor she kept wondering and groping about in her consciousness for some landmark that should tell her where she was and where she should find her old self again.

She could not adjust herself. It was as if a great blast of new and terrible forces had swept over her and left everything maimed and twisted behind it. She was not the same woman who had entered upon that night-vigil. Never in her life would she be the same again. In the dark hours of her watching, while the strength of the sea and the storm encompassed her, there was born in her soul the first consciousness of Death. And henceforth Life should be forever shadowed by the inevitable Presence. No man or woman ever looks into the unhidden face of Death to see life with wholly unchanged eyes.

For hours Martha lay motionless but

acutely conscious. Her mind was strained with new thinking, and when at last her aching eyes closed in utter weariness, pitiful traces of her thought remained unsmoothed upon her brow and about her mouth.

It was afternoon when she awoke. She rose hastily, wondering at her own heaviness and languor. She moved about her cabin with slow steps and as she was plaiting her long braids with awkward fingers, the first-cabin stewardess entered with a tray.

"Ah, madam, you are up!" she said. "The doctor bade me bring you this, and he says you must eat and drink. I hope you are better?"—and as Martha nodded her head,—"The gentleman, Mr. Carey, has been enquiring for you. He seems anxious and fears you are ill."

Martha laughed nervously and drank some soup before she answered. "If you should see him again," she said, "tell him I am quite well, and that I have gone back to my charge for a little while. Have you heard how she is?"

"The woman from the steerage who had such a fall?" questioned the other. "She grows no better. I heard the doctor say he gives her a very few hours to live."

"You may take the tray now," said Martha, as she rose hurriedly. "I have had quite enough, thank you,—and I must go at once."

She hastened to the hospital cabin and pushed open the door with a tremor of dread. The sick girl was lying back among her pillows with wide-open, pitiful eyes.

"She is conscious, mum," said Haskins as she entered. "This is the lady who was watchin' with you all night, Nora," she added, turning toward the bed.

"Thank ye kindly, ma'am," came the answer, in tones so weak that Martha had to bend over the bed to catch the words. "Sure, 'twas a great throuble I was to ye. An' did I be sayin' much whin I was out o' me sinses?" The dull eyes in their feverburned sockets looked up at her appealingly.

"Nothing but what did me good to hear," answered Martha, not untruthfully. "Have you been taking some nourishment?" she went on, trying to speak cheerily. "You know we reach Queenstown tomorrow and you must have strength enough to land."

The girl's eyes lighted with wistfulness for a moment. Then she said faintly, "No ma'am, askin' your pardon, I'll niver see it again,—I'll niver see Ireland. I was just thinkin' as I lay here that I'd like a sight o' the cowslips on the hill at home these mornin's, and the green, green grass, an' the bit o' chapel where I used to say me beads whin I was a child. Sure they might make me forget all the pain an' the misery since. . . . But it's not to be, ma'am . . . Wirra, it's hard to die away from ivery soul belongin' to ye . . . but God knows. . . ."

Martha's eyes were full of tears. "Oh, you must not talk like that," she said brokenly. "How can you bear it? You will see your own hills tomorrow with the sunrise."

The girl shook her head. "Ye're very good, ma'am, but I shall be gone before the sunset. I know—I feel it here," and she laid her hand upon her heart.

"Oh, how can you think of it?" cried

the woman impulsively, taking the chill, damp hands in hers. "Is it not terrible?"

"No," was the answer, the words coming more faintly. "I have made my peace with God."

Martha shivered and sank upon her knees beside the bed. "Do you not fear death?" she whispered.

"Not now," said the girl, looking at her with the deep-seeing eyes of the dying. "I . . . feared life . . . an' the Almighty was good to me. I—I'm happy, ma'am . . . but there's Tim . . . I was on me way to marry him . . . an' . . . an' he'll be there waitin' for me at the landin'. . . . Oh, will ye see him, ma'am?" She clutched at Martha's hand with superhuman energy. "Will ye tell him that I spoke his name . . . an' that I was comin' to him? . . . Oh will ye tell him?"

Martha nodded her head and the weak voice went on: "Sure he'll niver know! . . . I did what was right by him anyway . . . tell him that! The doin' broke my heart . . . but do not tell him that!" She lay back wearily. For a few minutes there was intense stillness in the little cabin. The girl was breathing painfully. Suddenly she started up and whispered, "Listen, ma'am, to the sea! All the day it's been washin' . . . washin' away . . . Oh, ma'am, do not let thim put me into it . . . not that . . . not that! Promise me that you will not let them! . . . I could not bear that! . . ."

"You shall not," sobbed Martha. "You shall not!"

The girl looked up at her gratefully. "God bless ye, ma'am," she murmured. A gray shadow crept slowly over the white face. "Tell . . . Tim . . . to lay me . . . in the churchyard . . . under the hedge . . ." she gasped, relaxing her hold of Martha's hands.

"Oh, quick, quick! The doctor!" panted Martha to the stewardess.

As the woman's footsteps hastened down the deck, the girl lifted up her heavy lids slowly. The death film hung over her eyes but her lips smiled. "Pray for us sinners . . . at the hour of our death . . . That ye . . . . enter not . . . into . . . . . tim'tation . . . I did . . . what was right . . . to ye both . . . what . . . was right. . . . At the hour. . . ."

The feeble whispering died away. Then a great rending sigh, a flutter of the eyelids,—and it was all over. Martha knelt still and breathless, afraid to move, afraid to think. She was alone with Death. . . .

When the doctor hurried back with the stewardess, she was still kneeling there, gazing into the dead face with wide, terrified eyes. She did not speak or look at them, and at a sign from the doctor, the stewardess lifted her up and led her unresistingly to her stateroom. The woman laid her limp burden on the bed and Martha's staring eyes followed her as she pulled the curtain over the window and covered her with a steamer blanket. In a few minutes she went out and Martha lay just as she was left, gazing vacantly into space. When the darkness came she was still staring straight before her with unseeing eyes.

She heard a knock at her door at last and rose mechanically. "Is that you, Maurice?" she asked in a strange even voice that she hardly recognized as her own. "If you will go upstairs, I will follow you at once. There is something I want to say to you."

The storm was over but the vessel

moved slowly in a heavy fog. A dark, uneven shadow rose out of the gray to the right, the outline of low hills in the swathing of mist. In eager groups about the lower deck the Queenstown passengers waited, surrounded by piles of baggage of queer shape and texture. There was an occasional cheer as a familiar headland loomed more distinctly out of the fog, but it quickly died into a whispering silence, and a shadow like the grayness of the morning hung over the crowded decks. The people shifted their feet restlessly and spoke in uneasy whispers, casting furtive glances all the while at a poorly-covered box of rough black-painted wood that stood near the gang-plank ready first to be carried to the tender.

Near it stood a man and a woman. He was pleading with her passionately. "No, no," she was saying wearily, looking at him out of tired eyes, "Don't force me to go over it all again. It is over, and I shall be to you just as the girl yonder must be to the man who waits her this morning."

The man followed her glance moodily, deep fires smouldering in his eyes. "I believe you do not care!" he burst out. "Have you no feeling? Is it so easy for you that you can do it for a fancy?"

"Is death ever easy?" she asked, closing her eyes with an involuntary movement of pain. "Is death ever easy? There are some things in life as inevitable as death."

"And you will go back—to him?" he asked with brutal emphasis. "To him?"

She trembled. "If he—if he will take me, yes," she replied. "It is not yet too late—"

"There's no use in trying to understand you," he interposed bitterly. "You wreck my life,—I think you are spoiling your own,—and all for some late-born scruple!"

"Life—life is not all, Maurice—I have learned that!" She turned her tired face toward him and went on pleadingly. "Listen to me, dear. Some day you will bless me for this. Our —our love was an unholy thing. Perhaps it was fit for life—but how—how should we face Death with it?"

A shrill whistle blew as the puffing tender came alongside the ship. The gang-plank grated over the deck and was quickly lowered. The vessel grew noisy with the impatient shuffling of many feet and the sailors' hoarse calls as they fastened the ropes.

"Oh I cannot let you go!" he murmured unsteadily. "Stay with me!"

She fastened her eyes upon his face with a long look of farewell. The throng surged around and the dull thud of unloading baggage sounded behind them. "God help us both!" she whispered at last. "Goodbye!—Goodbye!"

He put out his hand in dumb protest, but she moved away quickly and stood in the little cleared space near the long coffin. The noise was suddenly hushed as the captain's voice rang down the plank. "Timothy Brannigan!"

"Here I am, sorr!" called back an eager voice, and a lithe young figure appeared at the other end of the gang-plank.

There was not a word as four bare-headed sailors slowly bore the shrouded coffin to where he stood. But there rose from the gathered crowd a sound like a smothered sob.

The young man gazed about him helplessly. Then his eyes fell on the silent figures and their black burden. Suddenly he understood.

"My God!" he cried, and the

anguish of the cry pierced the hearts of the shipful of men and women. "My God, what is this?"

The people gazed at one another impotently. Then a light hand touched his arm. A woman looked into his face, with strained eyes. "She went —happily and peacefully. She was coming to you—and—she spoke your name to the last. I—I was with her."

He looked at her unseeingly. Then he fell on his knees beside the rough coffin. "Nora asthore! Nora!" he called out. "I cannot bear it! I cannot bear it! I waited so long!—Nora! Nora!"

He kept repeating her name as the crowd of passengers silently filed on to the deck and formed into hushed little groups apart from him. They spoke in low whispers as the shrill whistle blew again and the gang-plank was harshly drawn in. Women sobbed softly and men bit their lips while the wide-eyed children looked on in wondering fear.

Martha was standing close behind the kneeling figure. As the tender steamed off, she raised her eyes to the man leaning on the deck rail where she had left him. His eyes met hers crying out to her. She smiled with weary effort and thus they looked at each other until each was but a speck in the distance. Then Martha sank down beside the coffin and sobbed.

THE EASTER SNOW.*

BY ALICE L. MILLIGAN.

The long, long days of the Lent are gone,
'Tis I was glad to see them go,
In mead and vale soft airs prevail,
And flowers of April blow.
The frosts of night have vanished quite
Where violets shyly grow,
But on the mountains high in heaven
White as the clouds lies the Easter Snow.

And 'tis not to the blooming mead
Where birds and brooklets gaily sing,
Where sunbeams pass o'er daisied grass,
I'll spend this morn of spring;
But I'll take my traveling staff in hand,
And up the mountain go,
To where deep in a lonely glen
A cottage nestles amid the snow.

There's a girleen fair beyond compare,
Whose home is o'er those mountains high,
By heath and rocks, she led her flocks
Once I was passing by.
Were all the wealth of monarchs mine
I love that girleen so,
I would lay down crown and dignity
To lead her home through the Easter Snow.

*The above words are written for an old Irish air played by Turlogh'MacSweeny, the piper, at the first Feis Ceoil.

SIGNS OF SPRING.

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WHEN THE CURRACHS* GO OUT TO SEA.

A Ballad of Arran.

BY REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD. (SLIAV-NA-MON.)

I'm sittin' lone in my cabin an' tellin' the holy beads;
I hear the fishers callin' an' the wind among the reeds.
The trouble is on my heart again—I miss you, stor mo chree,
As I watch thro' the little window pane the currachs put out to sea.

Ah! bold you were my Dermot Og; the laugh was light in your eye;
An' you said "God bless you, mother,—sure tisn't a long good-bye."

An' I was proud o' you Dermot Og, as proud as mother could be
With you callin' back o'er the waters' track when the currachs
went out to sea.

But black were the cliffs of Arran with the ravin' winds that night,
An' blacker the hearts in Arran, that shook at the ocean's might;
An' in the wild gray dawnin', the woefullest sight were we:—
The mothers that wailed by the ocean for the currachs lost at sea.

The clouds were heavy on Arran—the salt mist fell like tears—
(Hush! is it the Banshee's moanin' that comes to me thro' the
years!)—
Did I hear him, callin', callin', "Oh mother pray for me!"
I'm not myself at the mornin' when the currachs go out to sea.

I'll go to the little chapel to ease my heart o' pain
May Mary be his Mother, an' Christ wash out all stain.
'Tis at His holy Altar sweet comfort comes to me
When the bitter trouble falls heavy, as the currachs go out to sea.

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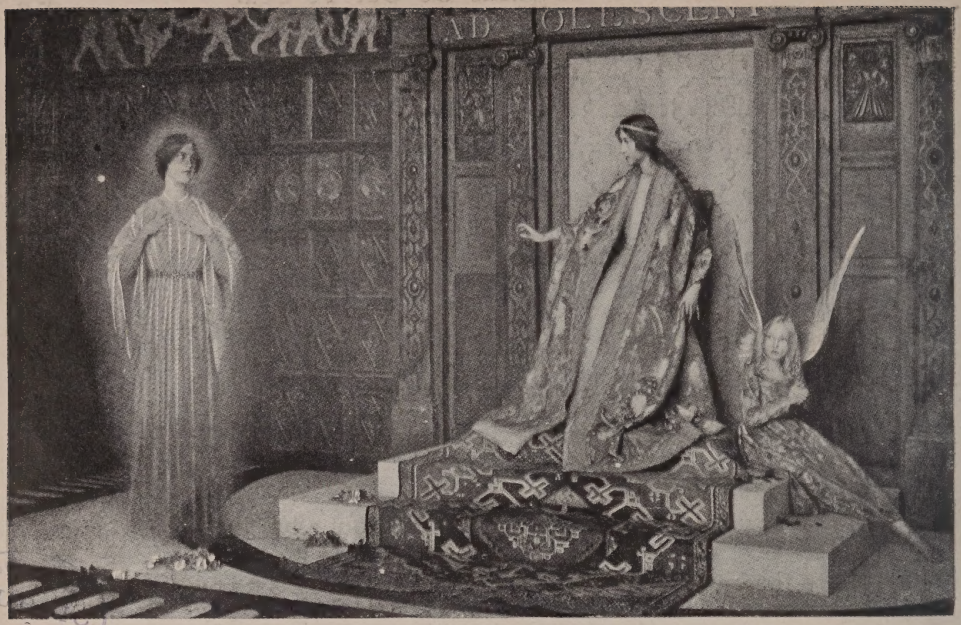
* Currach: the name of a peculiarly-shaped boat used by the Arran Islanders.



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INCIPIT VITA NOVA.

What time the earth takes on the garb of Spring,
And new-born joy runs riot in the blood,
When the year's tide turns refluent to its flood,
And blissful birds their songs are carolling,—
When life once more is fair and everything
In nature smiles, when tender flowrets bud,
And deck the mead as stars the heavens stud,—
What wonder that my heart leaps up to sing!

What wonder that to thee my song of praise
I bring, and burn sweet incense at thy shrine,
And offer all the worship of my lays
To thee, whose loveliness hath lent my days
That life renewed whereof the Florentine
Sang ere he wrote the Comedy Divine.

—*William Morton Payne,*
in "An American Anthology."

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BACK OF WHITEHALL, SHOWING MRS. HINKSON'S ROOM. THE FIGURES ARE HER FATHER AND SISTER AND THE SMALL BAY-WINDOW IS THAT OF HER ROOM.

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POETS I HAVE KNOWN.

V.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

BY REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.

Whatever may be its counterbalancing advantages, the sacrament of matrimony has certainly one disadvantage for women who have succeeded in throwing a literary glamour round their maiden names. The change of name which generally takes place at this interesting crisis of their lives is very confusing for their critics and admirers. Some women wait till they are married to achieve their fame. Few remember that Mrs. Meynell was once Alice Thompson, or that Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Blake before her marriage bore a more unmistakably Celtic surname. But Norah Hopper is familiar to many who have hardly learned to recognize her as Mrs. Chesson. Perhaps it might be well if the literary world imitated in this respect the theatrical world, where the Mrs. John Smith of private life remains on the play-bills in perpetual youth as Miss Cecilia So-and-so.

The two who have caused me some hesitation as to the name I am to give them in venturing to include them among the poets I have known are Katharine Tynan and Rosa Mulholland. Are we to call them Mrs. Hink-

MRS. KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

son and Lady Gilbert? I think not. I am less in doubt with regard to the latter, for, though she has written many bright and beautiful stories and some exquisite verse since she became the wife of Sir John Gilbert, her volume of *Vagrant Verses* appeared before that epoch. As a poet, she will always be Rosa Mulholland.

My embarrassment is relieved in the case of Mrs. Hinkson by no less an authority than herself. Quite recently, a few months ago, she issued a large selection from the many volumes of poetry that she has given to the world; and in this delightful anthology she is Katharine Tynan and Katharine Tynan only. Beware, dear reader, of spelling that name with a C. It is curious that the saints are generally Catherine and the queens Katharine; and it is in this queenly fashion that we must spell the baptismal name of the Irish maiden who very early in life became one of the Queens of Song.

I do not know who wrote the couplet:

"That he was born it cannot be denied—
He ate, drank, slept, wrote deathless works, and died."

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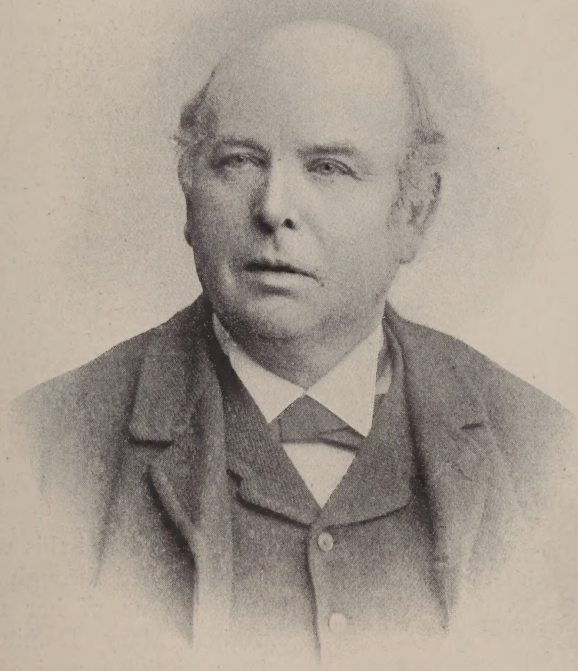
THE GARDEN AT WHITEHALL.

This is the summary of the uneventful lives of literary people in general, except that "deathless" is a rather too energetic epithet for most of them. But the most uneventful life begins with the event which furnishes a title to the first chapter of *David Copperfield*—"I am born." In the pleasant chapter of autobiography which she contributed to M. A. P. a year ago (March 9, 1901) as No. 143 of the interesting series, "In the Days of My Youth," Mrs. Hinkson does not fix definitely the time or place of her birth; but there can be no indelicacy in mentioning what is set forth year after year in *Who's Who*. Indeed the date of her birth is so far public property that, when the third of February came round this year, a compliment was paid to her which Aubrey de Vere received only a few days before his death. An enterprising London newspaper, *The Daily Chronicle*, has a department which selects from the poets appropriate mottoes for the birthdays of certain prominent people. Some one, wishing to show that not only the text but the context of Scripture ought to be looked to carefully, made the following Scripture quotation: "Judas went and hanged himself—go thou and do likewise." On the same plan, with better results, *The Daily Chronicle* pieced together from different parts of Shakespeare this characterization of Mrs. Tynan Hinkson as a poet.



ANDREW CULLEN TYNAN, MRS. HINKSON'S FATHER.

"A bard of Ireland, Katharine her name,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love.
Pours into verse her own sweet argument."

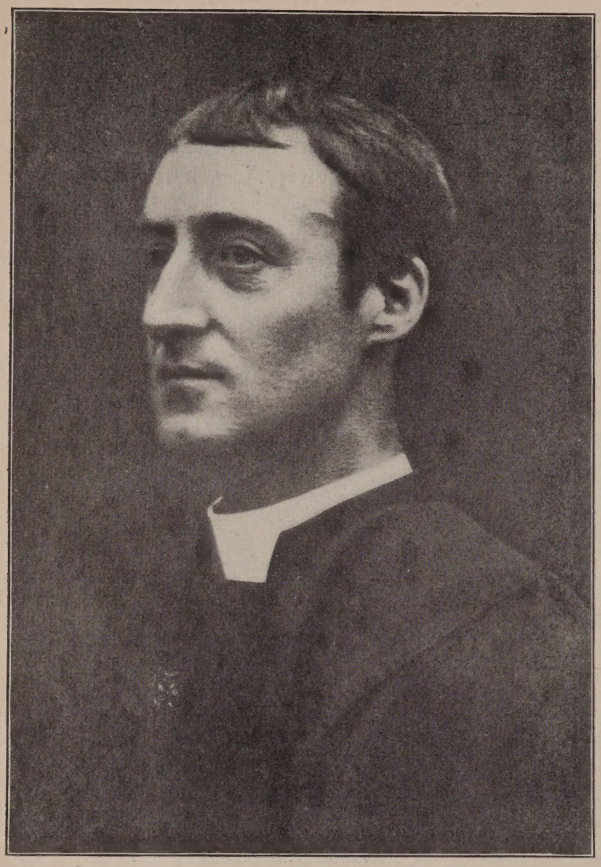
The ingenious compiler takes from Swinburne "blithe verse," and from Stevenson "to please the child." The sylvan musings of her London home are hinted at in William Watson's lines:

"Yes, urban is her muse and owns
An empire based on London stones.
Yet flowers, as mountain violets sweet,
Spring from the pavement 'neath her feet."

Her story-telling is alluded to by Granville,

"With care some happy fiction frame."

And then Mrs. Browning:

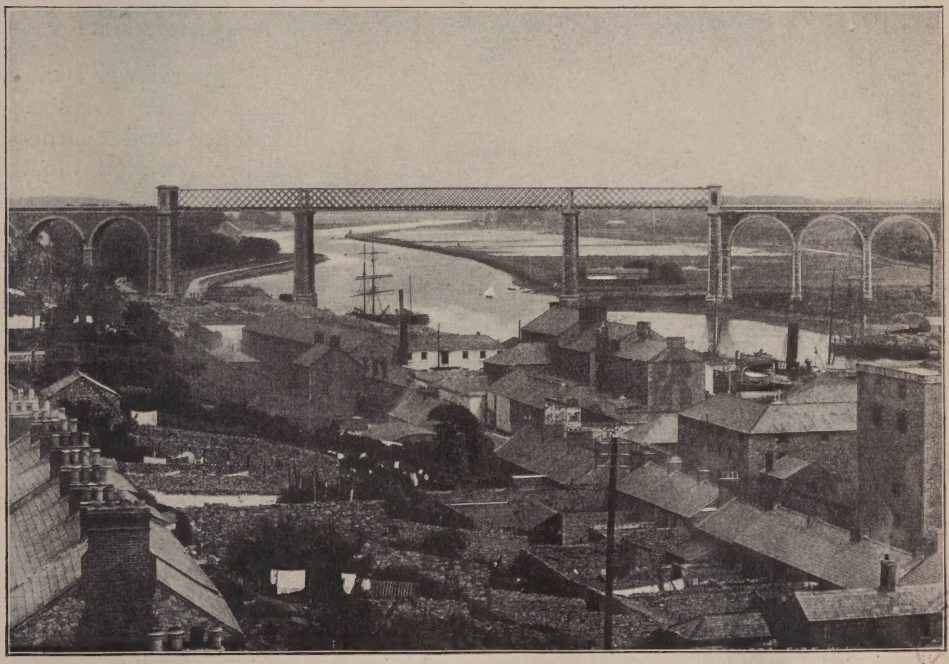


FATHER GERARD HOPKINS, S. J.

"Women know
The way to rear up children (to be just)
They know a simple, merry tender knack
Of * * * stringing pretty words."

Katharine Tynan was born on the 3rd of February, 1861; and certainly she need not blush for the amount of work that she has got through in twice twenty golden years of preparation and achievement. Her preparation began in her earliest years. She learned to read very soon and always loved reading. Her education outside the home circle was confined to a few years at Sienna Convent, Drogheda. This convent of Dominicanesses is the oldest continuous and undisturbed foundation in Ireland, dating back to the middle of the Penal Days after the year 1700. From 1722 it has guarded reverently the head of the martyred Primate, Venerable Oliver Plunkett, whose grandniece Catherine Plunkett (spelled in the saintly way) was the first Prioress. Katharine Tynan underrates the benefits she derived from her sojourn on the banks of the Boyne close to the spot where Sir John McNeill's stupendous viaduct spans that "ill-fated river." She says: "I got little book-learning there, but certain lessons of delicate refinement were not, I hope, wasted on me. I was a very inapt scholar, lazy and careless, and this was the reputation I carried through my early girlhood." One of her mistresses was Mother Mary Dominick O'Hagan, sister of the second of the "Poets I Have Known"; and she spoke to me last summer of Katie Tynan's passion for reading as a child and of the sound judgment she displayed about certain books that she had read. At any rate, she learned here a very clear and graceful handwriting—which she has since to a certain extent unlearned. I remember perfectly when the first sample of this handwriting came under my editorial

eyes. When *The Irish Monthly* began its course, in the summer of 1873, Katharine Tynan had just entered her teens; but, before she had well finished them, she was one of its contributors. In 1880 appeared her "Legend of the Painted Windows," which, with some others of a similar character, she has left uncollected, perhaps because she thought they betrayed too much the



BOYNE VIADUCT, DROGHEDA. SIENNA CONVENT IS CLOSE TO IT, ON THE NORTHERN BANK OF THE RIVER.

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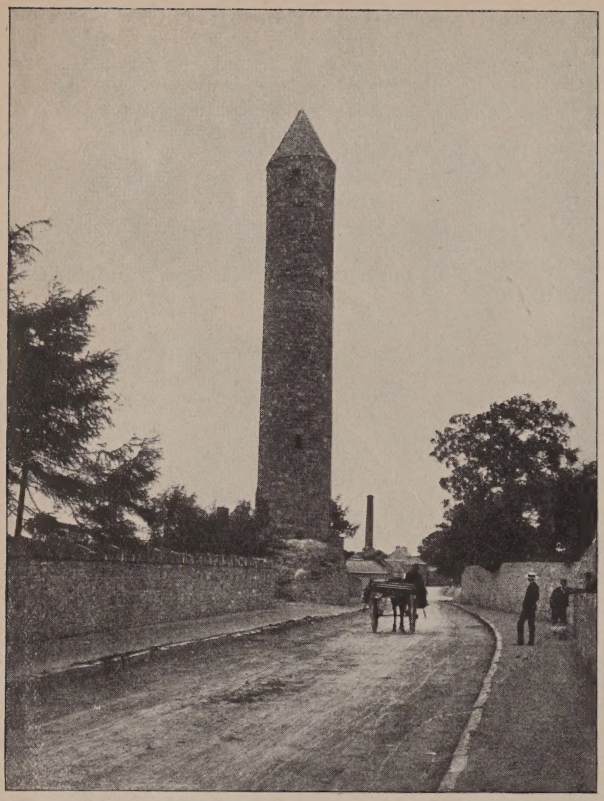
influence of Adelaide Procter which she soon outgrew. As these first efforts are hidden away in an old volume of *The Irish Monthly* (VIII, 360) we may give the beginning of the story:—

All day broad shining bands of sunlight fall,
Driving swift shades across the convent wall;
Seems the gray slumberous air all musical
With tuneful, drowsy hum of pleasant bee,
And sweet low bird-song trilled from every tree.
Fair peaceful lives the brethren had full sure—
Each day a gold bead of a rosary
Of blessed deeds, impulses high and pure.
From worldly sin and worldly trouble free,
Each gentle life its course ran tranquilly;
And, when death called, each humbly left his place,
Trusting in His dear gracious love who came
To bear our burdens: calling on His name,
Passed all with joy to see the Saviour's face.

It is significant that the young poet mentions in a note that this is told of the holy Dominican, Blessed James of Ulm, whose work adorns the church of San Petronio in Bologna. Had she heard it in the Dominican convent



ROUND TOWER OF CLONDALKIN, NEAR WHITEHALL.

where she had lately sojourned? This confirms my suspicion that Katharine Tynan owes more than she imagines to her years at Sienna. Even a very secular critic urges her special obligations to her beloved St. Francis; and all that convent atmosphere of prayer, all that affectionate familiarity with the saints, has had no small share in making her the poet that she is. But I find that she herself puts this forward in an interview reported in *The British Weekly*, September 14th, 1893:

"I have lived nearly all my life in County Dublin, and there is no scenery dearer to me than its ranges of low hills, from the tops of which as a girl I used to look away towards the Wicklow Mountains. Ours was not a literary circle, and as a child I had a small choice of books. My one poet was Longfellow. I was twenty-one before I had a Tennyson of my own. Among the miscellaneous volumes over which I used to pore, I remember such oddly contrasting stories as those of Miss Edgeworth and Eugene Sue. At school I gained a knowledge of mediæval legend and of the lives of the saints, which has been useful in my later work."

This interviewer elicits what ought to have been mentioned a little earlier that her first appearance in print was when she was sixteen years of age—a poem, "In Dreamland," in *Young Ireland*, a penny literary paper published in Dublin. As the first trickling of such a copious stream of song, many will like to see these verses, which, like the experiments of her next four years, were excluded from her earliest volume—which volume in its turn is excluded from all representation in her own recent selection from her poetical writings.

Last night I dreamt of a happy valley
  Where came not white winter with frost and snow;
Where sunshine gilded each verdurous alley,
  Touching the leaves with a golden glow.
And gay-plumed song-birds in troops together,
  Each bright-hued feather a spot of light,
Sang gay sweet songs to the fair, calm weather
  From rosiest dawning till purple night.

Many a blossom, deep-hued and tender,
Shone through the grasses all emerald-green;
Delicate fern-fronds, tall and slender,
Hung o'er a rivulet passing between:
Silvery its flowing and cool its plashing.

Roses crimson, snow-white, and creamy,
Their passionate sweetness displayed to view,
Bearing each in its gold heart dreaming
Odorous vapours born of the dew.
Queenliest lilies, pallid and saintly,

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"TOBY," "BUNNY" AND PAMELA HINKSON.

The soft drops dashing, a pearly shower,
O'er thirsty flowerets, and merrily splashing,
The gold-bee seeking his honey-dower.

Quivering faintly as South winds pass,
Their silvery whiteness contrasting quaintly
With pansies purple amid the grass.

* * * * *

But ah! my vision has passed, not knowing,
Alas! that rose-red should ever pale;
That white of lily should lose its glowing;
That fairest blossoms should fade and fail.
And ah! that ever such sweetest seeming
Should be but dreaming of winter night,
Only to wake to the gray dawn, deeming
Its colour colder after the light.

This was four or five years before a sonnet of hers was published in *The Graphic* by her first English editor, Mr. Arthur Locker. Having once found her voice, she has gone on singing ever since. But she soon changed her note. She gave up writing Legends like her earliest contributions to *The Irish Monthly*, having herself answered in the negative the question she put to me some months later:

GERARD JOHN CULLEN O'MAHONY,
Mrs. Hinkson's nephew who early shows a liking for the pen.

"I do not think there is 'any new event in my literary career' to record unless the Legend I am sending you by this post may count as one. I hope you will like it; the legend as well as the versification is my own. I hope, if you accept it, that it will be in time for the April number, it would be such a long time to wait till May. Besides, I would like, if possible, to have my four poems in *The Irish Monthly* during the year, so if this one appeared in the April number perhaps I could have another in July, when my connection with the Magazine will be a year old. Do you think I ought to continue writing legends? I like them, because the story is made for me, and sometimes I feel like the young man that told Hans Andersen that he wished to be a poet but that all the subjects had been written about before his time. This legend you will understand is my own composition. I hope Miss Janet Ellis will not think I borrowed the idea from her 'Mother's Prayer' in January Number. I had the legend in my mind a month before I saw that, though I had none of it down on paper. I had a little prologue to the Legend written, but I am afraid it would make the poem inconveniently long, so I am not sending it, but if you wish I will do so. About the poem for St. Joseph, I will try it if you wish, though I don't know that I will be successful. I would not have my heart in it much; because one time I prayed very hard to him to avert a trouble from me, and he did not hear, or hearing turned away, and I had to bear my trouble. But perhaps he will get me something else instead some day.

"On second consideration I insert the little prologue to the Legend which you can use or not, as you think fit; that is, if you accept the poem."

Miss Tynan tells us that at this stage of her career, having thrown off

the yoke of Longfellow, the one poet of her childhood, she studied Wordsworth and Tennyson, Coventry Patmore and the Rossettis, brother and sister. During these years and till her marriage her very pretty and comfortable home was Whitehall, near Clondalkin, some few miles south-west of Dublin. The late Eugene Davis (a man of remarkable gifts and curious adventures) described it thus.

"The farmstead is a neat, trim cottage half hidden in clusters of clambering vines and clinging ivy intertwined with myrtles. Within, everything denotes comfort, taste, and neatness. Miss Tynan's boudoir, where she penned all the volumes that have already been published, looks like a blended repository of art and letters. Pictures and books line its dainty walls. A portrait of the young hostess by the father of another young poet, Mr. W. B. Yeats, is a faithful reproduction on canvas of her face and figure, of her large pensive eyes, and wavy auburn tresses. Clondalkin, which will ever remain associated with Miss Tynan's literary career, is a romantic and historic spot."

This dainty work-room, however, of the young poet did not exist as such till after the publication of her first book. Her poems had meanwhile come to be welcomed by *The Spectator, The Graphic, Tinsley's Magazine*, and other London periodicals. To a very refined journal of literature published in Dublin by Count Plunkett, called *Hibernia*, too good to last long, she contributed fine dramatic monologues, "Joan of Arc," "Vivia Perpetua," etc. All these gathered from all quarters form her volume published by Kegan Paul, French and Co. under the title of "Louise de la Vallière and other Poems." My presentation copy lies before me with the date "May, 1885," prefixed to an inscription which by its kind extravagance recalls Waller's excuse that poets succeed best in fiction. Among those to whom she sent her book was William Michael Rossetti, of whose answer she gave this account:

"Dear Father Russell,

A long, long letter from William Rossetti this morning. I will bring it to you next week when you are back in Gardiner St.; it is too precious to send by post, and too new to let out of my hands. He says my letter interested him so much that he was afraid to open the book lest it should destroy the impression the letter had made. He read first "The Wild Geese," and then on till he had read about one-third of the whole. He found in the poems many things beautiful, tender, touching, and deeply felt. The poems really belong to the class *Poetry*, not to the class *Versification*. He regards me as worthy to write poetry, and rank as a poetess, and it is clear to him that I have only to go on and cultivate my faculty and that I will not miss my mark. He finds his sister's influence more strongly marked than his brother's in those of the poems he has read. He asked me to send her a copy of the book as she is prepared to be interested in it. He read my letter for her on Friday and assured her that the book would please her. Now listen!!! He sent me a list of the large photographs of his brother's works and asked me to select any *half a dozen*. He had marked those most likely to win my liking. (I'm afraid he marked all the expensive ones). He sent me also autograph letters of his brother and sister. I'll bring you the letter; but these are the salient points. I said "thank God!" Was it profane of me?

Yours ever affectionately,
Katie Tynan.

The pictures on which her choice fell—"The Girlhood of Mary," "Proserpine," "Mary Magdalen at the door of Simon the Pharisee," "Dante's Dream," etc.—hang at present on the wall over the writing-desk where perhaps at this moment some dainty lyric or some pleasant phantasy in prose is being rounded into perfection by

Mrs. Hinkson in her English home: for it is the account of a visit to her English home that has given us the names of these pictures. But they came to her first in her sylvan home near the Round Tower of Clondalkin and made it necessary for her to have a room of her own to lodge them and her rapidly accumulating books.

"In 1886 (she says) my dear father set me up in a most dainty room of my own, too dainty for a work-room, some people said. However, I worked very well there, and received my friends on Sundays, with an occasional week-day visitor. I had a pair of Chippendale bookcases full of books, a corner cupboard, and a wall cupboard with glass panelling full of old china. My father, with characteristic openhandedness, set me up with a set of old Crown Derby china, out of which to give my friends their tea. The little room was all blue and gold. A portrait of myself, which Mr. J. B. Yeats painted in 1886-7, occupied, I'm afraid, the post of honour. My friends' photographs were all about. My desk was in the centre of the room. A bust of Lady Gilbert, by Miss Mary Redmond, was never without its handful of flowers. On the door was stencilled from George Herbert:

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and th' action fine.

If I was never housewifely before, I was housewifely in that room, where I did my own dusting and decoration, taking an unconscionable time to it, I believe.

There came a good many very interesting people. The young Irish people interested in literature of that day were constant visitors. Sometimes it was Willie Yeats alone, having stridden through snows and rain under a wintry moon to read a poem to me and listen to something of mine. Except my father he was the most interested listener I have ever met, and in the former case, of course, there was a special reason for interest."

Except her father. Yes, while Katharine is ingenious in discovering motives for being grateful to many other friends, she always takes care to remember that her father was all along her mainstay, her best Maecenas. Justly proud of his broad acres tilled according to the most scientific methods of agriculture, he has always been prouder of his gifted daughter to whom he has shown the most unselfish devotedness. His affection has been fully returned. Tender little allusions occur constantly in Katharine Tynan's poems, like this:

Often I wish that I might be,
This gay and golden weather,
Among my father's fields, ah, me!
And he and I together.

Below the mountains fair and dim,
My father's fields are spreading.
I'd rather tread the sward with him
Than I would dance at a wedding.

Oh, green and fresh your English sod,
With daisies sprinkled over;
But greener far were the fields I trod,
And the honeyed Irish clover.

Oh, well your skylark cleaves the blue
To bid the sun good-morrow;
He has not the bonny song I knew
High over an Irish furrow.

And often, often, I'm longing still,
This gay and golden weather,
For my father's face by an Irish hill,
And he and I together.

I have used the expression, "Mr. Tynan's gifted daughter," in the singular; and this gives one an excuse for broaching an idea that experience has suggested to me; namely, that it is often a mere matter of chance and circumstance which among the members of a household shall be the silent sister and which shall be the one to catch the ear of the listening world. At least we all have known many in several departments who will never be

PENCIL SKETCH OF KATHARINE TYNAN.
By J. B. Yeats.

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heard of, though as richly endowed as those who have made for themselves a name. This, however, is not quite an appropriate introduction for the remark that this fifth of "The Poets I Have Known" has not absorbed all the literary talent of her family. I remember an exquisite sketch, "A Tramp," in *The Westminster Gazette* by Alice Tynan Flood; and another married sister, Norah (Mrs. O'Mahony), has published some short stories almost worthy of being gathered into a second "Cluster of Nuts." Within a small circle I chance to know no less than four trinities of sisters distinguished for their literary gifts. "M. E. Francis," Miss Eleanor Sweetman, and Mrs. Egerton Castle are three sisters of one household: the first of whom is the author of a long series of bright and beautiful stories, "In a North Country Village," "The Duenna of a Genius," etc., the second

has published two volumes of verse of remarkable merit, and the third shares her husband's responsibility for some brilliant novels like "Young April," "The Pride of Jenico," "A Bath Comedy," etc. A third of these triune sisterhoods consists of Lady Gilbert, Miss Clara Mulholland, and (I will dare to add) their eldest sister, who displayed as a girl brilliant capabilities for literary work, which after her early marriage she left unexercised in order to be the nobly efficient and worthy helpmate of a great career. Lastly, I will place together three sisters, of whom only one has earned a place in contemporary literature. Alice Furlong, author of "Roses and Rue," is a true poet and a maker also of exquisite prose, who will yet be better known; but her elder sister, Mary, who published much truly poetic verse in *The Irish Monthly* and elsewhere, has finished her course and died as a nurse in saving poor people from death. How is this trinity of poet-sisters completed? Well, this is not so strong a case as the three others; but after a third sister, Katherine Furlong, had died in girlhood, some delicious verse was found among her papers which in her shyness she had concealed even from her sisters, but which I was glad to put into print and have often read with admiration. It was merely what we call an accident that prevented her (like many another) from gaining the reputation that falls to the lot of some.

The series to which this present paper belongs has made it a specialty to deal largely in unpublished letters; but two of the poets treated of were dead, and Aubrey de Vere was dying. There is very much greater difficulty in giving extracts from the correspondence of one who is living and who nevertheless cannot be consulted on the details of the matter. From this point of view, there is a certain advantage in quoting from letters less familiar and *degage* than the very unceremonious notes that pass between intimate friends. I chance to have a letter addressed by Miss Tynan to a very interesting man whom I am glad to have the opportunity of naming—Father Gerard Hopkins, S. J. In the eighth volume of the "Poets and Poetry of the Century" by Alfred H. Miles, the distinguished poet, Mr. Robert Bridges, gives an extremely interesting account of Father Hopkins, who was his intimate friend. We crave room for an extract which contains two literary names, one of great prominence.

"Gerard Manley Hopkins was born at Stratford, in Essex, July 28th, 1844. He was educated at the Cholmondeley School, Highgate, when Richard Watson Dixon was a master there, which was the beginning of a poetic friendship revived in later years; thence he took an exhibition at Balliol College, Oxford, and there a classical first class in 1867, in preparation for which he enjoyed the sympathetic tuition of Walter Pater. In October of the previous year he had been received into the Roman Catholic Church, and he left Oxford, his—

'Towery city, and branchy between towers,'

to be with Cardinal Newman at Birmingham, till, in 1868, he joined the Jesuits.

"He never published any poems, but he took a school prize with verses, the loss of which is to be regretted; and he was known as a poet at Oxford. When he entered on his novitiate in 1868, he burned what he had written, but he subsequently returned to the muse and devoted much attention to poetry. His early verse shows a mastery of Keatsian sweetnesses, but he soon developed a very different style of his own, so full of experiments in rhythm and diction that, were his poems collected into one

volume, they would appear as a unique effort in English literature. Most of his poems are religious, and marked with Catholic theology, and almost all are injured by a natural eccentricity, a love for subtlety and uncommonness. And this quality of mind hampered their author throughout life; for though to a fine intellect and varied accomplishments (he was both a draughtsman and a musician) he united humour, great personal charm, and the most attractive virtues of a tender and sympathetic nature,—which won him love wherever he went, and gave him zeal for his work,—yet he was not considered publicly successful in his profession."

This gifted but somewhat impracticable man (on whom the brilliant little group of Pre-Raphaelites counted at one time as their future literary interpreter) was appointed to a Fellowship in the Royal University of Ireland in 1884, and resided for five years in University College, 86 St. Stephen's Green, where these lines are written. One day I took him across the Green to the studio of Mr. J. B. Yeats in order to introduce him to Miss Katharine Tynan, who was sitting for her portrait. This is the Mr. Yeats alluded to in the following letter, not his son, the poet, William Butler Yeats. Father Hopkins's brother, who is also alluded to, was the well-known artist, Mr. Arthur Hopkins.

Whitehall,
Clondalkin,
Dec. 27th, 1886.

Dear Father Hopkins

I did not answer your last letter because I thought it would be kinder to a busy man like you to spare you a correspondence, and I was not sure that your courtesy would permit me to have the last word. Now I am writing to wish you tardily the compliments of the season, and also to say that I hope sometime to see you again. I enjoyed my one talk with you genuinely, and it would be a real pleasure to me if I thought I might hope for a repetition. Perhaps, when the Spring makes my cottage lovely, you would come with Father Russell to see me? I know I am presuming on precious time, but nevertheless I dare.

I have taken a great fancy to the beauful way in which Mr. Bridges' books are bound. I should like my next book bound like his "Prometheus." I hope he and his are well. His work has given me real pleasure: it seems so very perfect of its kind.

I have seen a clever letter from that Mr. Paravicini (of whom you spoke) in *The Spectator;* it was about Mr. Shorthouse's "Sir Percival." Did you see it?

Mr. Yeats has not yet returned: he seems to be getting a good deal to do in London, I am glad to say. I don't know if he has seen your brother.

I hope you may have found something to interest you in my book,—something of promise perhaps. I think now that it is coloured too much with other people's performance to have any of its own. It was handled with extreme kindness by the Press, as you will see from the enclosed booklet of reviews. Pray pardon my egotism in sending it.

Believe me, dear Father Hopkins, with all kind regards and wishes.

Ever faithfully yours
Katharine Tynan.

Father Hopkins died of fever June 8th, 1889. Miss Tynan wrote, at the time, from 65 Linden Gardens, Bayswater, London, W., where she was visiting her kind and useful friends, the Meynells: "I am so sorry about poor Father Hopkins, and glad, too, that he and I were such good friends. How sudden the news was! And only Monday night Mr. Yeats was talking of him. I am very sorry."

The "booklet of reviews" which Miss Tynan sent here to Walter Pater's pupil lies beside me; and I should like to cite some of the earnest praises that her first book called forth. *The Daily News* finds in it "true lyrical grace, clearness of vision, and felicity of expression," and *The Graphic* hails "another true poet, of

whose literary future great things may be prophesied." *The Saturday Review* discovers in her poems "evidence of natural power and genuine poetic vision"—and so with *The Spectator* and some forty others, while *Truth* ended its truthful appreciation of "such sweet, pure, and high poetry" with the remark, "I had never heard of this new poet, of whom I think every one is likely to hear before long."

This instantaneous triumph was Miss Tynan's *Open Sesame* to the chief literary papers and magazines. The fine health and strong constitution that God has blessed her with have enabled her to keep up for so many years a literary life of amazing industry, energy, and versatility. "It was an American editor (she tells her *British Weekly* interviewer) who first engaged me to review books and write prose sketches and tales. I owe him some gratitude, for the inspiration necessary for poetry is fitful, and sometimes months will pass without a line of verse. Prose, I find, is less dependent on moods, and can be turned out under almost any circumstances." This editor deserves to be remembered by name—Mr. Alfred Williams, of *The Providence Journal,* an Englishman with a warm love for Ireland, which he showed by his fine work on Irish poets and by his practical aid given to more than one of them. He died a few years ago.

Prose, therefore, as well as verse has flowed continuously from this inexhaustible spring. Essays, reviews, short stories, long stories—a catalogue of these need not be attempted; and it would almost be easier to name the periodicals to which Mrs. Hinkson has not contributed than those to which she has been a constant and welcome contributor — *Blackwood, Cornhill, Temple Bar, Good Words, The Quiver, English Illustrated, New Review, National Observer, Spectator, Speaker, Bookman, Academy, Leisure Hour, Graphic, Sketch, Windsor, Pall Mall Magazine, Woman at Home, Illustrated London News, Literature,* etc. I think her first prose volume (except a convent biography) was "A Cluster of Nuts" in 1894—a collection of sketches and short stories which had appeared chiefly in *The Speaker* and *The Pall Mall Gazette.* Miss Tynan is another example of the super-excellence of poet's prose—lucid, unaffected, winsome, pliant, bright and pleasant, and yet lending itself readily to a very tender pathos. This was quickly followed by two similar collections, "The Land of Mist and Mountain" and "An Isle in the Water." In 1895 Miss Tynan published the first of her longer stories, "The Way of the Maid." Her other full-length tales are "Oh! What a Plague is Love," "The Handsome Brandons," "The Dear Irish Girl," "She Walks in Beauty," "Three Fair Maids," "A Daughter of the Fields," "A Union of Hearts," "A Girl of Galway," "That Sweet Enemy." A new volume of short stories will soon issue from the press; and Hurst and Blackett, as well as Smith and Elder, have each a novel on the stocks.

This formidable array of pure and pleasant fiction is fortunately outside my jurisdiction, for my concern with Katharine Tynan at present is only as one of the "Poets I Have Known." Her volumes of verse also have been very numerous. "Louise de la Vallière" was followed by "Shamrocks"

in 1887, "Ballads and Lyrics" in 1890, "Cuckoo Songs" in 1894, "Miracle Plays" in 1896, and in the same year "A Lover's Breast Knot." Her last new volume of verse is "The Wind in the Trees" (1898). Seven distinct volumes in so short a time with so many distractions and so much other engrossing work—this is a record both in the ordinary and in the slang meaning of that word.

The study of Katharine Tynan's poetry has been made easier by the recent publication of her own selection from these volumes. Indeed "Poems by Katharine Tynan" (published by Lawrence and Bullen, 21 Bedford Street, London) is even more than an authorised selection. With strange but perhaps judicious reticence the poet does not indulge in a single syllable of preface, and we are left to ourselves to judge of the plan on which the selection has been made. The first three divisions—"Country Airs," "The Children," and "Many Moods"—seem not to represent any previous book, but to be gathered from the journals or printed now for the first time. We can only recognize "Parenthon," which appeared in *The Spectator* and "His Knowledge" in *The Westminster Gazette*. The volume of 1885, "Louise de la Vallière and other Poems" seems to be wholly suppressed in spite of all the promise it gave and all the praise it got. Out of "Shamrocks" of two years later the two hundred pages furnish only four short lyrics, and "Miracle Plays" are also cut down greatly; but "Ballads and Lyrics" and three later volumes are much more generously represented. The compiler was guided in her choice by heart rather than head, and she kept in mind what she had said to her *British Weekly* interviewer: "The measures in which I succeed best are those with a lilt and a song in them."

A great deal of this beautiful volume of true poetry dates manifestly from an epoch in our poet's life to which we have not yet referred—her marriage to Mr. Henry A. Hinkson, in 1893, himself the author of several spirited historical novels, dealing chiefly with Irish society just before and after the Union. Mr. Hinkson indeed has recently transferred his allegiance from Literature to Law and is now a practising barrister in London, hailing from 3 Pump Court. It was before her marriage, but perhaps from self-knowledge, that Katharine Tynan wrote to me about another: "It is very good for her to be married. Imaginative women ought always to marry: the every-day things that come to a married woman and mistress of a household are the most healthy correctives to an imagination likely to become overwrought."

Since her marriage Mrs. Hinkson has lived and worked in London, with many a wistful look homeward and welcome visits not too far apart. She is the proud mother of two fine sturdy boys,—Theobald Henry and Giles Aylmer,—and a little daughter, Pamela Mary. The namesake of Lord Edward Fitzgerald's devoted wife is too dignified for like treatment, but her brothers are familiarly addressed as Toby and Bunny, which will account for a "Toby Book" that may be looked for soon.

What Mr. William T. Arnold says of Elizabeth Barrett Browning applies to much of Mrs. Hinkson's more recent poetry. "She has touched all

the chief human relationships, that of friend and friend, that of husband and wife, that of mother and child, with an exquisite insight and sensitiveness and delicacy; and her style, when it touches them, attains almost always that noble and severe simplicity which is so greatly to be preferred to her most luscious and copious versification." Unfortunately she resembles Mrs. Browning in another respect also—occasional laxity in rhyme, a subject which the young student of poetry may see handled severely by Mr. George Saintsbury in his "Nineteenth Century Literature," page 280. The Irishwoman indeed very seldom follows the bad example of the great Englishwoman. Mrs. Browning tries to defend her lax rhyming in her correspondence with R. H. Horne; and in August, 1883, two years before the publication of her first book, Katharine Tynan writes to me, evidently in reply to some strictures of this sort: "You would have my poor muse to be a pedant, confined for ever within narrow boundaries of rules. However, I grant that *diadem* and *grew dim* was simply disgraceful as rhyming." I still am of opinion that rhyme is rhyme and that its mysterious power requires obedience to law and involves some sacrifices. Imperfect rhyming is less excusable in one who has consummate mastery of metre and rhythm.

Mr. George A. Greene, in the admirable little study of Mrs. Tynan-Hinkson's poetry at page 409 of "A Treasury of Irish Poetry in the English Tongue," says that "there are three notes immediately and distinctly discernible in it which demand special observation—love of country; religious feeling at once deep, sincere, and glowing; and an intimate appreciation of the beauty and essence of external nature." All these could be strikingly illustrated from the self-chosen anthology we have so often referred to; but, as it chances under our notice, we shall give a poem which appeared in *The Spectator* too late to find a place in the volume of selections. It is called "A Child at Prayer":

A baby to a baby prays,
  Oh, infant Jesus, meek and mild,
From 'mid the glory and the rays
  Look down on a little child.

As one child to another may,
  He talks without a thought or fear,
Commending to a Child to-day
  All that a child holds dear—

His father, mother, brother, nurse,
  His cat, his dog, his bird, his toys,
Things that make up the universe
  Of darling girls and boys.

All sheep and horses, lambs and cows,
  He counts them o'er, a motley crew,
And children in the neighbor's house,
  And all the people, too.

His friends, why all the world's his friend,
  This four years' darling, golden-curled,
'Tis long before it has an end,
  The bede roll of his world.

A child lifts up his little hands
  Unto a Child; and it may be
The host of heaven at gazing stands
  That tender sight to see.

After all that Shelley and Wordsworth and George Meredith and others that I could name, but will not with such a three—after all that poets have sung about the "blithe spirit" of the summer sky, could anything be fresher or more lark-like than this?

All day in exquisite air
The song clomb an invisible stair,
Flight on flight, story on story,
Into the dazzling glory.

SIENNA CONVENT, DROGHEDA, WHERE KATHARINE TYNAN WAS EDUCATED.

There was no bird, only a singing,
Up in the glory, climbing and ringing,
Like a small golden cloud at even,
Trembling 'twixt earth and heaven.

I saw no staircase, winding, winding,
Up in the dazzle, sapphire and blinding,
Yet round by round in exquisite air
The song went up the stair.

But we must quote no more; and we desist the less reluctantly as any one who wishes to go deeper into the mine has this convenient single volume placed in his hands by the poet herself. We had thought of repeating "Charles Lamb" or some other of her excellent sonnets which have been all cruelly set aside in favor of "poems that have a song or a lilt in them." But even after the "closure" has been moved and carried, I hope space will be found for this tender lay in which the mother, with her living child by her side, yearns for the one who had been taken from her.

He calls with quick, insistent cry,
  He calls at work or play,
And I must put my business by,
  And all my books away.

He summons me from household cares
  Back to his sunny room,
And up the stairs and up the stairs
  In happy haste I come.

Sweeter than lark and mavis dear,
  And nightingales in May,
The little voice so shrill and clear
  That I must yet obey.

While up the stairs and to the door
  My heart runs on in glee,
I hear a voice I knew of yore
  That never calls for me.

Ever through shadow-time and sun
  I hear a baby call,
That is not you, my precious one,
  That is not you at all.

Afar, where heavenly waters flow
  'Mid Paradisal calms.
All on a sward where lilies blow
  The Shepherd counts His lambs.

Afar, beyond the wintry cold
  Upon the heavenly hill,
A little lamb a few weeks old
  Bleats for his mother still.

O mother's love and mother's joy!
  But, while I come in haste,
I hear another lovely boy
  Cry from the lonely past.

And while I kiss your curls aside
And hold you to my breast,
I kiss the little boy that died,
That will not let me rest.

How much more work remains to be done by Katharine Tynan for God and her country and her kind? She has given us of her best already. God has used her to excite good thoughts and right feelings in many of the hearts that He has made. She has employed to good purpose the gifts she received from God; and her literary influence has been nothing less than salutary and sanctifying at a time when painters and poets seldom copy Fra Angelico and Dante in the choice of their themes.

EDUCATING THE FILIPINOS.

BY M. B. O'SULLIVAN.

Mr. Fred W. Atkinson, Superintendent of Education in the Philippines, contributed to the March issue of The Atlantic Monthly a remarkable paper on "The Educational Problem in the Philippines." It is radiant with hope for the future, and so thickly strewn with inconsistencies that when the end is reached one is not quite sure whether the learned gentleman is making merry at his reader's expense or is really serious and in informing mood. Here is a characteristic passage:

"The educational representatives of the American nation, with the saving grace of common sense, will train up, promptly and properly, a generation of Filipino youth to regenerate their own country. The Filipino child is a child of promise; he is docile, quick, and mentally alert. He has an aptness for acquiring languages, and a natural talent for the lesser mechanical arts; he draws and writes well. The majority of the school children are young-looking and attractive."

As a general rule school children are young-looking, no matter what country claims them, so this discovery of the clever superintendent does not especially interest one, but his intentions towards "the child of promise" are worth considering. It is an educational rule to proceed from the known to the unknown, and it is therefore in order to suppose that Mr. Atkinson intends to mould the Filipino child after the American model. Bearing this in mind interest deepens in Professor Hugo Münsterberg's candidly expressed opinion of American youth. The Atlantic most accommodatingly quotes it in reviewing his "American Traits," in the same number with Mr. Atkinson's paper.

"A lack of reverence pervades the whole community, and controls the family, the school, the public life. The pert American boy, who does just what he pleases, may thus get an early training in democratic politics; but while he wastes the best of the home and of the class-room, he gets at the same time the worst possible training for the duties of life, all of which demand that he do later quite other things than those which he likes to do. He will learn too late that it is a great thing to command, but a greater thing to obey, and that no one can sign early enough the declaration of dependence."

It may be that Mr. Münsterberg is not duly appreciative, that he is

prejudiced even, but the evidence of one's own eyes and ears is convincing. Many women, the writer among them, have had the happy experience of riding down town clinging to a strap while school boys utterly oblivious of the claims of courtesy, sex, age, or any other consideration, occupied the seats, and indulged in conversation that proved them away above any suspicion of being "docile"! That word is too old-fashioned to apply to the youth of the present day. It belongs to the time when children looked upon their parents and teachers as people in authority, and worthy of respect. However, this is a side issue. The optimistic Mr. Atkinson has reason to hope for great things in the Philippines, and he proudly marshalls his facts. The American supply houses must be proud of what they have done to help the work of educating the benighted Filipinos.

"More than half a millon American school books and a large quantity of school supplies have been selected, purchased at a cost of a quarter of a million dollars, and distributed to the various towns, and the old textbooks removed from the schools; one hundred thousand dollars has been expended for twenty thousand modern school desks; one thousand teachers, normal and college graduates, have been appointed, and over eight hundred have arrived from the United States, and been stationed in a systematic manner throughout the islands; the archipelago has been divided into eighteen school divisions, and an American school superintendent placed in charge of each division, with a deputy division superintendent in charge of each province.

In a recent discussion of the question where the money comes from for the costly experiment now being tried in the Philippines, Mr. Edwin B. Mead wrote as follows to The Outlook:

"Where does the money come from now? Surely not from us. It comes from themselves; every cent of it is taken by us from their own small revenues, and expended by us for them as we please. I do not say that it is not expended wisely and well; but what I do say is that any assumption of financial credit or self-sacrifice on our part in the matter is ghastly hypocrisy. I certainly would not intimate that you would knowingly encourage such a notion; but I have heard it encouraged. I should like to ask whether it is not true, generally speaking, that we take from the revenues of these poor people for the educational service we give them, as well as for all other really constructive service, twice as much as we pay for the same service at home out of our own great revenues? I should be glad, for instance, if you would inform use definitely how much Congress appropriates for the salary of Dr. William T. Harris, our national commissioner of education, and how much we take from the Philippine treasury to pay the superintendent of education whom we have sent there."

* * *

"Am I extravagant in saying that the American officials in the Philippines are paid (out of the revenues of the islands) twice as much as they would be paid at home, and that the burden even of the same salaries upon these people, in view of their incomes, would be five times as great as here? In one word, is not all the good that is being done to the Filipinos, the education and the rest, all the really constructive work, something that they are paying for themselves, out of their own pockets, at the highest rate which we dare impose; while all the work among them for which it is possible to get any large appropriations of American money is the work of subjugation and slaughter? This seems to me the strict and solemn truth."

The correctness of Mr. Mead's views as to the source of revenue is established by Mr. Atkinson's statement.

"The central government supports the entire supervisory machine, pays the American teachers, and provides textbooks and school supplies. The towns, as a rule, must supply buildings, either by construction or rental, must furnish them, and must pay the salaries of native teachers."

But the Filipinos are getting value for their money, says the American superintendent. Though such an extravagant educational equipment should in itself produce great results, an even greater influence is at work to wholly civilize those people who have suffered so long from an un-American system of training. Mr. Atkinson rounds out his enumeration of improvements with this statement (I italicize it): "*All religious instruction during school session is being gradually abolished.*"

This is one way of meeting the problem "of supplanting an educational system deeply interwoven with the religious beliefs and social institutions of a semi-civilized people." The American superintendent says that the old system was "an anachronism." Gleaning here and there through the article we gather up the threads of his argument against its continuance. He says:

"The Spanish messengers of the faith who came to these islands, implanted the faith and education at the same time. He who fails to take into account the early services of the members of the religious orders will not form an adequate judgment of present forces. Shrewd and capable leaders among them controlled these people for centuries, and built up an approach to civilized society by the introduction of a nominal change of faith and a plan of education which, although narrow, was not limited, as some think, in the number of persons who were somewhat educated. In pursuit of church policy, the education of the individual person did not go very far. Higher education was for the select class. * * * As in other Oriental countries, religious ideas absorbed so completely the attention that a lamentable backwardness is noted in the advancement of public education. Impervious as it was to every liberalizing influence, the exclusively religious school system that the Americans found here was an anachronism, recalling European school systems of more than a hundred years ago. The instruction given, at its best, was weak on the side of thought work, and only fair in formal work. Nearly every organized town had its school, and in it the pupils were taught obedience, to read and write, more or less mechanically, the native dialect, and the catechism. A small fee was necessary for admission. In vitalizing power, in that which should elevate and uplift the race, the system was wholly lacking; and without this power any system must fail. * * * The Americanizing of the Philippines is the training of a widely differentiated insular people, the mass of whom have never risen above a purely rice and fish existence."

"It was in the midst of such groping after light that America appeared," says Mr. Atkinson unctuously, "America," meaning the United States, where out of 70,000,000 people 40,000,000 profess no religion! Readers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE will recall the deeply interesting interview with the Rev. Joseph McQuaid, published in April, 1900, shortly after the reverend gentleman's return from Manila, where he had served as chaplain to the American volunteers. His faith in the Filipino's future was based on conditions existing before "America appeared."

"I believe that any people among whom I saw such conditions prevailing as obtain in Manila, are capable of doing a great deal for themselves," he said. "For instance, look at their educational standing. Before leaving the Philippines, I read as an undisputed fact that just prior to the second rebellion against

Spanish sovereignty, there were 117,000 children enrolled in the schools; in the University of St. Thomas, conducted by Dominicans, there were students of theology, law, and medicine, and the graduates were natives. In the great Observatory of Malate there was a large college, conducted by Jesuits, where the native youth were being taught all the branches of a collegiate education. It is a noteworthy fact that the natives of the Philippine Islands can read and write. The Filipinos are considered by some to be better educated than the rural population of Europe, and the percentage of illiteracy among them is very low indeed.

"Then again, look at their proficiency as artisans. In the great Spanish arsenal and the navy yard at Cavite, there were at one time one thousand skilled mechanics working in the various lines of mechanism and industrial pursuits, which in itself is strong evidence that they are not the barbarians they are represented to be. But of even greater value in fixing their place in the social scale, and establishing their right for self-government, must be mentioned their intelligence, faith, piety and simplicity—intrinsic possessions which are the very bulwarks of civilization.

"Their morality has been reflected upon by some cold observers, who have returned to America after four days' residence on the Island. In reply to such aspersions I would say that with the single exception of the Catholic Irish, there is no race that I believe to be superior to them in respect to morality."

"In all of my seven months there, mark this! I saw only one native intoxicated, and his intoxicant was fermented cocoanut milk. But I suppose there is quite a change since the advent of the new civilization in the island. The last account reports four hundred saloons in Manila, and it is safe to say that if the natives become intoxicated now, it will not be on cocoanut milk.

"Family ties are strong and observed faithfully among those most domestic people. Children respect their parents and obey them, and the old lean upon the young, assured of their support."

THE WAY OF LIFE.

BY AMADEUS, O. S. F.

If thou couldst know the depths of woe
  In other hearts besides thine own,
Thou wouldst no more thy lot deplore,
  Or life's vicissitudes bemoan!
Thou sure wouldst find, what to thy mind
  Doth seem as grief beyond compare,
A petty thing, as poets sing:
  A very "trifle, light as air."

We see too near; no vision clear
  Have we for aught beyond what lies
Beneath our gaze, and so the haze
  Of selfishness all else denies!
When hurt and loss make up thy cross,
  When circumstance keeps much from thee,
Say to thy heart: "Bear thou the smart,
  That lighter is than it might be!"

LIFE AFLOAT AND ALONG THE TOW PATH.

(Continued from page 363.)

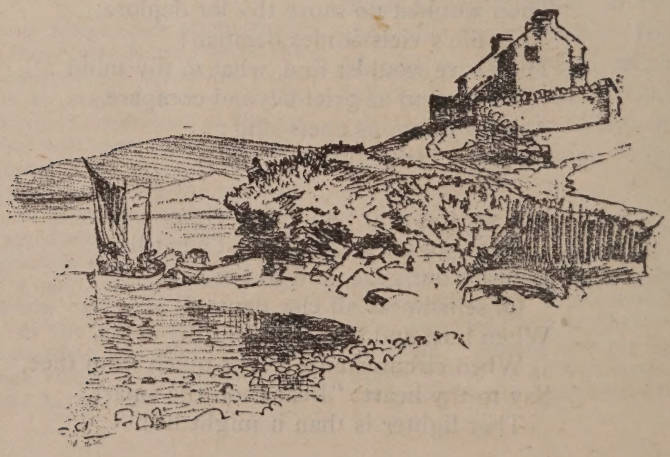
swered it looked that way. After a few minutes' silence he said again, "Captain, didn't you always notice that badge and medal that Tom wore around his neck? He's a Catholic, I think, and they don't like to die, you know, without their priest. I guess I could get ahead of the boat to Rochester and get a priest down before you get by."

"All right, Ben," I said. "I'll hold the helm till you get back," and on the instant Ben leaped ashore and started along the tow path on a run, and soon had left the boat far behind.

"We reached Rochester in about an hour and a half, and just as we swung through the lock, there came Ben in sight on a run, a priest coming close after him."

"Well, to tell it all in a few words, the young priest got aboard and went with us to Ontario Station, eight miles from Rochester. Just before we reached the lock, the Father came up and said, 'Gentlemen, Tom is going—he would like to see Ben.' Ben shuffled into the little room and Tom raised his eyes and smiled at him. 'Ben,' he said, 'God bless you; I've been a bad man at times, but I guess God'll let up on me, Father says so anyway,' and he sank back, exhausted. Well, Father took Tom's body with him at Ontario and I'm sure Tom had a good funeral, for he wasn't a bad fellow to anyone but himself."

Similar stories could be related without number. Taking everything into consideration, the peculiar nature of the canal man's environment, the many natural and artificial difficulties he has to surmount, the few religious and social helps he has in surmounting them, he has come out the victor.



ABSENCE.

BY C. A. CALLAHAN.

Your roses lean against the pane,
  Just where you placed them, dear,
And one soft petal clings there fast,
  Caught by a frozen tear.
The dry leaves on my window blown
  Up from the street below,
A hundred fingers tap, and lure
  Me, but I dare not go
And gaze into the street, all thronged
  With faces strange and new.
Darling, each face would haunt me with
  The memory of you.

So I will heap the fire high
  With logs, till, in the gloom,
Its warmth and ruddy glow may cheer
  My solitary room.
Blow winds! Ye roses lean more close
  To watch my love's return,
While by her empty chair I sit,
  And watch the faggots burn,
Thinking how lonely would this life
  Without her presence be,
And stifling oft that cry of pain,
  "Come back, Beloved, to me."

A JOVIAL CORNER OF SPRING.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

The snow and ice had gradually disappeared from the fields and rivers, and now there were only occasional small patches in the deep recesses of the woods, and under overhanging ledges where the sun never shone. But the wind was still cold, and its breath was a sharp reminder of the winter which had scarcely yet relaxed its grasp. Ramblers were glad to seek southern exposures, and to linger along the sheltered sides of woods and fields. Around the house snowdrops were in the full height of delicate beauty, and here and there a crocus was beginning to show its golden face above the slowly-awakening grass.

I was sitting by a window, trying to read; but the lilt of spring was in my heart, and my attention wandered. I was thinking of the woods and rivers and fields, and wondering how many of my friends had responded to the warm invitation of the April sun. But the wind was keen, and I hesitated to venture forth. Another day might be better, I thought; and I resolutely turned my back to the window. But at that moment came a clear, peculiar note from the woods, and I half rose to my feet. Again it was repeated, sweet and triumphant, and I quickly exchanged the book for my hat, and hurried from the house. The owner of that voice was at least ten days earlier than usual, and with his notes ringing in my ears and promising a mild spring, I lost all thought of the bitter wind.

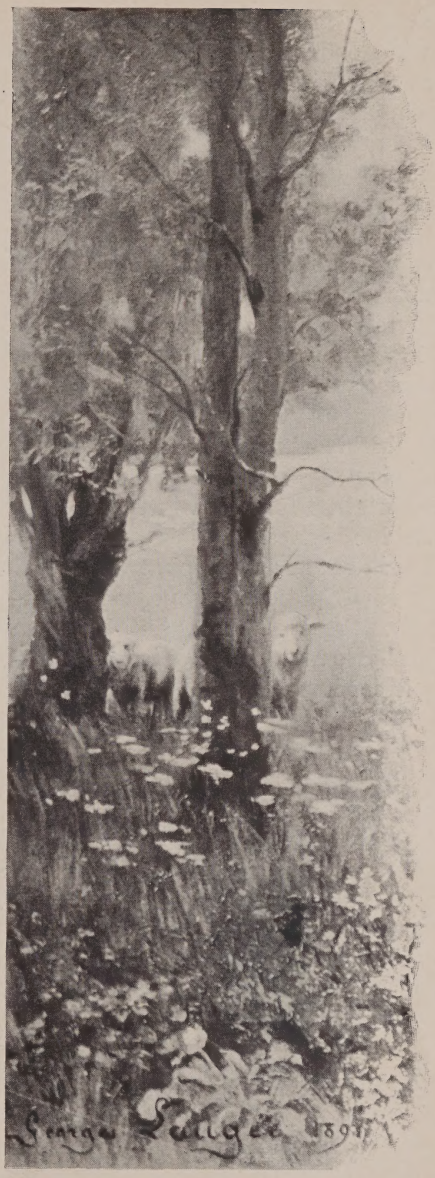
The woods crept toward my house from all directions; but a certain part, which lay on the southern declivity of a sharp range of hills, seemed to belong more particularly to early spring and late fall. Here I knew of a tiny glen where flowers would be occasionally found all through the winter. High ledges rose protectingly on the north and west, and across the lower

side a small brook ran musically. Dog-tooth violets and cowslips grew along the banks of the brook, and the half acre or so of land which the glen contained was dotted here and there with patches of wintergreen and partridge clover.

The glen was the trysting place of the first arrivals in spring. Birds lingered here for a week or ten days, discussing plans, and making short excursions into the surrounding woods and fields in search of suitable places for summer homes. And it was the last point of departure in the fall. Tempted by the partridge berries and the sweet, succulent buds and shoots, they tarried longer than usual, and, occasionally, some of the more venturesome even remained all winter. I was in the habit of visiting the glen from time to time, and it was seldom that I found it entirely deserted.

This morning I heard the sounds of hilarity long before I crossed the brook and started up the narrow path which led to the open glade. Evidently the warm sunshine pleased them, and they were holding high carnival over it and the good things which the little glen contained. I counted at least five distinct voices, and each of them was raised in joyous outbursts of pleasure and expectancy.

As I paused beneath the spreading branches of a tree which stood on the edge of the glade I was challenged by a quick note of inquiry, and a bluebird flew directly in front of me and looked me over sharply. Apparently the scrutiny was satisfactory; for he presently flew back to his position in a walnut tree and began a rollicking conversation with his mate, who had been watching him. In a neighboring



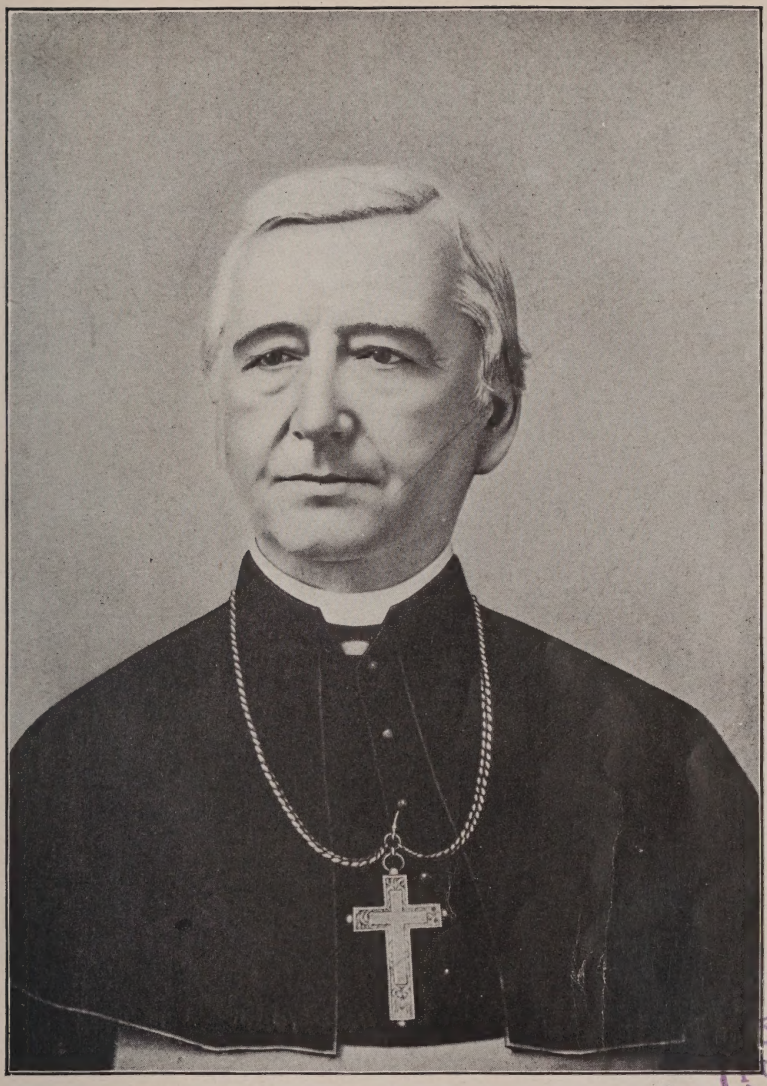
tree several robins were in a state of high elation. First one would chirp and trill, and then another would hop to a higher branch and try to outdo him, and then they would all burst forth and chirp and trill together. Oc-

casionally their notes would be lost in a vivid chorus from the other birds, then the robins' voices would come out again, clear and distinct.

Every tree in the glen seemed to have its quota of birds, and among them I could distinguish bluejays, and soldier blackbirds, and several of the smaller warblers. As I listened I could almost imagine that summer had already come. There was no wind, only a low murmur from the topmost branches of the trees. The high ground along the bases of the ledges was thickly gemmed with dandelions and cinquefoils, and here and there were bright patches of wintergreen and partridge berries.

I took out my notebook, and as I did so a small piece of tissue paper fluttered to the ground. I did not notice it until I saw a gray squirrel regarding it covetously. As I stepped aside he caught it eagerly in his mouth and scurried up the rough bark of an oak tree. Far up among the branches I could see what appeared to be a round mass of brown leaves, and I knew that my tissue paper was destined to help decorate the interior of the squirrel's home.

I remained in the glen for nearly an hour; and during that time, except for occasional brief notes of inquiry, my presence seemed in no way to disconcert the jovial inhabitants. They sang and chirped and chatted as frankly as though I belonged to their number—as, indeed, I did. Overhead I could hear the distant caw, caw of crows, and from the undergrowth came the peculiar whirr of flying quail; and before I left I received the cheerful greeting of the chickadee and the soft, modulated salutation of the wood thrush.



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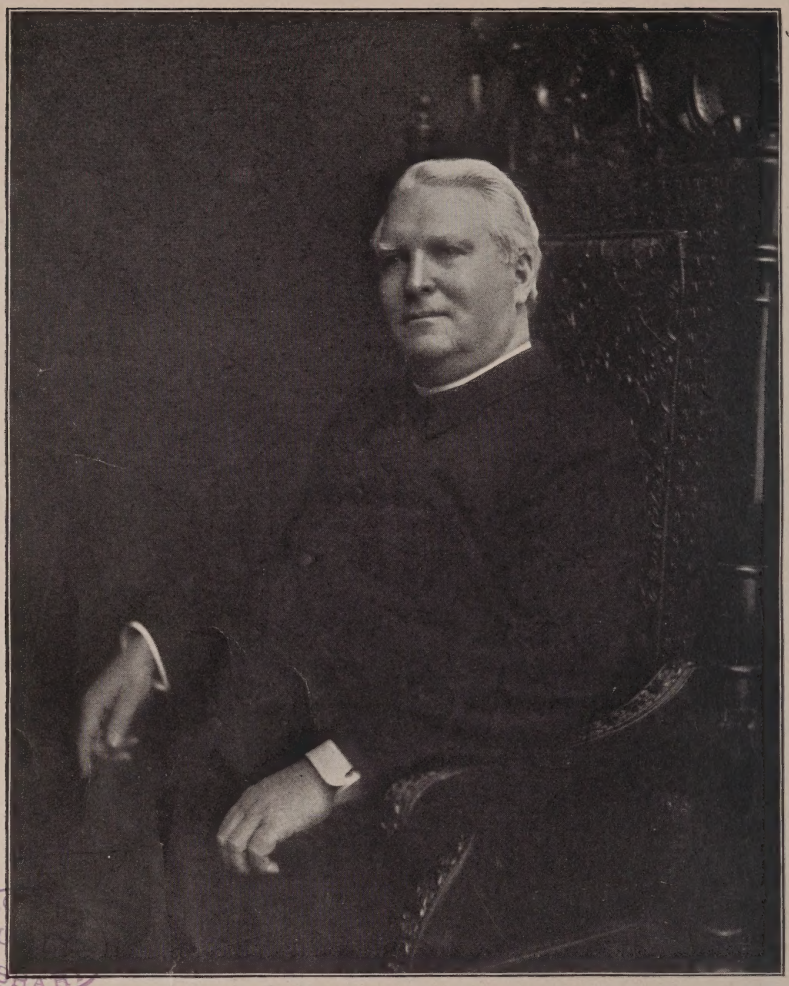
MOST REV. JOHN J. WILLIAMS, D.D.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE extends its felicitations to Archbishop Williams upon the occasion of his 80th birthday, which occurs the 27th of this month. No churchman in the American hierarchy is held in higher esteem than the head of the Boston archdiocese. Ordained priest in 1845, made bishop in 1866, and archbishop in 1875, his episcopal career has been one of eminent success—success in the Christ-like performance of his many and intricate churchly duties. He has been



REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL.D.

truly a "Father in God" to all his people; and, it is chiefly due to this fatherly spirit of the Most Rev. John J. Williams that the archdiocese of Boston is far-famed for its harmony and its Christian unity.

The Rev. John F. Mullany descends from a family whose ancestors successfully and courageously fought the battles of Church and state at home and abroad. The present generations, though scattered over many lands, have not lessened their zeal and love for God and country. The subject of this sketch was reared in Deerfield, N. Y., and made his studies under the Christian Brothers at Utica, N. Y., and at Manhattan College, from which institution he graduated in 1875. The following year he entered St. Joseph's Provincial Seminary, Troy, N. Y., and was ordained to the holy priesthood in 1880. For a little less than three years he acted as assistant in St. John's Church, Utica, and Sacred Heart Church, Albany. In 1883 he was appointed by the Rt. Rev. Francis McNeirney, Bishop of Albany, to organize parishes in the suburbs of Utica. In less than five years two beautiful churches were erected in Whitesboro and New Hartford, and in Holland Patent a stone edifice, formerly a Protestant place of worship, was con-

verted into a Catholic church. Hundreds who had fallen away from the faith were brought back to the Church, and many converts were made from Protestantism.

In 1887, the Albany diocese was divided, and the Rt. Rev. P. A. Ludden assumed charge of the new diocese of Syracuse; soon after he selected Father Mullany to fill the vacancy in the pastorate of St. John the Baptist's Church, caused by the death of Rev. William Bourke.

Since coming to Syracuse, he has found ample room for his missionary spirit. He has erected two handsome churches in the territory adjoining his large city parish,—the Church of the Sacred Heart, located in the village of Cicero, near Oneida Lake, and that of St. Joseph's in the beautiful village of Liverpool, on the north side of Onondaga Lake. This last site is near the spot where in 1653 the Jesuit Fathers from Quebec settled and built the first church erected in the territory of the Empire State. Here they made the discovery of the Salt Springs, which led to the development of the great salt industry of Central New York, and which has added greatly to the prosperity of the state.

REV. P. F. O'HARE, LL.D.

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In his city parish he has a flourishing academy, which is chartered under the Regents of the State of New York. In a very interesting article published in the Catholic Quarterly Review, he sets forth

the relations of the Board of Regents of the State of New York to the chartered Catholic Schools in the State. Father Mullany and his lamented brother, Brother Azarias, were closely identified with

gentle and scholarly Brother Azarias died after the second session of the school at Plattsburgh, N. Y., of pneumonia, which developed from a cold contracted while delivering a course of most

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DR. JOHN B. MURPHY.

the Catholic Summer School movement from the beginning, and were among its most zealous promoters. They left nothing undone to make this movement the great success that it has been, for they fully realized the importance of the work in the cause of Catholic education. The

brilliant lectures on the schools of the Middle Ages. Father Mullany has been identified with the work of the Young Men's National Union and the spread of the Reading Circle movement. He founded the Winter School at New Orleans, La., in 1895, which has proven a stimulus

(Courtesy of Catholic Columbian).

M. P. MOONEY,
Chairman National Executive Board.

T. B. MINAHAN,
National President.

RT. REV. BISHOP MOELLER,

A. MATRE,
National Secretary.

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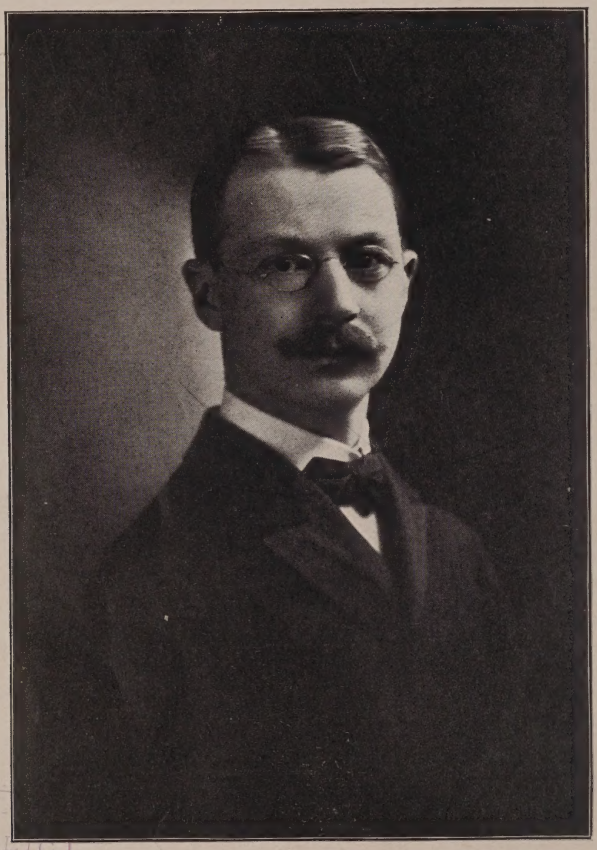
and inspiration to the Catholics of the south. Although a very busy Missionary Rector, he has also found time to write and translate books, to contribute opportune articles to the reviews and magazines, to prepare papers for historical societies, convocations, literary clubs and reading circles.

No more valuable papers have been published in recent years than the series, "Our True Position," now running in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. Careful perusal of them will enable Catholics to give an intelligent reason, when called upon, for the faith that is in them, and to non-Catholics they furnish a simple, direct source of spiritual enlightenment.

Cardinal Newman put forth a notable book called "The Present Position of Catholics in England," and now the Rev. Dr. O'Hare has delivered a masterful address upon the present position of Catholics in this country. Dr. O'Hare's words are attracting the attention of the whole country, cleric and laymen, alike. "Mine is the advocacy of a lay apostolate," said Dr. O'Hare, "along the lines indicated in history as Divinely intended, such as always existed in the Church in various forms, a natural growth of centuries under the guidance of ecclesiastical authority, in a field all its own, and carried out by methods applicable to the present times and conditions, having for its aim the spread of the Kingdom of God."

"For such an apostolate of the laity working within the sphere and along the lines above indicated, the Church of God



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THEODORE B. THIELE.

is eagerly waiting, earnestly praying and sincerely hoping, and to the consideration of such an apostolate I invite your serious attention. The first indispensable element for a lay apostolate in America is to inspire in others admiration for the teachings and sublime morality of the church by a shining example of Christian conduct."

"In a word, the laity must learn to realize that in order to help remove the prejudices, misunderstandings and animosities existing against and about our holy faith, in order that they discharge their duty in the apostleship of the laity, they must order their lives in conformity with the Divine teachings and sublime morality of the religion which they profess, and whose interest they are to advance."

This year the honor of the Laetare medal, conferred by the University of Notre Dame, goes to Chicago for the third time in the history of the medal. It is worthy of note also that in selecting Dr. John B. Murphy on this occasion, the trustees of the university turn for the second time to the medical profession in their desire to pay tribute to the eminent men and women whose labors beyond the railing of the sanctuary redound to the glory of the Catholic Church in America.

Dr. John Benjamin Murphy, of Chicago, was born December 21, 1857, in Appleton, Wisconsin. He received his early education in the public schools of that city, and graduated from the High school in 1876. He took up the study of medicine under his preceptor, Dr. John R. Reilly, of Appleton, Wis. He entered Rush Medical College and graduated from that institution in 1879. He was the successful candidate from that college for the internship in Cook county hospital and began his service there February 1, 1879. In 1880, he became an associate in practice of Dr. Edward W. Lee, one of the then attending surgeons of the hospital, which association continued for a period of ten years. In September, 1882, he went to Europe to pursue his studies in the great hospitals of the various European cities.

He is professor of clinical surgery in the medical school of the Northwestern University (Chicago Medical School); professor of surgery in the Chicago Clinical School, and in the Postgraduate Medical School and Hospital of Chicago. He is attending surgeon to the Cook county hospital, which position he has held for sixteen years; consulting surgeon to the Alexian Brothers Hospital; attending surgeon to the West Side Hospital; chief surgeon to Mercy Hospital; consulting surgeon to St. Joseph's Hospital and the Hospital for Crippled Children.

Dr. Murphy's professional writings are the natural result of wide experience, deep research, and a Christian disposition which prompts the man of science to spread abroad the fruits of his knowledge.

The National Federation of Catholic Societies is now an assured and staple thing. The officers of the national organization are: T. B. Minahan, president; Anthony Matre, secretary; Henry J. Fries, treasurer; executive board, M. P. Mooney, chairman, G. N. Gibbons and E. D. Reardon. They are a representative body of men, coming from all parts of the country, and they speak for Catholic societies numbering tens of thousands.

Bishop Moeller, D.D., Columbus, Ohio, has given the following indorsement of the organization: "With my whole heart I approve of the Federation as outlined by Bishop McFaul, and pledge it my earnest support and bless the workers in the cause. By united efforts under the plan of federation, there is no limit to the good you may do. I hope, therefore, the movement will prosper and become a great factor to strengthen social and fraternal bonds."

Theodore B. Thiele, chairman of the United German Catholic Societies of Chicago, received on January 3d, a silver medal from the Holy Father in recognition of his services to the Church in America. Accompanying the medal was a letter from Cardinal Steinhuber. The honor was especially conferred to commemorate the address which Mr. Thiele made at the Chicago Auditorium last May at the convention of the united German Catholic societies. "The Independence of the Pope" was his subject. Mr. Thiele has been actively engaged in fighting legislation believed by him to be detrimental to Catholic schools, and was the leader in the opposition to the adoption of free text-books by the Chicago board of education.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Newman, an Appreciation with the Choicest Passages of His Writings. By Alexander Whyte, D.D.

The noble character of the illustrious Oratorian Cardinal will always shine out with undimmed splendor in the history of British and of American Catholicity. From the very beginning of his career, Newman's influence overleaped the narrow limits of his island home, and made itself felt wherever the English tongue was known and used. Nay, more, even in other countries, his writings soon found translators, who unfolded to the learned of all lands the rare treasures of his magic pen. Any appreciation, therefore, of Newman will always be of interest, and, if judiciously expressed, of sincerest pleasure to the many admirers of this renowned churchman. Now, what are we to think of Mr. Whyte's appreciation?

He tells us in the opening sentence his own plan: "Avowedly, this lecture is to be an appreciation. * * * This lecture will be much more of the nature of a valuation and a eulogium. * * * I live by admiration, hope and love, and Newman has always inspired me with all these feelings toward himself and toward many of his works. * * * If any one, therefore, has the disposition to dwell on any proofs of imperfection in Newman's mind, or any instance of instability in his life, or any of the manifold errors and defects in his teaching and preaching * * * he will not find much of that nature in this appreciation."

After this fervid avowal of discipleship, and of intense admiration, we naturally look for a warm and reverential estimate of Newman's character and influence. Imagine, therefore, our indescribable astonishment, when we came across these remarkable words: "Newman ought to have laid his honored head in the dust for all the slings and scoffs he had ever uttered in the pride of his heart at men whose shoe-latchet, he should have said, he was not worthy to unloose. The shoe-latchet of such men of God, as Luther and Calvin, * * * and many more men of God." A little further on, Mr. Whyte remarks: "I am not Newman's judge, but if I were, I would say of him, in the language of his own Church, that he died unrepentant and unabsolved of the sin of having despised, and of having taught many others to despise, some of the best ministers of Christ this world has ever seen."

Is not this a most astounding appreciation? Could Newman's worst foe have uttered a more absolute verdict of condemnation? Truly, Mr. Whyte's conception of what constitutes an appreciation is beyond the lines of thought travelled by ordinary mortals. Of the Cardinal's sermons, our *appreciative* critic writes: "Newman's sermons, in some respects, are simply incomparable in the literature of preaching. As an analysis of the heart of man, and as a penetrating criticism of human life, their equal is nowhere to be found. But, with all that, they lack the one all-essential element of all true preaching—the message to sinful man concerning the free grace of God. That message was the one thing that differentiated the Apostle's preaching from all the other so-called preaching of his day. And that one thing * * * is all but totally lacking in Newman's sermons."

And again: "After all is said in praise of these extraordinary sermons, this remains, that Newman's constant doctrine is that doctrine which the Apostle discarded with anathemas, salvation by works."

Newman's primary fault, therefore, according to Mr. Whyte, is in not teaching the doctrine of salvation by faith *alone*. How could he possibly have done so and have remained a supporter of the Scriptures? Mr. Whyte forgets the words of St. James: "What shall it profit, my brethren, if a man say he hath faith, but hath not works? Shall faith be able to save him? Even as the body without the spirit is dead: so also faith without works is dead." Could anything be more conclusive to show the absurdity of Mr. Whyte's theology and the unwarrantableness of his attack upon Newman under the mantle of friendship? Moreover, that Newman does not in the least belittle the wondrous efficacy of grace is evidenced by the following quotation from one of his sermons: "There is no truth, my brethren, which Holy Church is more earnest in impressing upon us than that our salvation from first to last

is the gift of God. It is true, indeed, that we merit eternal life by our works of obedience; *but that those works are meritorious of such a reward, this takes place not from their intrinsic worth, but from the free appointment and bountiful promise of God;* and that we are able to do them at all, is the simple result of His grace. That we are justified is of His grace; that we have the dispositions for justification is of His grace; that we are able to do good works when justified is of His grace; and that we persevere in those good works is of His grace. * * * Not only is a state of grace the condition and the life of all merit, but grace brings us into a state of grace, and grace continues us in it; and thus, our salvation from first to last is the gift of God."

These words evidently escaped Mr. Whyte's not very watchful eyes. We recommend them to him as excellent matter for meditation. They may help him to a fairer estimate of one of the noblest spiritual leaders the world has ever known.

Longmans, Green & Co. New York. $1.10 net.

"Old Time Gardens," by Alice Morse Earle, is as attractive as its title. It is "contrived so delightful" that the spicy perfumes, the masses of bloom, the riotous profusion of blossoming things engage one's senses and thoughts to the exclusion of the actualities of season and environment. Little in flower life seems to have escaped this diligent student, and lover of flowers, who traces the history of American gardens back to the day when John Winthrop and his companions, nearing the end of their voyage, rejoiced in "the fair Sunshine Weather, and so pleasand sweet Aire as did much refresh us, and there came a smell off the Shore like the Smell of a Garden,"—a fragrance that permeates every page of this charming book.

Gardens for children to play in, gardens in which their elders grow dreamy and rested and recall their youth, humble little front yards enclosed by palings, patches by the back door, homely kitchen gardens devoted to savory herbs and medicinal plants, stately terraced gardens holding in their confines the aristocracy of the flower world, and stretches of blossom-gemmed fields and woods, have alike their part in this compendium of flower lore.

The bravery of dahlias, plumed poppies, peonies, tiger lilies, and many other blooms of gorgeous hue is pleasantly paraded in contrast to the delicate beauty of the paler tinted flowers; the orchard receives due tribute for its hospitality and cheer in childhood's days— delightful reminiscences; and the charms of lilac time are graciously and generously acknowledged. Many witnesses are called to bespeak favor for "this universal flower of the old time garden," among them Longfellow, who wrote from lilac-embowered Craigie House, "I shall not go in town while the lilacs bloom." Only years of close, tender companionship could establish such perfect sympathy with the silent friends this writer lovingly brings together in Old Flower Favorites, claiming for them that they feel and respond to human love. "The white clover clings here to our pathway as does the English daisy across seas. And in our garden ladies' delights and ambrosia tell us, without words, of their love for us and longing to be by our side, just as plainly as a child silently tells us his love and dependence on us by taking our hand as we walk side by side."

This pretty conceit is one of many suggested to the author by her intimates of the garden, of which she says "the very beauty of the name has gone into my being." That it has touched her spiritual nature is evidenced in her grateful tribute to Cardinal Newman for the beautiful uplifting thought he conveys in his definition "by a garden is meant mystically a place of spiritual repose, stillness, peace, refreshment, delight."

The publishers have given the book a setting worthy of the thoughts it contains. It is profusely illustrated, and the cover design is well conceived, and daintily executed in the tints of spring.

The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

Rev. James H. Conlan has written a new song, entitled "Mother." The arrangement of the words to beautiful music bids fair to make the song a very popular one among high-class singers. Well known musicians claim the composition is a very fine one and will become a great favorite.

QUESTION BOX.

Q. When was the first condemnation of the Church against Freemasonry?

A. April 24, 1738, by Pope Clement XII. All joining the Masons, or in any way connected with them were excommunicated by the very fact of union with the society. Within a few years, a report became current, that this condemnation of Clement was no longer binding. So, March 18, 1751, Benedict XIV proclaimed that the proscription and censures of Clement were not abolished, but were still in force.

Q. I have oftentimes wished to learn something more of St. Veronica, who is represented at the sixth station as wiping the face of our Divine Saviour. Is anything further known of this woman?

A. There is a tradition that this good woman came into Gaul (France) with St. Martial and St. Amator, and that after helping them in their missionary work, she died at the present Gironde in the year 70. But there is no proof of this story, such as we expect for historical facts. The imprint of our Lord's countenance on the linen cloth with which Veronica wiped the Holy Face is still to be seen as the cloth is preserved at St. Peter's in Rome, to the great veneration of the people. The word Veronica is taken from its composition to mean true image, and so applies primarily to the picture on the linen, and then it seems to have been applied to the good woman who performed the act of kindness which our Dear Lord so beautifully rewarded.

Q. Can you tell me something of the revivalist and Methodist preacher, George Whitefield?

A. Whitefield was associated with John Wesley at Oxford College. The two belonged to a small society organized for the help and improvement of its members. They followed in this society a strict rule or method, hence the name, Methodists. Wesley and his companions belonged to the Anglican Church, and intended only to spread their own stricter observances. Later on they separated from the Established Church of England. George Whitefield was the most eloquent of the preachers in Methodism. He was a Calvinist in his view of predestination. Wesley would not agree with him in his severity of doctrine. They separated. Whitefield came to America, where his preaching made him famous as the greatest revivalist of his time. He died in 1770, on the occasion of his seventh visit to America, and was buried in what is known as the "Old South" Church, Presbyterian, at Newburyport, Massachusetts. Methodism dates from 1734 in England, and from a little later period in America.

Q. Would the Church baptize a convert to the faith by immersion, if so requested?

A. Baptism can be administered by immersion, sprinkling, or pouring. But the Church has adopted the last form, and for the sake of uniformity, and for adherence to discipline and regulations, she does not admit changes in her ceremonies. It is true that the Church baptized by immersion in the early ages, but now all her priests are instructed to baptize by pouring the water. No change is allowed from this form. The Church can, but does not lightly, change her ceremonies.

Q. Does a Pope go to confession, and to whom?

A. Yes. He chooses his own confessor, just as the people, especially those living in large parishes, or in large cities, select to whom they will confess. It is customary for priests to go to confession weekly. St. Charles Borromeo, when archbishop of Milan, Italy, went to confession every day. His faults were few and small, but bringing sorrow for the faults of the day or of his previous life, he could receive absolution. And there is some wonderful help in absolution, that nothing else supplies. Each Sacrament has its own special grace in addition to the general effects of grace that we know belong to all the Sacraments. Again, a person who goes to confession regularly each week, is in the way to gain all the ordinary indulgences where even confession is one of the requisites. So it may be presumed that the Holy Father goes to confession every week.

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of 90 per cent permanently cured) and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers of Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis and nervous diseases, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers block, Rochester, N. Y.

A ROSE OF JUNE.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

"The sunlight lay on hill and vale,
The green vines tapped the window pane.
Up to the hills I raised mine eyes;
Peace flooded all my heart again."

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

Donahoe's Magazine.

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Vol. XLVII. JUNE, 1902. No. 6

FOR LOVE'S SAKE.

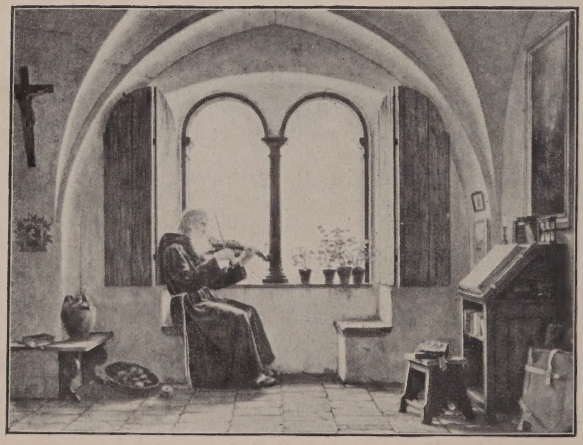
BY SUSAN L. EMERY.

My whole heart longed most vehemently
To greatly serve our God and King;
Yet, when I told our Father Prior,
He simply said: "Do *any* thing.
Do anything our rule commands,
For love of Christ, my little child!"
And then he turned him to his book,
Although, methought, his firm lips smiled.
Calmly he read, and there I stood,
And pondered what the mystery meant,—
My craving for great things to do,
And his unmoved, serene content.

From the refectory floated up
Sweet strains upon the summer air.
Our Brother-cook the violin played,—
It was his half-hour free from care.
The song of bird, the hum of bee,
The wind's soft sigh, with one accord
Joined in the sacred melody:
"All things created, bless the Lord!"

And then his glorious voice I heard
Ring out: "Yea, bless the Lord, my soul!"
And all the cadences were full
Of joy that he could not control.

The sunlight lay on hill and vale,
The green vines tapped the window pane.
Up to the hills I raised mine eyes;
Peace flooded all my heart again
With bird and bee, and breeze and bloom,
And with all faithful souls, dear Lord,
I give my whole self up to Thee,
And wait in patience on Thy word.
He does great things, who does Thy will,
Thy blessed will, from day to day.
Thy Kingdom come! Thy will be done!
Praise God, all living things, alway!



MICHAEL DAVITT.
(From a photograph taken at Osspruit Camp, Orange Free State.)

THE BOER FIGHT FOR FREEDOM.

BY MICHAEL DAVITT.

We are indebted to Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls for advance sheets of Michael Davitt's history of "The Boer Fight for Freedom," from which we take the following extracts. Deeply interesting as these are they give but a fragmentary idea of the wealth of information contained in the more than 600 pages of this comprehensive review of events in the South African Republics. Through the courtesy of the publishers we are also given permission to reproduce some of the many plates illustrating the work.—EDITOR.

"After resigning membership of the British House of Commons in October, 1899, as a personal and political protest against the war which I believed to be the greatest infamy of the nineteenth century," says Mr. Davitt, "I proceeded, a short time afterwards, to the Transvaal to see and learn more about the little nation against whose liberty and land this crime had been planned and executed.

"This book embodies the facts and

CAPTAIN DAANIE THERON, THE GREAT BOER SCOUT.

information which I obtained in my intercourse with the leaders and people of both Republics. It also contains the impressions which followed from a few months' close contact with them during their unparalleled struggle to retain their independence.

"I owe the expression of grateful acknowledgments for the facilities given and the assistance willingly tendered to me by members of both governments during my stay in the Transvaal and Orange Free State, and to numerous officers and officials who supplied me with authentic details of the earlier battles of the campaign in Natal and on the western borderland."

England's South African record is temperately but none the less tellingly considered in the introductory chapter, the author wisely permitting General Joubert's letter to Queen Victoria to be his arraignment of British justice. It is also a concise résumé of events leading up to the opening of the war, and prepares the reader to follow intelligently the history of subsequent events.

"In one of the most eloquently pathetic letters ever written, the late Commandant-General Joubert told Queen Victoria, in June, 1899, five months before the present war was declared, the story of the Boer race, and of the continuity of her country's persistent oppression of his people from 1806 down to the date when he knew that England was once again resolved upon an act of spoliation. He related the systematic persecutions which drove the Dutch farmers into the Great Trek—into the abandonment of the country which they had, in a sense, created for white men. He told of the indignities to which the Boers were subjected, and the hopeless outlook created for their children in the settled purpose of their complete domination at the hands of English officials. It was such a story as a doomed Thracian leader might have told to a Roman patrician on the eve of a gladiatorial display within the Colosseum."

The following testimony is given to the excellence of the Boer administration of the Transvaal at the outbreak of the war:

"No one who wanted to be a witness to the truth could travel through the Transvaal, either before war began or during its earlier progress, without seeing evidence everywhere of both careful and enlightened administration in its cities and towns, and of comfort and content in the homes and habits of the people. Pretoria is a city handsome in every sense. Its public edifices, notably its Government Buildings and Palace of Justice, would do credit to any European capital. Its streets are wide, and are lit with electric light. It possesses as good a telephone service as any British town of equal size, while the whole country is served with efficient railway and

Commandant Steenekamp. General Cronje. Commandant Van der Merwe.

CRONJE AND LIEUTENANTS AROUND ONE OF THE CREUSOT GUNS.

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A "LONG TOM" AND ITS SERVICE.

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SHOOTING BACK THE BRITISH.

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"IRISH WILLIE."

The mascot of the Irish-American Brigade, missing since the fight at Sand River, but sure to turn up.

telegraphic systems. Pretoria impressed the visitor as a well-ruled city; bright, comfortable, and clean; furnished with an admirable market, and an abundant water supply. Its working classes were better housed than those of London, Manchester, or Dublin, while the taxation on wages in the Transvaal was much less than the amount which English working men have to pay annually in their own country.

"Johannesburg alone, the centre of the anti-Boer agitation, would amply vindicate Boer Government, and refute the false statements of its worst enemies, could the place have been seen by fair-minded men, and all the facts relating to its people, their character and pursuits, have been impartially considered. Here was the centre of the richest gold mines in the world, inhabited by over 100,000 white people, and fully 80,000 Kaffirs who were employed in the mines of the town and locality. The whites embraced, along with the reputable classes, all the elements known to flock to such a centre: men of the worst character and lowest passions; purveyors of prostitution, gamblers, cheats, sharpers, scoundrels, and loafers—all of alien, not one of Boer, blood. Not a single English critic has had the sense of fairness to take account of the difficulties in the way of the police and the administrators of justice in dealing with a city so inhabited, and containing within its limits more potential agencies, passions, and incitements to civic and social disorders than any other city in Christendom. And yet, what was the actual record of Johannesburg in its relation to law and order from 1890 to 1899? I assert in all confidence that there have been less murders, less rapes, less serious outrages on person and property, among the whole white population within this unique city during these ten years, than in any single city in England of equal population for a like period. Eighty thousand savages were kept under orderly control without undue severity, and made subject to civilized laws and customs in a manner reflecting the highest credit upon the police and magistracy of Johannesburg. General order was maintained without any violent interference with the liberty of citizens (less by far than occurs in Ireland today), and when it became necessary to the purposes of the plots and plans of Boer enemies within their gates to libel these police and officials of the law, all the cases which the model, moral Uitlander 'reformers' could place at Sir Alfred Milner's disposal for his indictment of the State which Englishmen had conspired to destroy, embraced an alleged murder of an Englishman, which turned out to be, at worst, a case of manslaughter; the murder, by undetected ruffians, of a lady for her crusade against illicit drink traffic; an attack by a Field Cornet upon a Cape Kaffir family; an organized disturbance of a Rhodesian

Dickson, State Attorney. Swanepoel. Steenkamp. Ferreira. Fick. Potgieter. Wessels. Du Toit. Van der Merwe.

Major Albrecht. Du Plessis. M. Prinsloo Van Zyl Nel. President Steyn. Du Plooy. Ollivier. J. Prinsloo. Lubbe. De Villiers Naudi.

FREE STATE COMMANDANTS.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

†Colonel Blake.
THE CHICAGO IRISH-AMERICAN VOLUNTEERS.

meeting, and a few minor instances of alleged failures of justice. These and nothing more. The meagerness of the list bore eloquent evidence to the success of the Government which had kept such a place in such order.

"A popular conviction was fostered in England that President Kruger and his 'oligarchy' were either the foes of education or were indifferent to the spread of instruction among the Boers. 'Ignorant,' 'half-civilized,' were common expressions used about them by speakers and writers who took no trouble to ascertain a truth which for the purposes of their argument they were not overanxious to find. Most of the talk of this kind was indulged in by persons who were probably thinking of the educational centres of Oxford and Cambridge, and of a much more recently organized English School Board system, as a proud contrast to the resources of the benighted Dutchmen of the Transvaal. But these Dutchmen had only fifteen or sixteen years of full self-governing existence in which to build up their educational centres and system."

Then follows a statement of the work accomplished along educational lines. The statistics relative to the schools furnish surprising evidence of progress.

In the same section a comparison of English and Boer governments is made, facts being marshalled in parallel columns, from which we take the following significant statement of pauperism in the respective countries.

"Every fortieth person in the popu-

lation of England is a pauper. About one out of every seven working men over the age of sixty in England dies an inmate of the workhouse.

"There is no pauperism in the Transvaal. Relief was sometimes given to poor farmers when their crops were injured by locusts, but it was voted by the Volksraad for special reasons. The workhouse had no place in the social system of the Boers."

The statistics bearing on drunkenness, crime and degradation are even more unfavorable to the English side.

Considering the constitution of the executive authority, Mr. Davitt says:

"It is true that membership of the Volksraad and the offices in the Republic were reserved to the community of the State Church. Roman Catholics and Protestants not subscribing to the tenets of the Heidelberg Catechism, were specifically disqualified for membership of the Chamber. This was a narrow and reactionary restriction, but it was only thirty years behind the British Parliament with respect to the non-admission of Catholics to the House of Commons who were not prepared to swear, before an assembly of Protestants, that the oldest faith in Christendom was heretical and superstitial.' Even today no Catholic can occupy either the Throne of England, the position of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland (a Catholic country), or that of the Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords, while the King of England's coronation oath is grossly insulting, in some of its expressions, to no less than ten millions of his subjects who are Roman Catholics. No true friend of the Boer cause defends the denial to Catholics and others the rights of religious equality. Still, justice requires that the foregoing facts in the religious and social history of the Transvaal should be borne in mind, and also demands recognition of the fact that the Government of the Republic from 1890 to 1899 was surely, if slowly, adapting its laws and institutions to the needs and rights of its new population."

"The capitalists who flocked to Johannesburg, and the upstart rich who had made rapid fortunes there, were not the masters of the statesmen and politicians of the little Africander nation. They could neither have laws made to suit their own interests and schemes, nor purchase a single seat in the Volksraad. They had tried and failed. Neither President Kruger, nor his Government, nor the Boer Legislature could be bribed or bought. Here was a state of things which could not be tolerated. England was dominated by landlords and money-mongers; America by Trusts; the Continent of Europe by Stock Exchanges and the Rothschilds; Australia by the Banks. But, the Transvaal was owned and ruled for Land and People. This was opposed to all 'enlightened progress,' the 'welfare of humanity,' and 'true civilization'; and, therefore, 'Down with the reactionary Boer'! became the watchward of that ardent champion of civil and religious liberty, the capitalist millionaire."

In further support of the integrity of the Boer, Froude, the English historian, is cited, the author quoting from a letter, first published in the Evening News, December 1st, 1884.

To which Mr. Davitt adds his testimony:

"There are no complex qualities in the Boer people. In one sense there is some truth in the saying of their enemies, that they are wanting in

'civilization.' They are; but it is in the 'civilization' with which we are familiar in Anglo-Saxon countries—that of the godless culture of refined vice, of divorce courts and immorality, of drunkenness and prostitution. The Boer is very backward in these modern customs, and is altogether lacking in the accomplishments which can conceal the worst appetites of an educated animalism beneath a simulated regard for propriety and religion.

"The 130,000 men, women, and children of the Transvaal who were not afraid to fight the British Empire could not be nurtured on such a 'civilization.' They are the products of a hardy stock, made tougher and stronger in body and mind by the unique environment of their existence. The Boer is neither emotional nor magnetic in his temperament. He is deliberate in thought and in action and rarely influenced by passion; cool and calculating in all his acts, whether making a bargain in a market or a laager on a battle-field; rough in speech and manner, but capable of developed refinement when the training of education brings into play the latent mental forces of a robust and nimble intellect.

"The Boers have a stronger attachment to land and the life which its ownership requires than any other civilized race. They possess that pride of personal independence which comes from a conscious lordship of the soil. They have not had to go through the social servitude of a rent-tenancy before reaching the natural dignity of a proprietor. The Boer is a land-owning democrat, owing no homage to any man or class, and feeling in his social independence and burghership of a free Republic that sense of equality and love of freedom which are the inherited and acquired national sentiment of his race. He has all the strong natural traits of a people reared away from the many debilitating influences of city life. He is abstemious when young, loyal to the obligations of marriage, affectionately attached to parents, devoted to the duties of domestic life, and naturally disposed to the social virtue of hospitality."

The chapters devoted to "Who Provoked the War," "Transvaal Preparations," "Boer Artillery and Commandoes," "British and Boer Patriotism," "Disposition of Forces," and the various memorable engagements are rich in information and incidents that lack of space makes it impossible to more than touch upon here.

As an instance of British methods of warfare the following may be quoted from "The Battle of Elandslaagte":

"A Lancer writing home had his letter published by his admiring relative in the Brighton 'Argus.' This champion of Christian England said: 'We got a charge at them; they asked for mercy, but we were told not to give them any, and I assure you they got none. We went along sticking our lances through them—it was a terrible thing, but you have to do it in a case like this.' Boers do not stand in a row to be stuck after a battle; neither do their horses wait patiently on the field for the approach of a galloping trooper. Clearly what the writer of this letter meant to convey was that he and his companions 'went along sticking our lances' in men who lay wounded, or otherwise helpless, on the veldt. This view is supported by another warrior of equal chivalry, who relates: 'We charged them, and they went

on their knees begging of us to shoot them rather than stab them with our lances, but in vain. The time had come for us to do our work, and we did it.'

"Another hero named Williams is his own historian of how he perpetrated the following deliberate murder: 'I got hold of one Boer'—he had taken an enemy prisoner—'he did not know what I intended doing, so I made motions for him to run for his life. So he went, and I galloped after him with the sergeant's sword, and cut his head right off his body!'

"A lancer is reported as having said to the war correspondent of the 'Daily Chronicle': 'We just gave them a good dig as they lay. Next day most of the lances were bloody.' Here, clearly, it was a boast of stabbing wounded foemen who were lying helpless on the ground.

"There were British soldiers of a more practical turn of mind than the boastful Lancers at Elandslaagte, and equally creditable to the cause for which the war was provoked. They, too, were willing narrators of their own prowess on what used to be known as 'the field of honor'; and their letters were also published in the model press of England as indicating what brave men were doing for the flag at the front. The 'Liverpool Daily Post' found space for the following epistle from some local Bayard of the Jingo cult of English soldier chivalry:

"Many of our soldiers are quite rich with the loot that has fallen to them. The infantry regiments profited to the largest extent. One Tommy secured a pocketbook containing £270 in Transvaal money. Our boys are parading about now with gold watches, chains, and other trinkets."

A strong chapter is that in which the battle of Magersfontein is described, and the routing of the brigades made up of the Black Watch, the Highland Light Infantry, the Argylls, Seaforths, and Sutherlands driven from the field by Cronje's men. The valorous act of seven burghers is thus related:

"After this state of things had continued for several hours, and ineffectual attempts had been made by Guards and Gordons and Lancers to make some impression on the Boer lines, General Cronje, with seven adjutants or members of his staff took a stand on the extreme east of De la Rey's position to judge of the possibility of an attack upon the enemy's right flank along the river. At that very time the Lancers were feeling the way for a similiar movement round De la Rey's left. Suddenly, on rounding a stony elevation, about a mile eastward of the Boer entrenchments, a troop of some 200 Lancers were sighted only 400 yards away. The distance to De la Rey's position was too far for any thought of immediate help from there, and the Lancers had seen the mounted burghers emerge from the back of the small kopje. Retreat was possible and easy, but Cronje's voice rang out in his peremptory tones: 'Schiet hulle terug!' —'Shoot them back!' The seven burghers dismounted, spread themselves over the stony hillock, and opened fire upon the Lancers, emptying saddles at every shot. Cronje, with his inseparable karwats in hand, sat his horse while his body-guard held off the Lancers, who, thinking that the hill was hiding a big force of Boers behind those who were firing

wheeled round and galloped back to their lines."

The siege of Ladysmith, and the battle of Spion Kop are vividly portrayed:

"No other battle-field of the war had yielded the harvest of horrors which Spion Kop presented to the ambulance-bearers and others the morning after the murderous combat of the 24th. Over 1,500 men lay dead and wounded within the confined area of the mountain top. They were almost all on the side of the hill which had been occupied by the English, and where the Krupp and pom-pom shells had burst with their rain of missiles. Heads were found a dozen yards from their ghastly trunks; hands and legs were scattered over the rocky surface; torn and mangled bodies were lying in all directions, with scores of dead faces upturned with staring eyes in the sun as if upbraiding high Heaven for permitting such murderous work among men belonging to God-fearing nations. A gruesome, sickening, hideous picture, which the brush of a Verestchagin, with all its powers of realistic portraiture, could not match in painted horrors from the limitless domain of artistic creations. 'I wished,' said General Tobias Smuts, in giving me his impressions of the awful scene which met his view after the battle had ended, 'that I had had the power of transporting a dozen of these poor, brave, mangled fellows lying there with headless bodies and shattered limbs, to a certain bedroom in Birmingham or in Government House, Cape Town, so that the two chief authors of this unnatural war should see some of the results of their policy on waking from sleep in their safe and luxurious homes. It might induce them to bring this dreadful conflict to a close."

"A story is told of an old burgher, aged seventy, who was among the first to volunteer in the reënforcement sent up the mountain by the Boer general. He was accompanied by his grandson, a boy of fourteen. No other Mauser on Spion Kop dealt out a more steady and effective fire during the carnage of the 24th than that of Oom Piet. 'One more Rooinek down, grandpapa,' would be exultingly shouted by the boy as his keener eyes noted the gaps made behind the sangars across the open space, and so the scene continued. Finally Oom Piet's bandolier was emptied of its cartridges, and no other supply was near at hand. The lad, however, was equal to the occasion. Outside the entrenchments lay a burgher who had been shot through the head early in the day, and before the boy could be prevented he vaulted over the boulders, possessed himself of the dead burgher's bandolier, and sprang back again to the side of the old warrior with the ammunition. On the dead being counted the following day the old man and his grandson were found among the slain, lying side by side."

Graphic as are the descriptions of the battles, to many readers the sketches of the commanders and companies taking part will be even more interesting, so replete are they with evidences of gallantry and humanity. Blake's Irish Brigade, the Second Irish Brigade, the Chicago Irish Volunteers, and the American Volunteers are given due prominence in the story of the Boer fight for freedom.

BLAKE'S IRISH BRIGADE.

"I have no intention of writing a narrative of Blake's Irish Brigade, or

of doing more than giving my readers a bare outline of its organization and record. The task of recounting its labors in the war belongs to some member of the corps, intimate with the personnel of its members and with the part they have played in the campaign. I have not had that advantage, and cannot, therefore, do justice to this small body of Irish men, who, in helping to prevent the consummation of one of the greatest and most sordid crimes of human history, have rendered an honorable service to the race to which they belong.

The Irish Brigade was organized in Johannesburg chiefly by the exertions of Mr. John M'Bride, a native of Mayo, who was at the time employed as assayer in one of the Rand mines. He was warmly supported by other prominent Irishmen on the Rand. A manifesto was issued appealing to Irishmen to remember England's manifold infamies against their own country, and on this account to volunteer the more readily to fight against a common enemy for the defense of Boer freedom. Meetings were held, and recruiting began; the Boer Executive lending its encouragement to the proposed formation of a corps other than the field cornetcies and commandoes provided for in the regular burgher military system. The colonelcy was given to Mr. John Franklin Blake, an ex-West Point graduate and officer, who had seen service in the Sixth U. S. Cavalry Regiment in Arizona. Colonel Blake resided for a few years in Michigan after resigning from the army, and engaged in a railroad business. His life in this occupation was not what his adventurous disposition demanded, and he made his way to South Africa in search of a more exciting career than that of managing railway traffic. He was attracted to Rhodesia after the grabbing of that country from the Matabele, and the subsequent press laudation of its alleged mines and resources by Mr. Cecil Rhodes' various booming agencies. Blake rode over most of the country, studied it thoroughly, wrote a series of descriptive letters in American and London papers of what he had seen and learned, which made the barrenness of the Chartered Company's territories so widely known that the boom did not realize all that its authors expected to reap from the gullible public.

Blake arrived in Johannesburg shortly before the Jameson Raid, and attracted attention at once by the reputation which his exposure of the Rhodesian fictions had made, and by his genial character and many accomplishments. He is a man of forty or fifty, six feet high, athletic in build, with a slight suggestion of Buffalo Bill in his general appearance and bearing. He is the best of "jolly good fellows" in a social sense, a great favorite with the ladies, and a fine all-round type of an American soldier.

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When Roberts began his great movement north from Bloemfontein, General Botha ordered the Irish Brigade from Natal to Brandfort, and the men took part in whatever fighting occurred during the disheartening retirement of the burgher forces from thence to Pretoria. Again, in the actions fought by Botha between Pretoria and Dalmanutha, along the Delagoa Bay Railway, the Irishmen performed their share of the work of holding the British forces back. After the prolonged battle of Dalmanutha

the Brigade disbanded, the majority returning to America. Blake, however, remained behind, resolved to see the conflict through to the end. He has been engaged during the recent and present campaign of guerrilla warfare in work which appeals to his love of daring adventure and contempt for climatic difficulties, and the cheery, optimistic, warm-hearted ex-frontiersman will be found to be one of the last men to lay down his arms against England while a shot can be fired or a deed can be done in legitimate warfare against the enemy of Transvaal and of Irish independence.

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There were many more men of Irish blood scattered through the Transvaal and Free State commandoes than were included in Blake's corps. I have found Irish names in the records of almost all the engagements fought over the wide field of the two Republics. President Steyn told me that "all the Catholics and Irishmen of the Free State were loyally with the Federal cause from the beginning," and I am therefore encouraged in the belief that the number of my fellow-countrymen who honored our race in offering to shed their blood for the freedom of two little Protestant Republics is larger than the numerical strength of Blake's and Lynch's Brigades would indicate.

THE SECOND IRISH BRIGADE.

A second brigade was formed in January, 1900, by a few of Blake's corps, in conjunction with Mr. Arthur Lynch, an Irish-Australian who had gone to the Transvaal as a war correspondent for "Le Journal," of Paris. Like Colonel Maximoff and several American journalists, Mr. Lynch was captivated by the heroic character of the Boer struggle against such cruel odds, and he threw away the pen for a Mauser rifle. A few officers of Blake's corps were desirous of creating another Irish Brigade, with, doubtless, the laudable ambition of increasing the number of bodies with Irish names in so good a cause, and Mr. Lynch was induced to join the enterprise. He was elected to the post of colonel, and being an able linguist, speaking French and German with fluency, he succeeded in enlisting about 150 "Irishmen" from several European nationalities, not hitherto reckoned as subordinate members of the Celtic racial family. Colonel Lynch soon earned such a reputation for capacity and for looking carefully after the comforts of his men that numbers of volunteers from other commandoes were induced to join the second "Irish" Brigade, which in this way became at one time as strong numerically as that organized by Major M'Bride.

Colonel Lynch is a young man aged about thirty-five, tall, handsome, and accomplished. He is a graduate of the Melbourne University, and is in every sense, physically and intellectually, a worthy representative of the Australian-born sons of Ireland. He proved himself to be an able commander, and enjoyed the confidence of General Botha, who spoke of him to me as "one of the very best of my officers." The part which the second Irish Brigade played in the campaign is, I believe, to be told by Colonel Lynch in a narrative of the war as he witnessed it, both as a war correspondent and as an officer, and I must therefore leave to his better-informed knowledge the task of recording the

full story of the corps which he commanded.

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Colonel Lynch's chief officers were Maj. Mitchel, a Galway man, and Capt. Oates, of Kerry, whose fine boy, Tom, was killed at Modderspruit. In subordinate posts this unique brigade had representatives of every European country, with one or two Americans, completing the most thoroughly cosmopolitan body which was ever commanded by an Irish or any other officer. There was Ireland, America, Australia, the Transvaal, Free State, Cape Colony, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Austria, Russia, Greece, and Bulgaria represented in this second "Irish" corps, which, to complete its unprecedented representativeness, embraced a solitary Englishman, who fought for right and justice against his own country's forces. I visited Colonel Lynch's laager while in Natal early in May, 1900, and can bear testimony to the true soldierly manner in which his well equipped camp was organized, and to his popularity as an officer among his Continental and universal "Irishmen."

THE CHICAGO IRISH-AMERICAN VOLUNTEERS.

This small contingent of volunteers was spoken of in Pretoria as the "finest-looking" body of men that had yet reached the Transvaal capital from abroad. They numbered about forty, excluding the medicos and non-combatants, and were all young men of splendid physique and of the best soldierly qualities. They were under the command of Captain O'Connor, of the Clan-na-Gael Guards, and joined Blake's Irish Brigade. President Kruger extended a special reception to the company, and addressed them in complimentary terms before they started for the front.

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During the several engagements which led up to the three or four days' fighting around Dalmanutha, two members of the corps were killed, Messrs. O'Hara and Egan; the former nobly sacrificing himself to save his comrades in a critical moment. He was a native of West Limerick.

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The scene in the Volksraad depicts strikingly the contrast between the Boer leaders on the field and assembled in legislative session.

"Tiers of chairs were placed for visitors on the floor, beyond to the right and left of the "Raadsleden," and these were soon occupied by foreigners and others who were wishful to witness what looked likely to be the closing scene in the legislative life of the Transvaal Parliament.

It was to me a scene as pathetic as it was, in many respects, surprising. I fully expected seeing the members, almost all of whom had been in the field for months, coming to their legislative duties with bandoliers and Mausers, as if only on a hurried leave from the lines in front of Roberts' moving columns, with a soldier's eagerness to get through with the needed speeches and resolutions so as to lose no time in returning to their commandoes again. But the Boers are in everything a people apart, with their own methods and manners; whether in warfare or in law-making. The members assembled, all in a uniform black dress, including frock coats, tall hats, and white ties. This was, it appears, the regulation costume prescribed by the sartorial rules of the Assembly,

and each conformed to the ordinary obligation of this rule on this momentous occasion, as if no war was being waged any nearer to the threatened capital of the South African Republic than the Philippine Islands.

The dress to me was painfully suggestive of a funeral ceremony over the body of what would soon be a slain Republic.

On several seats wreaths of mourning were placed, denoting where those members who had died fighting at the front were wont to sit. General Jan Kock's vacant chair recalled his heroic stand at Elandslaagte, and the chivalry of England's soldiery in robbing this wounded officer of money and clothes, and leaving him thus exposed for ten hours without medical aid. The fate of Mr. Barnard, member for Rustenburg, who was killed by British Kaffirs at Deredepoort, on the 23rd of November, evoked even a more indignant feeling against the enemy that could enlist as allies in such a war the savages who butchered women and children on that occasion. General Joubert's chair bore tokens of a grateful remembrance, while the Vierkleur was thrown across the seat which General Piet Cronje, now in St. Helena, occupied before the war.

Men who had fought in noted battles were soon recognized, even in their semi-clerical attire, as with bronzed faces or scars telling of the severity of the struggle they had gone through, they entered and took their seats. General Lukas Meyer, Chairman of the Raad, who had fought so well from Talana Hill to Pieter's Heights, was easily known by his herculean and soldierly figure and handsome face. Ben Viljoen, the hero of Vaal Krantz, and the intrepid fighter of twenty battles, was there, as anti-Rooinek as ever. General Tobias Smuts, one of the heroes of Spion Kop, looking as genial and as modest as the brave man of real merit generally does on like occasions, was there, and a dozen more members who had borne a less prominent but equally valiant part in the struggle against the enemy.

Two noted members were conspicuously absent, Louis Botha and Jacob H. De la Rey. Both had gone to the front seven months previously, straight from their Parliamentary duties in that Chamber, and had within that time by their genius and military capacity written their names on the scroll of fame among the world's great commanders. They were, that day, fighting as usual like lions in front of overwhelming numbers; one as Joubert's successor in the headship of the Transvaal army, and the other as the most generally trusted officer of the Federal forces.

Color was added to the otherwise somber scene in the Chamber by the presence of the foreign consuls and attachés in full-dress uniforms. The French, Russian, German, Italian, Belgian, Portuguese, and Netherlands representatives were in attendance, while Mr. Hay, nominally representing the United States, was a spectator of the proceedings.

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In the midst of these distributions of mutual praise, President Kruger entered from behind the Speaker's chair, and immediately all the members and spectators rose as a mark of respect until the Chief Executive took his seat. Paul Kruger is not in any physical sense an impressive-looking man. He is massive in build, keenly

observant of everybody and everything around him, and naturally attracts attention through the rank he holds, but especially from the fact that he is one man in this generation who threw down the gage of battle to the British Empire. You cannot well picture the man out of his fame, or you would regard him as a common-place individual, of rough exterior and markedly unpolished manners, who might pass for anybody in particular, from a prosperous farmer to a successful city merchant. But when you know that the man before you is Paul Kruger, that he has been through life the watchful and valiant defender of Boer liberties, and that he has within the previous few months startled the whole civilized world by his work, you are compelled to beat back the prejudices of your eyes and do homage instead to the man whose acts have made him great, as he rises in the Assembly to which, in Grattan's language, he stood as one who had watched at its cradle and might mourn at its grave.

A silence as of a churchyard fell upon the whole Assembly, and again the suggestion of a funeral service was forced upon the mind, with the wreaths on the vacant chairs, the dark costumes of the members, and the long prayer in which the proceedings had been previously opened. The raucous voice of the speaker sounded like the valedictory address of a minister committing a body to the custody of a grave, and the suggestion was irresistibly conveyed that the President of the Transvaal was performing the burial service upon his own republic.

Soon, however, this mortuary idea was dispelled. The President's voice became clearer and the words more coherent; the address ringing out in a mingled strain of invective and defiance. It was the first time I had heard him speak. His deficiency in intellectual culture, his reputed ignorance, and all the other English kindly testimonies to his want of Anglo-Saxon excellence, while read with some degree of skepticism, invited doubt as to Oom Paul's gifts of eloquent deliverance. He is, however, a natural orator; rugged in speech, lacking in measured phrase and in logical balance; but passionate and convincing in the unaffected pleading of his earnestness which is joined to a happy command of the Boer tongue in all its native power of persuasive expression.

The action of the hands during the delivery of the short Presidential address was in no way wanting in elecutionary gesture, embracing as it did all the well-known movements of finished platform speaking. There were a few notes in the left hand, but they were not once referred to. The Speaker soon lost himself in the warmth of his subject, and he held his audience spellbound until his final sentence was spoken with its defiant ring and meaning, "I am standing alone! Joubert is dead, Kock is dead, Wolmarans is dead. I stand alone. But God is with us. Shall we lose courage? Never! Never! Never!" and at each utterance of this word, the massive hand descended on the desk and made the Chamber resound with the emphasis of the blow. It was in every word, sentiment, and action the speech of Paul Kruger."

These words so solemnly and impressively spoken by the venerable President tell of faith and hope despite such conditions as Mr. Davitt sums up in his conclusion.

"There are today 45,000 women watching 50,000 children inside of barbed wire fences surrounded by British soldiers, arms in hand, in South Africa. They are imprisoned in camps in which 14,000 of these children have died already of sickness induced by the cold and the privations inflicted upon them in one year. They were taken from their homes by England's troops as a military measure, and they are still imprisoned as a means of subduing the spirit of resistance of husbands, fathers, and sons fighting for independence. These women are bearing their sufferings in a spirit of the noblest patriotism. They address no appeal or reproach to the burghers in the field on account of the hardships to which they are subjected. Their children die before their eyes, but they still defiantly bid their country's defenders to continue the fight against the callous and unmanly foe that can disgrace civilized humanity by warring upon the helpless as well as the combative section of the two Republics. These are, surely, nobler heroines than those of romance who are loved and honored for th imaginary devotion with which they remain true to some idea that has kinship with the bravery of the men engaged in a just and holy cause. But the world looks on—the civilized Christian world of churches, and of preachers of the Gospel, and of novel readers—at this barbarous spectacle in South Africa, with as much real indignation as if Lord Kitchener and his 220,000 troops were inflicting all the horrors of British warfare upon a commonwealth of criminals or brigands, and not upon two little republics made up of one of the bravest races in Europe, and of the most intensely and sincerely Protestant Christian people on earth.."

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The story of the war, as I have attempted to tell it, from the Boer point of view, is not, and necessarily could not be, a full or complete version of the whole campaign. Indeed, the later portion of the history has been mainly compiled from information gleaned through anti-Boer sources. Yet no British censorship can silence, and no stereotyped English laudation of its own prowess can keep back from the public everywhere, the knowledge of the continued, dauntless fight of this little nation of heroes for their country's independence. For fully two years and five months the Boers still in the field have fought against the cruelest odds which ever enabled a purpose of naked wrong to triumph by the mere weight of brute force over a righteous cause heroically upheld. With commandoes decimated, homes destroyed, wives and children in prison camps, babies dying of "military measures," stock and food looted, crops uprooted, and devastation carried systematically by England's quarter of a million of men into almost every corner of the Transvaal and Free State, still the men who believe in God and freedom gave way only to death or to overwhelming opposition. Loss of artillery, of supplies, of almost everything except faith and courage, saw them at Vlakfontein, Itala, Brakenlaagte, Tweefontein, Tweebosh, and in a dozen other victories gallantly achieved, show the enemy, even when armed with artillery, how easily this war could have settled forever the question of who should rule in the Transvaal, if manhood and not numbers had to determine that right.

A MOTHER OF EMIGRANTS.

BY ALICE FURLONG, DUBLIN, IRELAND.

One evening in the earliest month of summer, as I rambled over the roads of pleasant Elphin, a boreen between bowers of hawthorn tempted me from the highway. There, the drouth of seven days was in the parched grasses of the wayside banks, and in the pale purple of the fading violets, and in the crinkled leaves of crowding yellow primroses But the boreen sped beneath the shadow of green boughs, and there was a trickle of amber water in the dykes upon each hand. Betimes the trickle broadened into a pool, glassy and still, safe from every wind; and there tall blades of grass rose slender and upright, each apart, and not leaning upon the other, but casting, separate, an emerald spear of shadow into the water. In another place, the stream was lost, and you saw only a shimmer of silver through plentiful verdure and tufts of rushes; but the moss about the thorn-roots higher up was of a more vivid green than elsewhere, and you felt that the long-stalked pale primroses were budding and growing to their full in an atmosphere of delicious moisture.

In the bowers of leafy and bloomy thorn there were rifts and openings, and beyond these the pastures spread; long peaceful slopes they were, rising to the dark blue of the northern sky. A flock of sheep browsed upon that one nearest to me, each dull, tender creature with a little lamb gambolling or softly bleating by her side: the wind took up the clear cries, with their strange plaintive note that stirs the heart, and bore them far and near, up to the gorsy hill-heads where the larks brooded over their young, or abroad upon the bog that stretches its brown waste south and west over the Plain of Ross.

I had followed the boreen a good distance up the hill when I saw a field-gate upon my left hand. On the other side of the gate was a beaten track, not traversed by many feet, for here and there it was over-grown, but yet not entirely forsaken since you might trace its white riband to the door of a mud-walled cabin, roofed with many-weeded thatch, and set into the side of the hill. Outside the door of the cabin, and under its one window, there was a seat, regularly built of stone: you will find them by almost every house in the more cultivated portions of the west, where the Irish cabin of tradition, the hovel with the swine in the corner and the rags in the window is happily rare enough. This stone seat, of which I have spoken, is used for various purposes, sometimes as a stand for the wash-tub, sometimes as a place to set the pot as it is being scoured out, and sometimes as a seat from which you may cast your looks over the country, and take the evening air at leisure. Here, by this lone house, upon this lone hillside reddened by the dipping sun, a woman was sitting upon the low stone bench.

As I halted by the gate, she stood up, rather of a sudden, and remained in that position, watching me; with her hand over her eyes to keep the sun out of them. There was some-

thing so expectant in her attitude, and something so attractive in the intensity of her gaze, that I was drawn to pass in by the gate and follow the track over the dark-green field. The little path wound as waywardly as such paths are wont to do, and it was a few minutes before I came before the woman. As I did so, she took her hand from her forehead, and she let it drop by her side. Hanging there, every line of it expressed utter and absolute weariness. I knew what her face would be like, before I had lifted my eyes from that woman's hand.

"Tis askin' your pardon, I must be, for lookin' so hard, ma'am," said she. "I do keep thinkin' 'tis the childher." She sighed after that, and her gaze wandered away from me. She sat down as I had seen her at first, and she leaned her chin into the hollow of her palm; she seemed to have forgotten all about me. She was a handsome old woman, of a dusky type. Her face was browner than a hazelnut ripe for plucking; her eyes were dark and melancholy; she had a thin red mouth, but finely cut and curved. And she looked tired to the very heart. I stood and watched her, loth to go away. But in a moment she remembered her company. "Wisha, I'm a bad-mannered oul' woman!" she said. "Won't ye sit yourself down, and take a spell of rest, ma'am. 'Tis no small climb up this hill; my word! no." I sat beside her on the stone seat.

"I'm a visitor in the town," said I, to make talk between us. "I came out by this road to see the country. I haven't been in this part before."

"I suppose you like it well, ma'am?" she said, without turning her face to me. "A pleasant place is Elphin, a very pleasant place. The childher says there is no more pleasant place than Elphin." She was talking to herself now, not to me. She stroked the wrinkles out of her cheek, and stared abroad over the bog, her voice slow and dim, like a voice out of a dream. The scent of the hawthorn in the boreen blew to us on the wind, and the subtle sweet fragrance of furze stole from the hill behind us. "The childher say that—the little childher that's gone from me. Every one of them gone from me!" The long breath came and went again: the weary hand tried to stroke away the wrinkles.

"Are your children away?" I asked. Perhaps it was wrong of me to force the secrets of that lone woman, but her brown face had got a hold upon my fancy and her melancholy looks were a trouble to me.

"They're all away, over the sea, the big wide sea that keeps the mother from the child, and the husband from the wife, same as the deep black grave," she answered me, slowly. "'Tis in America they are, everyone of them, and me left to myself. But they say for all that there's no place like Elphin, and a pleasant place it is, if it weren't for the loneness of it, ma'am."

The western heaven began to change its flashing silver expanse, keen and bright as the swords of the archangels, into a deep and mellow gold; for the sun was now dipping low over the rim of the wide-spread waste, where the moor-birds made their dwelling among reeds and rushes and pale meandering streams. The green fields and the gentle hills around about us had a touch of homeliness and peace beside that broad desolation.

"The childher say that there's nothin' like it in the new counthry," said the lone woman, with a jealous love of her land. It was like to me as if she had been understanding my thoughts, for running in my mind was the lament of Ossian, returned from Tir-na'n-oge, old and grey and querulous, with heavy grief upon him forever more. "Long is the night in cold Elphin!" said he, when he abode there with the son of Calpurn, Patrick the saint. And a moody and bitter-tongued guest was that old grey man, if the bards tell the truth concerning him. Not such was his repute when, with Finn, his father, and Caoilte, and Dermod of the Love-spot, and many another Fenian hero, he hunted the red deer over the side of Slieve-na-mon, and saw the fountains of Assaroe fling threads of silver down the steep, and heard, among the leafy boughs of Leiter Lee, the warbling of melodious birds. But when sorrow and age made together a sad company in his heart, and the Fenians were dead, he wearied with desire for the radiant sun and the golden moon of that fairy-place wherein, for three hundred years of unfading youth, he abode with Niav the immortal maiden, whose hair was of the dye of the primrose, and in whose cheek the hue of the foxglove made a ruddy color.

But today, the men of Erinn, rapt over the perilous seas to that enchanted land, love Erinn better than Hy-Brassil. There, indeed, the Tree of Life bears the fruit of gold for their gathering; but, comfortless, they sigh for the clouded sun of Erinn, and the moon in a mist of rain, like Columcille, in far Iona amid the grieving of the gray waters, they will have it that "one day of life in Erinn is more than a thousand years in Alba!" Nevertheless, the fruit of gold grows plenteously only in Hy-Brassil beyond the western waves, and every man must pluck of that fruit, though his seeking shall lead him to the door of death.

"Will you tell me about your children?" said I to the lone woman. And the bleating of the young lambs came to us, there on the Irish hillside; and the broad land began to be melancholy, as the light of the day was withdrawn. The woman gave a shiver, and drew the little red shoulder-shawl closer about her.

"Come within, alanna!" said she. "There's a chill in the wind. I'll tell ye of the childher when we're by the fire. Who can tell of them as well as me, myself, that reared them in my bosom! But now, they're all gone, and left me alone." She went before me into the dusk of the cabin.

It was lit from the door rather than from the window, but one pale yellow ray struck the pane, and shot across the twilight to the inner wall of the house. It rested there, a golden spot upon the little china shepherdess that stood on a shelf by the wall. "It reminds me of my Mary," said the lone woman, pointing to the pretty figure, with its rounded arm raised to a basket of greenery upon its head. "And just such another smile she had, as sweet as a May morning." And then she bade me be seated in the nook where the peat smouldered on the open hearth, and the wicker chimney opened a great black mouth over you, and you heard from some crevice the piping of a cricket.

I took the place shown to me, and Mary's mother went down on her knees and blew up the fire, using her

apron for a fan. It was not long until the embers twinkled into sparkling red, and the fresh-laid sods on top began to send forth long curls and wafts of blue smoke, pungent and odorous as the spices of the East. The uncertain glimmer leaped fitfully upon the twilight, and shook the shadows into ghostly life. The cabin was no longer lonely.

"No betther a wan to tell of the childher nor meself," said the old mother, with a light shining out of her dark eyes as she fixed them upon me. "Good childher, and the very best of childher, they were, achorra. Sure the post-masther in the town below will tell you how much money does come to me from America. But what's the yalla goold, when ye want your own childher!" The light of the fire died down, and the shadows all leaned out to the lone woman, as if they would catch her in the embrace of spirit-arms.

"How many of them are there?" I asked. She let her apron fall upon her knee, and began to count on her fingers, after the manner of her kind.

"There was Micky and Pat, and little Dan, and Mary—her that I mentioned. How many is that?" She had dropped her hand, forgetting to count.

"That's four," I answered. "Were these all you had?"

"No, achorra, there was big Martin as well. Sthraight as a rush, he was, and strong as an oak. He's earnin' I dunno how many dollars a week, carryin' goods in a store. Oh, a great man to lift weights was my Martin!" The lone woman stroked the wrinkles in her cheek again, and her eyes grew far away in thought. I said in my mind that it were well if Martin were here, to lift the weight from the heart of the mother who had borne him.

"Martin, he'd wish me to go out to him," said the old woman after a minute. "But there's wan buried in the churchyard below the town, an' I gev him my word that I'd be laid wid him. God rest his soul this night!" She let her head fall a little towards her bosom, but before her face went down I saw the flash of her tears for the husband who was dead.

"But you're very desolate here," I said. "All in this solitary place so far from everybody. Would you not be afraid of the loneliness at night?"

She looked at me with simple surprise.

"Why, no, alanna," she said. "I have God and me Guardian Angel here wid me. An' I scatther a sup o' holy wather round about be the door an' th' windy, an' never a bit o' harm comes next or nigh me. Only I do be frettin' for the childher! Me heart does be breakin' in the night for them, achorra,—for little Dan that used to lay his head o' curls here and say to me, 'I'll never leave ye, mammy achushla.' His head o' curls it was as golden as the sun." She put one withered hand over the other, close against her empty bosom where the child's head used to lie. "But when he grew big, sure he heerd them talkin' in th' town below, an' sayin' how a body might pick up money off the sthreet beyond there in New York. Yerra, they riz his mind, an' twasn't for me to put stop nor stay upon the boy. Look, child, here's his top an' his bit o' sthring." She went to the dresser, set with glimmering clean delf and old willow-pattern ware; and she took from a jug on the shelf, a worn wooden top and a ragged

piece of string, and brought them to me. They lay in the hollow of her hand, her two treasures, the oil and the chrism of the sacrament of Remembrance—a worn wooden top, and a length of ragged string!

"He went the last o' them all," said she, turning them about in her palm. I did not dare touch them. "He had th' gay word wid him to the last, until th' big engine come steamin' into the station at Carrick beyond. An' then all at wanst he melted same as I'd often seen a bit o' cold snow meltin' in the sun; an' my word! he sobbed upon me bosom till he was amost ashamed to turn about an' look at the people wid us at the thrain. 'Mother agra, I'll be back wid ye, sure as th' hand's to me body!' sez he, wid his handsome head out o' th' carridge windy, an' th' big engine puffin' off wid herself up th' line. Aye, deed, that was the very word he said, me little Dan!"

"And will he come back to you?" said I, watching the lone woman's countenance.

A shadow came over it, like a wind upon the water. She turned away, and laid back in their place those things she had brought from the little jug on the dresser. She remained a while there, with the width of the house between us; and her brown hand fluttered with a quick unnecessary movement, touching the old noggins, and the coppery-golden jugs, and the blue plates; settling and rearranging what was all in good order. When she came back to me, and to the warmth of the fire-lit hearth, her face was calm and kind again.

"Danny, he will never come back to me now," said she. "He's married a wife, God bless both him and her, and the childher that will come afther them! But Dan, he will never come back to his mother." She took the brush of heather out of its corner, and swept up the hearth, before she seated herself in the ingle-nook, opposite to me. I have in my memory that picture, still: the shadow and the twilight, warm and red; the blue mist of the turf-smoke, with its pleasant reek; the bare, clean, earthen floor; the twinkling ware upon the dresser, and the china shepherdess upon the shelf. I see again the lone woman; the white frill of her cap framing her dusky face; her thin mouth, strongly red; her dark eyes with the hunger in them, forever on the strain after the children who had left her to herself.

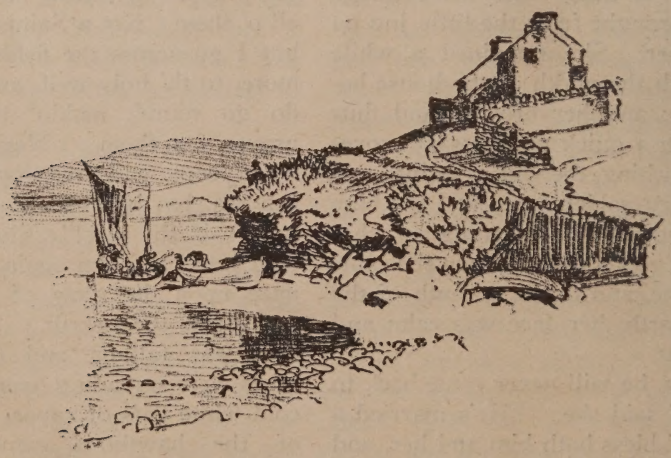
"And where is Mary?" I asked. The glimmer of the fire was on the forehead of the pretty shepherdess, and it was like a rosy blush: but the calm of her smile was sweet and unstirred.

"Mary an' Pat an' Micky is together in Boston city," the mother told me. "'Tis good for them to keep together, achorra, for a colleen without a mother is in a bad way. But sure, my prayers do follow Mary—aye, an' all o' them. Not a Saints' Day passes but I go across the fields to Tubbermore, to th' holy well, an' 'tis there I do go round, makin' the bare-foot prayer for them. Never you heed what people will thry to persuade you, achorra, but believe me, th' bare-foot prayer is th' best!" She leaned her chin into her palm again, and set her gaze upon the glow of the piled-up turf upon the hearth. Outside, the dark was falling, and the evening-mists were spreading over the fields in cold white flats of vapor. The breath of the hawthorn came breathing through the doorway.

"Sometimes, I do waken in th' night, with a start, an' catchin' me breath," said Mary's mother, out of her dream. "An' I do hear a voice whisperin' me that there's danger drawin' nigh to the childher—th' little childher that I carried in my arms long ago!" She drew that long and heavy breath once more, and let her hand drop from her chin. Her arms hung down by her knees, passive, empty, not needing their strength to uphold against her bosom the blessed burden of a little child. " 'Tis then I do pray harder than ever for them God gave me. I do think 'tis their Guardian Angels, comin' to me to give me the warnin'. Would that be it, ma'am?" She turned her looks upon me with something like anxiety. I thought it would be to her comfort to tell her I thought so, too. To have the children's angels coming in the night, was the next best thing to having the children. And the mother's belief was very beautiful.

I said that a heavenly spirit would understand the worth of a mother's prayer and then we talked a while of the miracle at the marriage-feast in Cana of Galilee, when the First of all Sons anticipated His time at the asking of the First of all Mothers: and of penitent Augustine and saintly Monica in the early Church.

The night was falling fast, then, and I rose to go. I said good-bye to the lone woman, and took my way down the narrow field-path, and went out, by the gate of the pasture, into the boreen. Dark and mysterious spread the waste of the bog; in the long meadows the sheep were lying with their lambs; the wind was full of the sound of sighing. I turned my face, and looked backward up the hill. The sky behind it was lit with stars, as bright as the Guardian Angels. The upland was very vast and grey. The larks were brooding over their young, in the hidden nests among the furze. The sheep had their lambs; the birds had their fledgelings: but the Irish mother, in the silent house upon the silent hillside, was childless and alone.



UNIVERSITY OF ATHENS: MAIN BUILDING.

HIGHER EDUCATION IN GREECE OF TODAY.

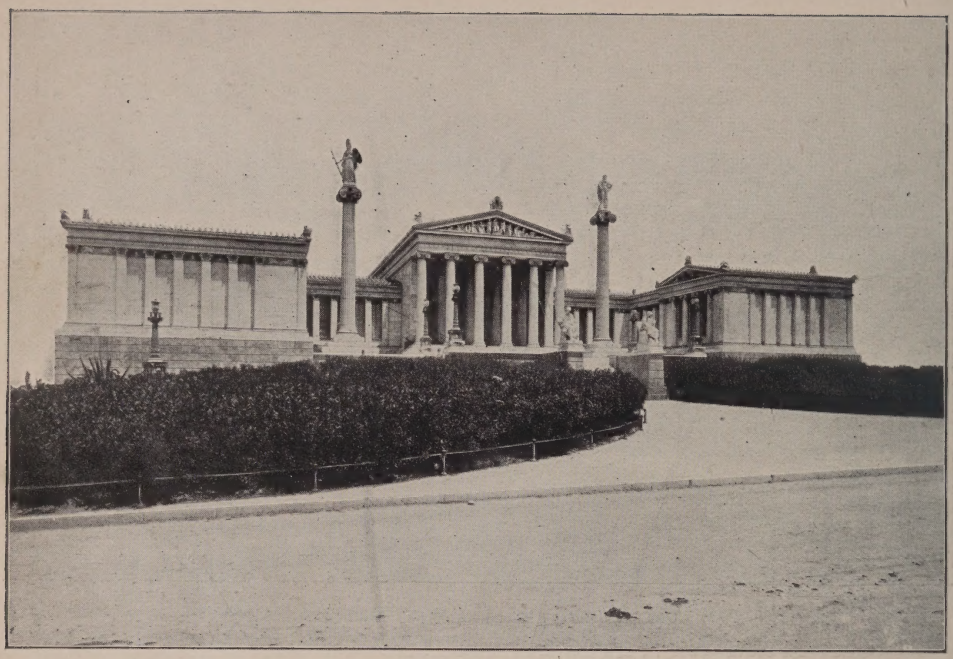
BY REV. DANIEL QUINN, D.D.,

ATHENS, GREECE.

THE GODDESS ATHENA; IN PENTELIC MARBLE. BY PROFESSOR BROUTOS.

The regenerated people in Greece have enjoyed less than seventy-five years of independent existence. In 1830, the Great Powers of Europe formally agreed to allow a small but considerable portion of the Hellenes to reconstruct themselves into a new State. Ever since that year Greece has been slowly and laboriously, but at the same time steadily and continuously coming up towards the degree of culture which is required for every nation that can claim to be under the full spell of "European" civilization. Whoever wishes to know what the modern Greeks have done for education must not only acquaint himself with the present condition of learning in Greece, but also must note the abject and degraded condition of the country at the beginning of the nineteenth century, such as Byron, the Philhellene, described it, and must observe the progress made since that time. The present state of culture in Greece is to be measured not by its present virtues, but by its height above the level of culture which prevailed here during the last days of Turkish dominion.

As soon as the shackles of their long



THE ACADEMY.

slavery were broken, the inhabitants of Greece began to re-assert their ancient love for learning. Even while the war was still in its highest fury the bloody face of Bellona did not effectively frighten the Muses into the muteness of despair. Such of the priests and old men as were unable to bear arms in the holy struggle, but knew something of letters and books, used to assemble the children of the absent warriors into some hut or beneath some tree, and by most primitive methods endeavor to teach them to read, using as text-books the Psalms of David, or the Lives of the Saints, or some other liturgical book of the Eastern Church. Even the venerable Parthenon, which originally was built in honor of Athena, the goddess of Wisdom, and which in the early ages of Christianity was dedicated to the Holy Wisdom of God, and in later days was re-dedicated to the Mother of Wisdom, the Blessed Virgin, received new glory in the year 1824 by affording its noble shelter to a group of little girls who gathered there every day to learn the alphabet from a white-haired man who knew how to read.

Only seven years of inchoate and turbulent freedom had elapsed when the first king of Greece, Otho of Bavaria, saw that the time had already come for the founding of a school of higher education. In the spring of 1837 he issued a royal decree declaring the establishment of a Panepistemion or University, and naming the first rector and deans and professors. The king and his advisers looked to Germany for light and guidance. Accordingly the Panepistemion of Athens has been constituted conformably to German notions about universities. There are four chief schools and four Faculties,

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS.

of theology, law, medicine and philology. Each faculty, under the presidency of its dean, constitutes an independent teaching body. The common weal of the university is directed by the Rector, who is guided by the Senate. Rectors, senators and deans are elected from amongst the professors.

In this same year of 1837, the new university began to fulfil its mission. On the fifteenth of May the solemn rites of inauguration took place. The enthusiastic king was present with all the members of his cabinet. The bishop of Attika chanted the appropriate prayers and blessed the momentous undertaking. Proud tears of hopeful joy escaped from Otho's eyes. The rector and each of the four deans addressed appropriate words to the assembled multitude. The first regular lecture took place in the following week, and was by Professor Ludwig Ross. He spoke about the Acharnians of Aristophanes.

When the university was founded there existed in Athens no suitable building in which it could be housed. A structure which had originally been erected as a private dwelling, but which had been turned into a gymnasium or high school, was selected as the most available and commodious home for the re-assemblying of the Muses' votaries. Within the narrow walls of this building, "the House of Kleanthes," as it was called, professors and students faithfully did their work until November of 1841, when one wing of the present magnificent University buildings was completed, and the lectures began to be given in it.

The number of students at the Panepistemion steadily increased from fifty-two, who enrolled their names in 1837, up to three thousand eight hun-

dred and seventy-eight, who matriculated in the scholastic year of 1891-1892. This last number is not very large in view of the fact that the students came not only from free Greece, but from all parts of the East, where people of Greek religion and traditions still dwell. Since 1892, however, the number of students has decreased considerably, owing chiefly to the political disturbances and poverty that have been harassing this part of the world. For a population of about seven millions of Greeks scattered throughout these countries of the Mediterranean, four thousand students would not be a disproportionately large number.

The language of students and professors in the Panepistemion is always exclusively Greek. This fact might profitably be borne in mind by all those historians and philologians and other scholars throughout the world who have assumed the heavy task of being willing to be regarded as authorities in matters relating to the language of Greece. Of course versatility in a language does not constitute scientific scholarship. Few of the prominent citizens of Athens in the Age of Perikles were scientific scholars, although they understood Greek wonderfully well. Nevertheless, the professional Hellenist, who along with his scientific training and habits, possesses as an additional accomplishment such familiarity with the actual use of the Greek language as is acquired by two or three years of complementary study at Athens, will find his labor sweetened, and the intrinsic difficulties of his science greatly lessened. This truth would be more easily understood abroad if the Greeks themselves were

THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.

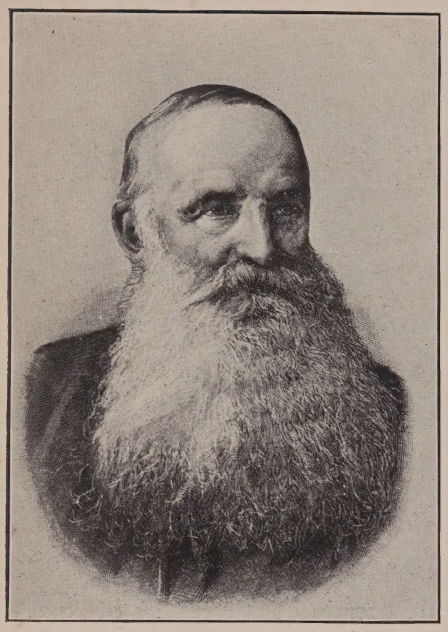
PROFESSOR GEORGIOS MISTRIOTES.

PROFESSOR SPYRIDON LAMPROS.

first to thoroughly understand it, and were to aim at making their Panepistemion unique among the universities of the world as a seat of such sciences as are thoroughly Hellenic and philological. Every university, while refusing its fostering care to no science whatsoever, may nevertheless have exceptional love and solicitude for some special branch of learning, yielding to the reasonable dictates of circumstances.

Most of the foreigners who come to Athens for the sake of study devote their time to some branch of archæological inquiry. And costly institutions are maintained here by various foreign Governments or by antiquarian societies, for the benefit and assistance of such as desire to pursue archæological investigations on the soil of Greece. Among these foreign institutions is the American School of Classical Studies, supported by the Archæological Institute of America, and by a few of the more prominent universities of America. At this school, every scholar from the United States may be sure of a cordial welcome. Catholics take amazingly little interest in this school, although obliged by their religion to be the foremost promoters of Hellenic studies. Like the other foreign scientific institutes at Athens, the American School is occupied chiefly with archæological work. But at the same time instruction and guidance is given to philologians by a professor annually sent out from America.

It would not be an easy task to try to name the most noted of the fifty-two full professors and numerous professeurs agregés in the Faculty of Panepistemion. Many of them have attracted reverent attention in Europe. In the philological branches, which concern us most at present because of their close connection with trains of thought that are more peculiarly Greek, it may not be out of place to mention the emi-



PROFESSOR KONSTANTINOS KONTOS.

nent authority on Attic forms of the Greek language, Konstantinos Kontos, who for more than thirty years has been busy as conscientious teacher and writer, and has added entire stores of newly discovered facts to the already known grammatical, syntactical, and lexilogical lore of philology. He is now an old man and is entirely blind, but continues to teach for all that. His native home was Amphissa, near the western slopes of Parnassos and but a few miles distant from Apollon's ancient shrine at Delphi.

Another scholar of wide fame is Georgios Chatzidakis, who came to the Panepistemion from the island of Krete. He has consecrated all his energies to the investigation of the history of the Greek language from its first formation down to the present time. His special study is glossology, or comparative grammar, and he examines the linguistic remains of the Greek language chiefly from the point of view of a modern glossologist. Like most men that are good, he adds patriotism to his other virtues, and when a few years ago Krete was in trouble with Turkey, he went down to his native island to bear his share in the dangers of the struggle.

Quite a popular professor is Georgios Mistriotes, from the Peloponnesos. He is always interested in every movement which tends to increase our admiration for classic Greek antiquity. He believes in the unbroken descent of the present Greeks from those of old, and is confident of a glorious future for the Hellenic world. He is now president of several societies, including the one whose chief aim and task is the reproduction, in modern theatres, of the plays of the old dramatists. Under his guidance, the "Elektra," "Oedipous the King," "Iphigeneia" and other plays have already been re-enacted, and next Autumn the "Medeia" of Evripides will be given, for which preparations are now being made.

The professor who most of all is known to us of English speech is Spyridon Lampros. He teaches history. He writes the English language with ease, and some of his important publications are in English. After having studied in Germany, as every Greek professor does, he spent some time in England, especially at Oxford. He is one of the most eloquent orators of Athens, and every winter gives a series of popular lectures in the great hall of the Parnassos Club here. By descent he is a native of Epeiros.

Attached to the University, and destined for the use of the professors and

REV. PROF. P. A. COAD OF MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, EMMITSBURG; LAST YEAR A STUDENT AT UNIVERSITY OF ATHENS; STANDING WITH CONSUL MCGINLEY AT STEPS OF CONSULATE IN ATHENS.

students are various laboratories and scientific collections. One of the most curious and interesting of these collections is a series of Greek skulls which have been found in graves of different epochs. Some of these skulls are very old. Others of them are from the tumulus at Chæroneia and are from the bodies of the warriors who fell fighting the last battle for ancient Greek freedom against Philip of Makedon. Others are from the Middle Ages, or from modern times. The scientific value of this collection is very great. It will probably be of much use in partially answering the difficult question concerning the origin of the tribes which occupied Greece at the dawn of the historical period. It will also serve to show the true relationship between the Greeks of to-day and those of past centuries.

Next in prominence to the Panepistemion, and equal in importance perhaps, is the Polytechnic Institute. Various branches of instruction are cultivated here, especially the fine arts and the applied arts. In the school of applied arts they teach chemistry, physics, mineralogy, geology, mechanology, mechanics, higher mathematics, architecture, and other kindred topics. In the school of fine arts, courses in drawing, painting and sculpture are given. Broutos, several of whose works are in the United States, is professor of sculpture. Some of his creations are very beautiful.

Since the church is such an essential part of Greek life, it is reasonable to expect that the Greeks would be solicitous for the proper and thorough education of their clergy. But the monetary resources which the Church

THE ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY.

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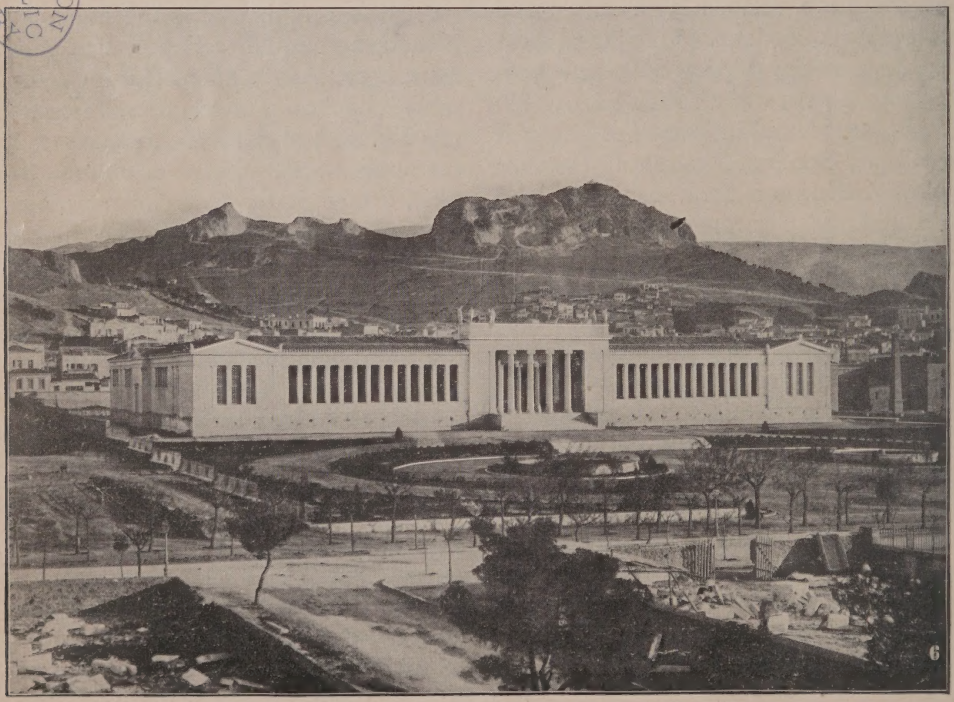


NATIONAL MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES.

of Greece has at her disposal are not sufficient to meet the expenses of higher education for all priests. The only purely ecclesiastical institution of higher learning within the free kingdom is the "Rizareian School." This is a seminary where candidates for the priesthood may pursue courses of classical and philosophical and rubrical studies for four years, and then a course in the first elements of theology for one year. Those who desire to enter more deeply into the study of theology must go to the university. The school, both in matters of discipline and of general management, resembles the Catholic seminaries of Europe. It was founded and sustained by a bequest of money and property left for this purpose by two natives of Epeiros, Georgios and Manthos Rizares. The seminarists live in community life. They study in common halls, take their meals in a common dining hall, and sleep in common dormitories. No student may go beyond the bounds of the institution without having personal permission to do so. All wear robes of the same pattern,—a black cap without peak and with a flat top, a black loose cassock held neatly by a blue girdle, and a loose, long black coat with flowing sleeves worn over the cassock.

For more than ten years an important school, known as the Leonine Lyceum, has been in existence in Athens. It was founded by the present Pope, Leo XIII, and has served as a collegiate school for the children of Catholic parents in Athens. Lately, however, Rome, in her unceasing solicitude for the Christians of the East, has determined to raise the status of the school, and to convert it into a general ecclesiastical seminary for the education of priests for all the Greek countries of the East. It has hitherto been the custom for the Catholics of Greece to educate the most and best of their priests in Europe, most commonly in the Propaganda at Rome. There existed indeed small seminaries at Syros and Naxos and Tenos, and elsewhere in Greece. But these schools usually had but one or two professors and eight or ten students. It is therefore quite clear that Rome is acting wisely in establishing one important school to take the place of these antiquated make-shifts, and is also wise in selecting Athens as the site for this general school.

This hasty sketch of the institutions of higher learning in Athens is not put forward as a satisfactory picture of the intellectual life here. The picture would be more complete if several other institutions received the honorable mention which they deserve. If it were my desire to give an exhaustive description of the condition of higher education here, then no atoning reason could be adduced which would excuse me for having omitted all reference to such institutions as the Conservatory of Music, the libraries, the laboratories one by one, the museums, the Arsakeian Academy for girls, the different literary and scientific societies, the astronomical observatory, the naval and military schools, and even the gymnasia or colleges.

THE YELLOW DOMINO.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

When the scheme was mooted to me my first thought was that, unseen myself, I should see Eleanora, so I was eager for it.

The others thought on the madcap prank it was, and that their empty paunches should soon be filled with king's meat and drink. And for this last I do not blame them, seeing that the gentlemen of the Irish Regiment more often than not went supperless to bed, since glory was more plentiful in the French king's service than louis d'ors and arrears of pay seemed likely but to grow greater.

Terence D'Esterre held a hat for the money, and we each cast in what we could, he who had been lucky of late at the gaming table, more: he who had lost, less. We kept no count of the sums, but in the end we had enough to pay for one ticket of admission to the great Mask, and for a yellow domino.

The thing that gave us an opportunity was that that night the gentlemen of the Irish Regiment were on guard at the Palace. The Mask was given for a charity, by the queen's wishes, hence it was called the Queen's Mask, and all of fashion, of beauty and of wealth in the capital would pay for its admittance and so swell the coffers of St. Vincent de Paul.

While my comrades laughed and joked about me I thought upon the last time I had seen Eleanora, when she and I had litten down from our horses in the vale of Arlo, and while the beasts cropped the sward near us, I had taken her into my arms and her golden head had lain upon my heart. I remembered how the blackbird sang, and the smell of a white-thorn all in bloom close by that it seemed to intoxicate me with ecstasy. The way the blue wall of mountain shut us from the world, the very pattern of the gossamer on the grass, I remembered.

At that time there was nothing strange in Sir Maurice Desmond lifting his eyes to Lord Lahinch's daughter. Why, we had been brought up in neighboring houses, and our families had always been friends and allies. If the money dwindled at Bunclody while Lahinch fattened that was but the fault of the troublesome times, for I gave with both hands, as my father gave before me, to the cause of King James and his son. Whereas, Lord Lahinch, "the old fox," as people called him, made his sly hoards and waited it was said to see who should be the winner before he flung up his cap for the Dutchman or the Stuart. I have marvelled often upon how Eleanora came to be his daughter.

When we brought our tale to the old fox the first shadow of trouble fell upon our love. For he hummed and hawed, was cautious, more like a lawyer than a noble gentleman, talked of the trouble that was coming, in the end bid us wait without an engagement between us.

"What, Sir Maurice," he said, "take a wife when Sarsfield has need of soldiers! I am an old man, not a fighter, and I can protect my girl. When the blood and fire of war burns the country up only an old man like myself,

who am not of the fight, and have a stout castle to boot, can protect women. When King James is on the throne again it will be time to talk of marriages."

The old fox proved better than his word, for though he conveyed his daughter and his money-bags privily from the country before the war broke out, and deposited them at the French Court where he had a kinswoman high in favor with the Queen, yet he returned and held Lahinch Castle for King James against King William: and had his head blown off by a cannon-ball, for which I forgave him many things, believing that he was an honest man at last.

As for me, when it was over, I was the poorest man between the four seas of Ireland, for my house was in ashes, my land seized and sequestrated, and I had lost Eleanora. Rumor had it that she was a great heiress and bethrothed to the son of the Duc de Picardy. But she could not be further from me though she were wedded, and so I said of her to myself, yet could not keep from being light-headed with joy when we came home from the Low Countries to Paris, and all because I might by chance happen to see the Lady Eleanora. Indeed, I may as well confess it, she filled my thoughts to the exclusion of all others. No woman's face came between me and her for a second: and my comrades laughed at me for an anchorite who was never tempted, although the girls, as is their way, but sought me the more the colder I was.

I left such pretty things to the heart-whole. I could game and drink with another: but Love had done his worst on me and I was impervious. They said I was grown so serious since we came to Paris that I turned the wine sour. I was not conscious of it. I had been gay enough in Flanders. But certainly, catching sight of myself in a mirror, I saw that I was grown haggard. Lean I had ever been, but now I was worse than lean, with a fire on my high cheek-bones and in the depths of my eyes, which was set there, I believe, by my love, unslaked, for Eleanora.

We gentlemen of the Palace guard were chosen for our height and size. I, Maurice Desmond, am six foot four, and lean as a hound. Hardships had told on me as well as love. But I was not the greatest of the troop. There was Andrew MacManus two inches greater, and Laurence Maguire an inch. That night the Yellow Domino was higher than any gentleman at the Mask, and it was not likely he should pass unnoticed.

It was a matter of honor with us that we should eat and drink as fast as might be, seeing that there were thirty hungry gentlemen to be fed before morning broke. We cast lots for the order of precedence, and as it chanced I came to be the last of all, wherefore Luke Monroe clapped me on the shoulder and congratulated me that I was not likely to have an indigestion from too speedy feeding if I ran the risk of getting no supper at all.

I would have bartered many suppers to catch but one sight of Eleanora, wherefore it chafed me that my lot should have been cast last. Nor could I ask any to change with me, seeing that all were so hungry, and had not indeed known what it was to have as full a meal as this was like to be for many a year, if indeed they had it ever: for it is not every day that a

plain gentleman is cooked for by M. Paul, the king's *chef de cuisine.*

It was a keen night, with a sky of purple, a white bow of a moon and stars that trembled like quicksilver in the frosty air. I preferred the courtyard to the guard-house and the merriment of my fellows, for indeed it seemed that that night was the consummation of many years, for I did not doubt I should see the face like a lily set in gold that had once yielded itself to my kisses. If I might but bridge the years and the months, and carry her off to the old country, away from the splendor of the court and her new lover who was now winning glory in the Low Countries! The new lover! The thought of him made me gnash my teeth. Why, if ever a woman had had a heart sacred to love surely it was the heart of Eleanora. I had caught a trick of being bitter in the past years, but it seemed to slip from me now that I was near her. I was soft as my comrades who could mock about women till we toasted the girls at home, and then they fell dumb.

The first cock had crowed before the ticket was thrust in my hand, and the Yellow Domino over my head and shoulders. But the ball was still at its height. The Court was dancing a minuet. As I found my way through the masks someone plucked at my domino. I looked down to see a little sharp-faced man wearing a cook's cap and white apron.

"Come with me," he said, "I have something worthy of so distinguished a gourmet, you have done me honor tonight, Monsieur."

I knew not if it were a jest or not, but I allowed him to draw me into the supper-room. The place was no such ruin as I had expected. Many servants carried away empty dishes and replenished them with full. I stared like a child. On every side fountains of wine flowed. The tables blazed with lights, and groaned with venisons and boars'-heads, pastries and all manner of delicate meats and birds, disguised in some instances beyond the knowing. There was a peacock with all his feathers on: there was a roast sucking-pig drowned in wine, and the smell of him very savory. There were all manner of puddings; and a fort of quaking jelly with a moat of cream and a drawbridge of barley-sugar drew my eyes to gape at it.

"Fall to, most excellent gentleman, fall to!" said the little man, rubbing his hands and gazing at me with his head to one side, and his sharp, black eyes gloating upon me.

"How long does the Court stay?" I asked.

"Why, it will dance in the dawn," he responded, "perhaps two hours hence the coaches will be called for."

I fell to then, realizing that I was a hungry man, and faith I cleaned the platters with a vengeance, but as fast as I ate other delicacies were laid before me as though by magic. And I drank great draughts of the most excellent wine, which seemed to take the cold from my heart which had lain there so long, indeed, since Eleanora had left it empty.

I held the last goblet to my lips when I felt a hand on my shoulder, and turning round I became suddenly aware that the room was filled with ladies and gentlemen, all very splendidly clad and sparkling with jewels. There was not a mask to be seen unless indeed it was the little cook, who had fallen into the background, and stood

there rubbing his hands in an attitude of great humility.

"Who are you, Master Yellow Domino?" asked he whose hand was on my shoulder, "that wear the mask when the signal has been given to unmask, and who do such great justice to our good things?"

I knew the face well between its falling masses of curls, even if I had not recognised the Le Grand Monarque by the stars and orders with which he glittered magnificently.

I gave the soldier's salute. I did not dare uncover, for there, by the queen, stood Eleanora, all in white and gold tissue, more beautiful, if more sad, than I remembered her.

The king gave me another slap on the shoulder.

"Why, you are the most prodigious fellow," he said, "a grosser feeder even than M. Porthos. Tell us again, good Paul, what he has eaten."

The little cook, whom I now perceived to be no other than the king's cook, then came forward and testified that since ten o'clock I had not been above five minutes absent from the tables.

"Since he was observed, Sire, he has eaten—"

He produced his tablets, and I will say that even for thirty gentlemen of the Irish Regiment, the consumption of food and drink was indeed prodigious. As he went on the king roared with laughter. The queen and her ladies hid their merriment behind their fans, all except Eleanora, who watched me with a strange intentness, as though she had somehow fathomed my disguise. The supper-room was now full to the door, everyone tip-toeing and stretching to catch a sight of the Yellow Domino.

"Come, sir," said the king, "we must see your face. Off with the domino! You are one of the wonders of the world. You shall stay with us and we will see how many cooks it will take to satisfy your hunger."

"Sire," I said, "before I uncover, may I explain to your Most Excellent Majesty how it came that I ate as for thirty."

I saw Eleanora turn pale at the sound of my voice, and the impulse was so strong upon me to take her once more into my arms that I had to turn away my eyes.

"And may I further, before I speak," I went on, "ask your Majesty's royal clemency for myself and my comrades."

"Oh—ho!" said the king, looking a little disappointed, "so you have not eaten all the food yourself?"

"Sire," I said, "no man could do it and live."

"Why, I thought not," he replied, "if you did it, Master Yellow Domino, you would put in the shade all the gentry who swallow swords, and feed on red-hot pokers. Now speak. None shall hurt you or your fellows. What is your name and who are your comrades?"

"If you please, Sire," I replied, "I am Sir Maurice Desmond, a captain in your Majesty's Irish Regiment of Horse, and the Yellow Domino is not only myself, but twenty-nine other gentlemen of the Regiment.

"Oh—ho!" he said, "you were my guard tonight?"

"We were not invited to sup with your Majesty," I said, "so we bought a ticket for the Mask, and a yellow domino. It has served us all."

"And you are satisfied?" he asked politely. "You approve of our cook?"

"We never wish to sup better, Sire."

"Are there any more of you to sup?" he asked, his lips twitching.

"I am the last of thirty, Sire," I said.

"Why, Heaven be praised for that!" he responded, "or else we should have a famine in our kitchen. I envy the gentlemen of the Irish Regiment their appetites."

With that he roared with laughter, as though he thought it the funniest jest in the world, and all the others joined him, so that the supper-room rang with merriment. But I stood with my eyes on the ground, not daring to look at Eleanora's face.

Suddenly the king became serious and looked about him.

"Is there anyone here who knows Sir Maurice Desmond?" he began.

There was a little movement in the crowd, but before anyone else could speak my Eleanora stepped forward.

"Sire," she said, "Sir Maurice Desmond is a most brave and honorable gentleman, who lost his all fighting for King James in Ireland."

Her voice trembled a little, and lifting my eyes to hers I could see that she looked frightened as a fawn, yet brave as a martyr.

"We were dear friends once," she went on, shaking like a reed, "but the fortunes of war separated us. I have never ceased to look for my friend through all these five years past: yet never thought to seek him in your Majesty's Irish Regiment."

"I think, Sir Maurice Desmond," said the king, "that if I were you I would unmask and kiss the lady's hand. I can answer for it that she has been cold to all the rest of the world while she waited for her friend."

Then someone, I know not who, unmasked me, and I stood looking at Eleanora, for if that the king said was true she had never forgotten me. And indeed at that moment I had no thought of anything but her. Then I stepped to her side and took her hand, and being conscious of how silent the supper-room had become, as though we were actors in a stage-play, I lifted my head and looked about me. Then I caught sight of myself in a mirror and saw what a scare-crow I looked, for we had only come home from the wars and had no money to make ourselves fine. The old blue uniform was faded and patched in places. The gold of the epaulettes was tarnished. My face was rough with exposure to wind and weather and across my cheek an old sabre-cut darkened, and stung now as it will at moments of excitement as though it were not an hour old.

And there stood Eleanora, beside me before all the great people, beautiful as a July lily in her white and gold, her head proudly uplifted, her eyes shining.

I lifted her hand to my lips. Then, ere I had time to pray for the king's permission to return to my comrades and my duty, some one spoke; an old man, insignificant save for his eagle eye and the blaze of his stars, who had come to the king's elbow. It was the great Turenne himself, the adored of all soldiers.

"Sire," he said, "I know Sir Maurice Desmond as one of the bravest of my comrades-in-arms. For the action at Ypres I have recommended him for a ribbon and star. Your Majesty's enemies know him also to their sorrow."

"M. de Turenne's recommendations," said the king, "are all-powerful where our army is concerned, and since

there is no time like the present, permit me, Sir Maurice Desmond."

With that he took a gleaming star from his breast and pinned it upon mine.

"The uniform of the Irish Regiment has seen honorable service," he said, smiling at the shabby and discolored coat. "It carries its wounds like yourself my friend, and like M. de Turenne. No matter: the Irish Regiment shall not be forgotten. I am glad—only for the misfortune of my English cousins —to have such soldiers on my side. Now the dance is forming. Will not you lead out the lady whose memory has been so faithful?"

And, so like a man in a dream, I found myself in that splendid chain and garland of ladies and gentlemen, with more eyes upon my shabby uniform than upon the king's brocade. Nor did I care. If I had any room for further felicity than Eleanora gave me there was the star upon my breast, the splendor of which was enough to hide the poverty beneath. But as the day broke rosy and grey in the East I kissed Eleanora's hand and returned to my comrades.

The next day I was called to the king's presence, and about the same time there was left at my lodging a very fine taffeta suit, laced and slashed, a gift from the king, so that when I went to Court Eleanora had no need to be ashamed of me.

"As though I could be," she says, leaning upon my shoulder to see what I have written.

We have built again the Castle of Bunclody, and peace having descended upon the country we dwell there in great peace, and great felicity. And we have a boy who is a fighting man, although but three years old, and carries his father's sword, and for reward of goodness is permitted to handle the king's star. He will be like me, tall and lean and a fighter. He is never tired of hearing of the wars in the Low Countries, and especially of the affairs at Ypres. And sometimes when I am quiet he will climb to my knee and touch my scar with the softest fingers.

As for my comrades they forgave my leaving them; for the king's treasury at last remembered them and they received more louis than they had ever dreamt of. Nor kept the same long be sure. But while it lasted they toasted my bride and my happiness: and the golden girdle they gave her for a wedding gift she holds in the greatest esteem.

THE ROSE.

BY MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.

The rose is the Eve of the paradise, June,
The first-born fair of the summer bowers,
Once tried, she erred, and brought woe soon,
The thorn to all her race of flowers.

OUR TRUE POSITION.

THE BIBLE CANNOT BE THE SOLE RULE OF FAITH.

BY REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL.D.

VII.

I will now prove that the Bible is not, and cannot be the rule of faith, for Christ did not establish, as the means of knowing His doctrine, the publication of the Bible, and the leaving of the same to individuals to interpret as they thought fit:—nor did He constitute each individual a judge of His doctrine. He sent teachers to whom the people were to listen, and from whom and upon whose authority the people were to receive His doctrine. This authority was approved by miracles, which evidenced the sanction of heaven. Nations were converted to the faith and the truth was preserved by the Church of God, and not by the Holy Scriptures. It is only by the recognition of this principle that we can know what Scripture contains the word of God. Destroy this tribunal and we have no certain knowledge that the New Testament contains the doctrines of Jesus Christ, for if we have no infallible tribunal in what concerns faith we have no certainty that the books we receive are inspired, and that those we reject are not God's works. Thus we conclude that we cannot have a certainty of what God has taught without having a witness who will give us with infallible certainty the doctrines God revealed.

In every human society men not only make laws, but, however plain these laws may be, a tribunal from which there is no appeal decides for all the members the proper interpretation of these laws. Although this tribunal is liable to err, yet society causes it to be regarded as infallible; otherwise the law would be useless, if not dangerous. What would be thought of two litigants and their advocates who would come into Court, and each producing his own law book decide in his own favor, when the tribunal had already decided? How long could society hold together in a country where the order of the Court could not be enforced? Yet we all acknowledge that this tribunal might err, though society requires that it should be treated as if infallible. No one goes before such a tribunal merely for advice or instruction, but for an authoritative decision. The Supreme Court of the United States generally publishes the grounds of its decisions, but the judge never asks the parties whether they consider these grounds sufficient. The decision is made by the authority of the Court and not by the admission of the parties. Common sense requires this.

Contests as to the meaning of the passages of the Bible are as numerous as the contests about the meaning of the laws of our United States, and a tribunal is as necessary to give the one with accuracy and certainty as to give the other. If it be important to know that God teaches, it is important that the tribunal appointed to tell us what He teaches should not err. The courts of society may err because

society, from which they derive their power, could not endow them with infallibility; whereas, the tribunal of the Church derives its commission to *teach* from God Himself, whose wisdom directed that this tribunal should give us certainty in all matters pertaining to our faith and morals. This tribunal consists of the Church, viz., the Bishop of Rome and the great majority of Bishops in his communion. These successors of the apostles have always formed this tribunal, and this tribunal has given us the Bible not as a sole rule of faith; for the Church which was prior to the Bible collected the various inspired books of the Bible, sifted them from the productions of men, established a canon of inspiration, and directs her children, the world over, as to the proper interpretation of the Holy Book.

Those who assert that the Bible is plain and easy of interpretation differ from each other and contradict each other as to its meaning. Luther rejects the Epistle of St. James as of no authority, while the church of England receives it as the word of God—Which shall we believe? Calvin gives us the seventh verse of the fifth chapter of the first epistle of St. John. Many sects tell us that it is a forgery, which contradicts the word of God. Which shall we believe? The Roman Catholic Church tells us that Baruch, Tobias, Judith, Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus and the two books of Macabees of the Old Testament contain the word of God, while the church of England and several other sects tell us that they are of no authority. What are we to believe? Luther, Calvin and other followers assert that St. Paul never wrote the Epistle of the Hebrews, and that it does not contain the word of God, while the church of England puts it into her claim. Luther rejected the Epistle of St. Jude, the first of St. Peter, and the second and third of St. John—while Calvin receives the two of St. Peter, the three of St. John and that of Jude. Which are we to follow? Luther rejected the Book of Revelation of St. John, while Calvin is certain that it is the word of God, and so is the church of England. Take away the infallible tribunal of the Church and what are we to believe?

II.

Even as to the plain meaning of many passages in the Bible, there are some bitter contradictions among Protestants. For instance: The Episcopalian says: "It is plain from the Scriptures that God revealed that bishops, priests and deacons are necessary in the church, and that priests have not the same power as bishops have, and that priests cannot ordain a bishop nor ordain another priest."

The Presbyterian says: "It is plain from Scripture that your prelacy is arrogance and impious domination; the word "priest" is Jewish and Heathenish; presbyters and bishops are but two names for the same description of persons, and the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery in Scripture is ordination."

The Methodist says: "It is plain from the Scripture that bishops and presbyters and deacons are distinct orders. It is not true that bishops and presbyters are both the same name for one class of persons—they are different classes; but though the Episcopalian is right in this, he is wrong in asserting that bishops only can ordain. Nay, even presbyters can ordain a bishop; John Wesley was only

a presbyter and he ordained a bishop, and when that bishop was ordained it became his duty to ordain other bishops and presbyters; for there was plain Scripture for the act." All these tell us that there is plain Scripture for baptizing infants, while the Baptists tell us that there is plain Scripture against baptizing infants. The Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist agree that there is plain Scripture for the divinity of Jesus Christ, while the Unitarian alleges that the Scriptures are plainly in condemnation of this error. I might bring before my readers more than two hundred sects instead of five, to show how foolish it is to put into the hands of all persons a book containing a rule of faith, when no two sects can agree upon its most essential doctrines. God therefore never intended the Bible to be the Christian's sole rule of faith, —for a complete guide to Heaven must be within the reach of every inquirer after truth, and it is self-evident that the Scriptures could not at any period of the world's history have been accessible to everyone. Then again, a competent guide should be clear and intelligible to all. This as we have seen is not the case with the Bible. It is full of difficulties and for proof you need only look around you, to behold the *Bable* created by private interpretation. Today, every new-fledged divine, with a superficial education, imagines that he has received a call from heaven to inaugurate a new religion; and like the present reformers he is anxious and ambitious of handing down his fame to posterity by stamping his name on a new sect, and every one of these champions of modern creeds appeals to the unchanging Bible in support of his ever-changing doctrines. A rule of faith must be able to instruct in all the truths necessary to salvation. The Scriptures alone do not contain all the truths which a Christian is bound to believe, nor do they enjoin all the duties which he is obliged to practice. Is not every Christian obliged to sanctify the Sunday, and yet there is no mention of the Sunday as the Lord's day in the Bible. Most Christians pray to the Holy Ghost, a practice which is nowhere found in the Bible. We must therefore conclude that the Scriptures alone cannot be a sufficient rule of faith, because they cannot at any time be within the reach of every inquirer: they being not of themselves clear and intelligible even in matters of the highest importance, and because they do not contain all the truths necessary for salvation.

III.

The Church is not opposed to the reading of the Bible, as many Protestants charge in their un-Christian and uncharitable attacks. For nearly two thousand years the Church has guarded and preserved the Bible from destruction and corruption. For centuries before the invention of printing, her learned sons and daughters were constantly employed in transcribing and translating the Holy Bible. It was translated into every modern language of Europe long before Martin Luther had seen the light of day. No, dear Protestant friends, the Church is not opposed to the reading of the Bible, but as the guardian of faith, it is her duty as well as her right to see that her children are not misled by unsound translations. She encourages in every way possible the proper perusal of the Bible, and it is her great desire, as evi-

denced in the exhortations of popes and bishops, and especially by the timely encyclical of our glorious pontiff, Leo XIII, that the gospel of Jesus Christ may be imprinted on every Christian soul.

It has often been asserted by our separated brethren that the Bible was not known before Luther's time. I cannot better refute this calumny than by quoting from non-Catholic writers—men who were never considered friendly or even just to the Catholic Church. Hallam, in his "Middle Ages," gives this testimony as the result of his study. "In the eighth and ninth centuries when the Vulgate had ceased to be generally intelligible, there is no reason to suspect any intention on the part of the church to deprive the laity of the Scriptures. Translations were freely made into the vernacular languages and perhaps read in the churches . . . Louis the Debonaire is said to have caused a German version of the New Testament to be made.—Otfrid, in the same century, rendered the gospels into German Verse." This work is still extant. Dr. Blunt, a well-known Anglican writer, in his history of the reformation, states the question honestly. He says: "There has been much wild and foolish writing about the scarcity of the Bible in the ages preceding the reformation. It has been taken for granted that the Holy Scripture was almost a sealed book, until it was printed in English by Tyndal and Coverdale, and that the only source of knowledge respecting it before then was the translation made by Wyckliffe. The facts are that all laymen who could read were, as a rule, provided with their Gospels, their Psalter, or other devotional portions of the Bible. Men did in fact take a vast amount of personal trouble with respect to the productions of the Holy Scriptures; and accomplished by head, hand, and heart what is now chiefly done by paid workmen and machinery. The clergy studied the word of God and made it known to the laity; and those among the laity who could read had abundant opportunity of reading the Bible, either in Latin or English, up to the reformation period." Here is an honest statement from one who cannot be accused of special affection for Catholics.

We will hear Dr. Maitland speak of the use of the Bible during the ages of faith. He says: "To come to the question, Did people in the dark ages know anything of the Bible? Certainly it was not as commonly known and as generally in the hands of men as it is now and has been since the invention of printing. The reader must not suspect me of wishing to maintain such an absurd opinion, but I think that there is sufficient evidence that during that period the Scriptures were more accessible to those who could use them —were in fact more used by a greater number of persons than some modern writers would lead us to suppose." Dr. Maitland disposes of the fable about Luther and his discovery of the chained Bible, in this way. He says: "Before Luther was born, the Bible had been printed in Rome and the printers had the assurance to memorialize his Holiness, praying that he would help them out by purchasing some copies. It had been printed, too, at Naples, Florence, and Piacenza; and Venice alone had furnished eleven editions. No doubt one should be within the truth if we were to say that beside the multitude of manuscript copies, not yet fallen into disuse, the

press had issued different editions of the whole Latin Bible, to say nothing of Psalters, New Testaments, or other parts. And yet more than twenty years after, we find a young man who had received 'a liberal education,' who had evinced great proficiency in studies at Maycleburg, Eisenach and Erfurt, and who nevertheless did not know what a *Bible was,* simply because the Bible was unknown to those days." This refers to the absurd story as told by D'Anbegue of Luther discovering a Bible for the first time, when he was twenty years old.

There were twenty-two versions, or different translations of the Bible in the various languages of Europe before Luther was born. Over one hundred editions of the entire Bible were printed in the vernacular tongues during the time intervening from 1460 to 1530. These were independent of the many editions printed with the Latin text. In Germany it was printed twenty-five times before Luther's translation, which appeared in 1530. Two copies of a German Bible printed in 1466 are preserved in the University Library at Leipsic. The Mazarin Bible is considered the earliest complete book published. It bears the date 1455 and was printed in Latin. A German edition of the Bible published in 1460 is the earliest book printed with metal type and on both sides of the leaf. The Rev. Dr. Maitland estimates "that at least fifty Latin editions of the Bible were published before Luther was born. To say nothing of parts of the Bible or of books whose place is uncertain, we know of at least twenty editions of the whole Latin Bible printed in Germany alone, before Luther was born."

Sickendorf, a biographer and disciple of Luther, mentions three German editions of the Bible published at Wittenburg in 1470, 1483, and 1490. Menzel in his history of Germany says: "Before the time of Luther, the Bible had already been translated and printed in both High and Low Dutch."

Throughout the so-called dark ages, the Bible was the popular book of Europe. The very literature of the time is written in the language of the Holy Scriptures. Fragments of Bishop Uphilas' Scriptural translation written in the fourth century are the oldest specimens we have of the Gothic tongue. St. Bede and King Alfred both contributed Anglo-Saxon translations of parts of the Bible. In the 14th century, John de Tarvisa made a full English translation. Bishop Usher, a Protestant biblical scholar, states that the first French translation of the Bible was made in 1478. It was republished successfully twenty-five times before 1550. A Flemish edition by Merland in 1211 is also mentioned by Usher. No less than ten editions in this version were printed before Luther's edition appeared. The complete Bible in Spanish was edited by Boniface Ferrer in 1405. The first polyglot edition of the sacred Scriptures was printed at Madrid, 1515, in six different languages, under the auspices of Cardinal Ximenes. Italian translations of the Bible were common during the Middle Ages, and numerous editions were printed at Rome, Florence, Venice, Naples, prior to Luther's time. A Bohemian Bible was published at Prague in 1488. Denmark, Norway and Sweden had complete translations of the Bible in the 13th century. Here in our own country, in Mexico, the Bible was published in the vernacular,

nearly two hundred years before it was published in Puritan New England.

IV.

One of the greatest books ever written is the Imitation of Christ, by Thomas à Kempis, published about the year 1425. We find in its inimitable pages the best evidence of the attitude and practice of the Church in regard to Bible reading, in these much maligned ages of faith. This holy monk of the Archdiocese of Cologne made for himself a manuscript copy of the Bible. Like Bede he found great pleasure in reading and teaching and writing and transcribing what he found best in sacred and profane literature. In the first book of the Imitation, he gives some useful directions for the reading of the Holy Scriptures in his day. He says: "All Holy Scripture should be read in the spirit in which it was written. Our curiosity is often a hindrance to us in reading the Scriptures when we wish to understand and discuss, where we ought to pass on in simplicity. . . . If thou wilt derive profit, read with humility, with simplicity, with faith, and never wish to have a name for learning."

In the 11th chapter of the fourth book he says: "I shall have for my consolation, a mirror of life, The Holy Bible, and, above all, Thy most Holy Body, my especial remedy and refuge. . . . Whilst detained in the prison of this body, I acknowledge that I need two things, food and light. Thou hast therefore given to me, weak as I am, Thy sacred Body for the nourishment of my soul and body, and Thou hast set Thy word as a light to my feet. Without these two I could not live; for the word of God is the light of the soul and Thy sacrament is the bread of life. These also may be called the two tables set on either side of the store-house of Thy holy Church."

The mediæval mind, as here laid bare, does not seem to raise any question as to whether the Bible was a difficult book to procure. Such matters are not even contemplated as possible issues; on the contrary, the excellence of Scripture reading and its necessity as the "light of the soul" are dwelt upon. We should also remember that this manual of Thomas à Kempis came at once into the hands of the laity as well as of the clergy, for it was translated into every language of Europe immediately after its first publication.

I will close this essay with a quotation from the writings of the Rev. James Balmes, that profound Spanish scholar and learned divine, whose fearless love of truth has endeared him to all thoughtful men,—regardless of creed. In the sixth chapter of his European Civilization, in which he proves that the Bible without note or comment was not intended to be read by rude and ignorant men, he says: "Here is a book which comprises, within a limited compass, the period of four thousand years, and advances further towards the most distant future, by embracing the origin and destiny of man and the universe—a book which, with the continued history of a chosen people, intermingles, in its narrations and prophecies, the revolutions of mighty empires—a book which, side by side with the magnificent pictures of the power and splendor of Eastern monarchs, describes, in simple colors, the plain domestic manners, the virtues, and innocence of a young nation—a book in which historians relate, sages proclaim their maxims of wisdom,

apostles preach, and doctors instruct —a book in which prophets, under the influence of the Divine Spirit, thunder against the errors and corruptions of the people, and announce the vengeance of the God of Sinai, or pour forth inconsolable lamentations on the captivity of their brethren, and the desolation and solitude of their country; where they relate, in wonderful and sublime language, the magnificent spectacles which are presented to their eyes; where, in moments of ecstasy, they see pass before them the events of society and the catastrophes of nature, although veiled in mysterious figures and visions of obscurity—a book, or rather a collection of books, where are to be found all sorts of styles and all varieties of narrative, epic majesty, pastoral simplicity, lyric fire, serious instruction, grave historical narrative, and lively and rapid dramatic action; a collection of books, in fine, written at various times and in various languages, in various countries, under the most peculiar and extraordinary circumstances. Must not all this confuse the heads of men, who, puffed up with their own conceit, grope through these pages in the dark, ignorant of climates, times, laws, customs, and manners? They will be puzzled by allusions, surprised by images, deceived by expressions; they will hear the Greek and Hebrew, which was written in those remote ages, now spoken in a modern idiom. What effects must all these circumstances produce on the minds of readers who believe that the Bible is an easy book, to be understood without difficulty by all? Persuaded that they do not require the instructions of others, they must either settle all these difficulties by their own reflections, or trust to that individual inspiration which they believe will not be wanting to explain to them the loftiest mysteries. Who, after this, can be astonished that Protestantism has produced so many absurd visionaries and furious fanatics?" Thus the early reformers, led away in their opposition to the Old Church, proclaimed the right of private judgment in interpreting the Scriptures, and in their eagerness to emancipate themselves from the authority of the Pope, they proclaimed this right without explanation or restriction; and the consequences were fearful. The private judgment of Muncer and his followers led them to extirpate by fire and sword, 'the impious Catholic nobles and church dignitaries,' and possess themselves of their properties. Private judgment made the discovery in the Bible that established laws were a permanent restriction on Christian liberty, and behold John of Leydon places himself at the head of a mob of fanatics, seizes the town of Munster, proclaims himself King of Sion, and takes fourteen wives at a time, asserting that polygamy is Christian liberty and the privilege of the saints. This criminal madness spread into all countries afflicted with the reform movement. In England we have a whole swarm of fanatics, from the fierce ravings of Fox to the more methodical madness of Barclay—from the formidable fanaticism of Cromwell to the silly profanity of "Praise God, Barebones." Piety, reason, and good sense seemed to have taken flight from earth, to be succeeded by an extravagant jargon—a religious frenzy, and a blind zeal. All quoted Scripture—all pretended to have inspirations, visions and spiritual ecstasies. Spiritual and temporal

rulers were considered inconsistent with the reign of the Redeemer, and were to be abolished. Universities and all institutions of learning were looked upon as anti-Christian. Science was condemned as a pagan invention. The greatest atrocities were justified by the Scripture. These facts have clearly proven to the world that the Bible without note or comment was not intended to be read by rude and ignorant men."

"FROM MY SEA WINDOW."

TWO ENGLISH PICTURES.

BY F. M. CAPES.

PICTURE I.

What do I see? First, no land; one would think the whole world a waste of sea and sky.

It is past four o'clock on a winter's afternoon. The water stretches in front and on either side, calm as a lake; from blue, it has gradually become pearl-grey, and the horizon-line has grown fainter and fainter till it is barely discernible:—only the sky is of a somewhat less uniform pearliness than the water—a band of soft, faintly opal cloud making a delicate border to the sea-line, and fading off into the slightly bluer tint above it as the gloaming comes on.

Presently, as the unseen sun is setting, the faintest blush of pink spreads along the lower sky over the pearly waters; and then, out of the cloud-bank to my left, the moon appears—round and full: faint at first, veiled by a light mist; then warm and yellow—a magic color, inconceivable if one had not beheld it. By degrees—oh, joy!—her reflection begins to show. First, a faint glow on the waters near the shore's edge; then a gradual widening and brightening strip of light; till—as she herself sails higher, whitens, and brightens—it becomes a radiant path, reaching and broadening into a lake of light on the horizon.

One tiny vessel alone—a fishing-craft—lies on the still deep. It is in the very path of the light, and its single sail shines white in the rays. Gradually all color fades, even from the opal cloud-bank, and there is nothing left but the darkening space between the climbing moon and her reflection to mark any difference between sky and sea.

* * * * *

But sounds below my window remind me of earth! The fishermen are dragging their boats over the shingle down to the surf-lapped margin:—for these are good fishing times, and they are preparing to launch out for a night's "take." By and by the calm, dark waters will be dotted all over with twinkling lights—the only sign to be seen from land of the men who are passing their night on the waves, under the silent heavens.

PICTURE II.

Two straight bands meeting:—the one in front of dead white, that behind it of heavy dark lead color:—the first,

the snow-covered beach; the second, the heaving sea:—heaving, but not tossing:—the waves breaking with an incessant dull roar, in almost unbroken evenness against the snow, as far as eye can reach both ways.

Beyond, a semi-circular curtain of soft grey fog, dropped so as to rest on the water, hides the horizon and seems to make sea and sky one.

Where the white and leaden bands meet, some crows—fit birds for the scene — hover, flap-flapping their wings, as they dip to the surf, or flit back against the mist as they rise and fly off. They have come down for what they can get, from snow-covered meadows and wooded walks a little way inland.

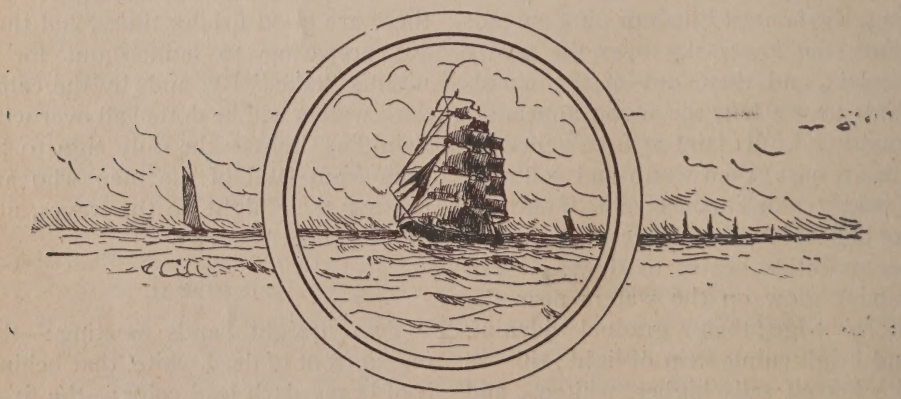
* * * * *

By-and-by the fog-curtain lifts; the lead-colored billows have taken on a slight tinge of green, and white crests appear here and there on their surface. A dull indigo band now marks the horizon and divides the heavens from the wintry waters—a faint yellowish light, just above it, melting off into the monotonous pale-grey clouds that overhang the waves. Not a speck is visible on the watery waste; on shore the snow-band is melting, and soon the beach will be white with the breaking foam only, as the in-coming tide brings it right up to the low sea-wall. Two cloak-wrapped figures pace the lonely esplanade for a time. They have brought two dogs, who—unmoved by any aspect of nature—gambol in the snow and toss it about, making a spot of life and movement amid the general dreariness; but soon their owners call them to heel, and turn away townwards.

* * * * *

For a minute or two a sun-gleam crosses the scene, and visions of coming color and brightness arise. But it goes as suddenly as it came! Like the pacers of the shore just now, I have had enough; I am weary of greyness. I leave my sea-window and turn to the inner warmth of the room.

A fire, with an arm-chair and a book near it, is the pleasantest sight for the rest of to-day!



THE PHILIPPINE SCHOOL SCANDAL.

BY RICHARD HOWLEY.

A brazen banditti of ignorant and bigoted teachers and preachers have been trundled on the quays of Manila and are being scattered through the land. The children of the soil are coerced or cajoled into attending their "Cathedra pestilentis," their pestilent pulpits. They have actually to pay to the tune of millions for having their religion reviled. They are compelled to set a premium upon their own debasement and apostacy. It is from the Philippine coffers the money comes to pay double wages to the robbers who rifle them at once of their substance and their souls.

The open insolence of the Philippine educational system, under the leadership of Rev. F. W. Atkinson, has never been rivalled in the annals of proselytism. It is described in a letter from an American traveling in the Philippines to a Catholic prelate in this country. No wonder he calls the infamy "heart breaking" and that he "protests in God's name and the name of justice against this outrage." We quote just a passage or two from this letter to emphasize our position and justify Catholic feeling on the question.

> There are only two Catholic teachers (ladies) in this city (Manila) and seventy Protestants to teach Catholic children and to supervise the education of Catholic youth. It is not enough to offer as an inducement a double salary to native teachers who apostatize and attend Protestant Sunday schools (double the salary that is given the native teachers who remain true to the Catholic faith) but they give the choice of positions to these apostates in the provinces. The bigoted Protestant division superintendents and city superintendents have done this and are doing it all over the archipelago today, in order to make the native teachers tools in proselytizing the children. Every student that has attended the normal school thus far has left the Catholic Church, and all of them are now employed as Protestant Sunday school teachers in order to gain and maintain favor with the American superintendents, who are running the educational affairs here, directly with a view towards proselytizing the natives, in spite of the 10,000,000 American Catholics in the United States, who do not seem to care whether these conditions exist or not.
>
> God will hold us responsible for the souls of these millions and the children yet unborn that will be lost to the true faith through the indifference of American Catholics, some of whom have sufficient power if used to prevent this outrage against our beloved Mother Church.

There is much more to the same purpose in this letter which has been largely circulated in the Catholic press and has produced a sad impression on the Catholic mind. It is to be regretted, however, that its author saw fit to withhold his name from the public, though submitting it 'in confidence" to the aforesaid Catholic prelate who confides it also to the editor of the Catholic Citizen, Milwaukee, in which paper the letter appears. So well-informed and zealous a personage, writing on the spot, should not court concealment. Should his statements become traversed no "confidence" can be considered binding. Meantime no doubt can exist of the accuracy and veracity of which prelate and editor are virtual vouchers.

These are but a few items of facts now being perpetrated in the Philippines under our new American rule of fake, fraud, and ferocity.

But now; what are we Catholics of America doing all this time? We are waiting? "Never do today what can be done tomorrow!" We are feeling our way. "Festina lente" in the good old Latin style! We are watching the current of events—until the tide runs out—to flow no more in our direction perhaps. It is safer anyhow to be stranded within when the waves run high outside the bar. We are deliberating. "Never act without thinking," even when your coat is afire. We are greasing and varnishing the creaky hinges and wheels of diplomacy so that our door may open softly and our machine glide smoothly toward the troubled scene.

Commissioners and delegates ecclesiastical have no doubt been sent to Manila and have returned. But the public knows nothing of what they have effected, tried to effect, or failed to effect. No official appeal, that the public knows of, has been made against the atrocious Philippine school system to our President or Congress. His Holiness lately declared that Catholic America was his hope and comfort. Our Catholics he pronounced (to the Brooklyn Pilgrims) to be "amongst the best children of the Church." But that same American Church seems to have no practical influence whatever on the ruling element in this country.

But a few weeks ago (April 30) Bishop Lawrence sent to President Roosevelt the following address and resolution of the convention of the Protestant Episcopal church in the diocese of Massachusetts, condemning the cruelties practised by our army against the Filipinos.

Within the last few weeks there have been made by responsible men, by soldiers and officials of the government, statements of cruel and barbarous treatment of the natives by our soldiers acting under orders of superior officers; of methods of warfare which are condemned by civilized nations and are contrary to the regulations of our army, such as have confirmed some of our worst fears and sent a shock of horror throughout the land.

It behooves the church to speak, and in the name of the Master and of humanity to utter her solemn protest. This, in behalf of the diocese, I now do. Against the background of splendid work that is being done by our government for the education and uplifting of the Filipinos, these deeds take on a blacker hue. Great as may have been the provocation in some instances, hard as were the conditions, treacherous as may have been the enemy, this people, we believe, will not countenance cruel or barbarous modes of warfare with even an inferior people. Were we to do so, the worst punishment would fall upon ourselves in hardened natures and pitiless tempers. Condemned as such acts are by the people, I sincerely believe that they are even more keenly regretted and condemned by the rank and file of our army. For not only is the country's honor at stake, but their honor as soldiers is in jeopardy.

Resolved, That the portion of the address of the bishop which refers to charges of cruelty toward the Filipinos be adopted as the expression of the sentiment of this convention.

Resolved, That the bishop be requested to send a copy of that portion of his address, together with a copy of these resolutions, to the President.

Almost immediately (May 3) the Protestant bishop received this noble response and assurance from the President. It is one that does honor to Mr. Roosevelt as a Christian man and Christian governor:

"White House,
"Washington, May 9, 1902.

"Personal,

"My Dear Bishop Lawrence: I have received your letter and the resolutions of the convention of the Protestant Episcopal church in the diocese of Massachusetts. Permit me to thank you and through you the convention for what has been done by you. I hope it is unnecessary to say that no one in the country can be more anxious than I am—save, perhaps, Secre-

tary Root—to discover and punish every instance of barbarity by our troops in the Philippines. In reference to these cruelties I agree with every word in your address. No provocation, however great, can be accepted as an excuse for misuse of the necessary severity of war, and, above all, not for torture of any kind or shape.

"Long before any statements had been made public, and before any action had been taken by Congress, the war department had ordered a rigid investigation of certain of the charges, including the charges of Maj. Gardner, the orders of investigation as regards these particular charges having gone out over three months ago. The investigation will be of the most thorough and sweeping character, and, if necessary, will be made by the civil as well as by the military representatives of the government in the islands. I have directed that the courts-martial be held under conditions which will give me the right of review.

"Very sincerely yours,
"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

It would seem only right and proper that the Catholic Church here, through its highest representatives, should have been the first to appeal against the cruelties inflicted on the bodies of native Filipinos. But there has been no such official appeal. Why was there not at least an appeal from our Church against the more intolerable spiritual cruelty perpetrated upon their souls? This, surely, was within the duty and province of our Church. Is it not therefore true, that, while the Supreme Pontiff builds up such hopes on the young American Church and while he and the bishops here are complimenting each other in the press, on the occasion of his Jubilee, on the power and progress of the same Church, she really has no power and makes no progress in staying a national crime; or, what is worse, does not exercise her influence if she possees it? In poor little Ireland, with her decimated population, a band of true men can be found to harry the government into the ways of justice and humanity.

They are the willing and effective spokesmen and henchmen of the Church, both of England and Ireland, in all religious and educational matters. Even in Canada the Catholic bishops and clergy and people can and do see to it that their religious interests be considered and their just rights be conceded. But here in this luxuriant portion of the vineyard of the Lord the Church seems to have no voice to speak her mind, no hand to shape the course of events that most concern her.

The Catholic press is doing its best and acting nobly. But the time for merely proving and denouncing wrongs is past and done with. The very idea of right and wrong is viewed and treated by our opponents as a puerile fancy. It is peculiar to Anglo-Saxonism (of which the Americanism is the final expression and the most daring development) that it knows of no right or wrong where there is question of attaining any coveted object, "Let him take who hath the power, let him keep who can." The words "right" and "wrong" remain in the dictionary of the language. That is all. So it is wasting time to keep proving to those people that they are wrong, that we are right. They are indeed rather proud of the position we thus assign them. It is a proof of smartness and of general ability to succeed in doing just what one chooses in defiance of the eternal law of truth and justice. "Act, act, in the living present," no matter how you act or against whose rights and feelings you act. That is the motto of the day and the race. This is the age of accomplished facts. The foes of our religion know no other standard of right

and wrong, but accomplished facts. They are past masters and manipulators of such facts. They harness them to their chariot and ride us down and crush us out of all shape while we are praying, expostulating and arguing about archaic notions of right and wrong. This is what they are doing in the Philippines. It is what they have already done and will continue to do everywhere. And it is the whole Catholic people (not "The Church" in the narrow sense often given the word by the pulpit panegyrist) that must step in, as it often did before in trying times, to meet the foe with his own weapons, take him by his rampant forelock and hurl him from his place of vantage.

This is not the place or I could accumulate instances from story of how the people stretched forth their hand in dangerous crises, without waiting for orders—and so saved the religious situation. It was because they did not do this, but did wait for orders that came not, that schism was at length triumphant over so large a part of the globe. Its "civilizing" results we behold in Anglo-Saxonism, especially in America—which transfers them now, with a vengeance, to the Philippine Islands.

That a saving impulse may well originate from the people in dangerous crises to religion is reasonable, and is ofttimes in the true order of Providence. We are all bound together in one great "Congregation," of which the two parts, the teaching Church and the taught Church, the pastor and the flock, act and re-act on each other. The people doubt not that those above them are duly considering and wisely ordering for the due fulfilment of the charge that Providence has newly laid upon them and of which a dread account will be demanded. But they see no evidence of any practical issue of such deliberations at all commensurate with the crying needs of the occasion. Moreover the Catholic people, deeply attached as they are to the principle of order and obedience of authority, are not to be considered merely as an enlarged confraternity or novitiate. Having the instructed instinct of deep danger to a portion of the Church they have also the right and the duty to utter a note of alarm. They expect that a move en masse shall be made by the Catholic body in these United States, for the saving of our co-religionists in the far-off East. They expect that all the forces and resources we possess shall be employed to this end.

Let us hope that a strong effort will at least be made to save our brown brothers. Amiable, intelligent, and religious, they are admitted to be. Even Protestant writers resident among those mingled Spanish and Indian races are fain to admit that Protestant America has no civilization, certainly no religion to bestow on them, that could improve their minds, manners, or morals. On this point I shall here quote first a portion of a letter from Mexico, in a recent issue of the Boston Herald. It is from Mr. F. R. Guernsey, a Protestant resident of Mexico, and a man of high culture and literary power. The influences and training that have produced the happy fruit in Mexico witnessed by Mr. Guernsey are the very same, working on the same mingled Latin-Indian material, that have moulded the social and religious

(Continued on page 598.)

THE LATE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN, D.D.

Most Rev. Michael Augustine Corrigan, D.D., Archbishop of New York, died May 5th, in the archiepiscopal residence on Madison avenue. The career of this prelate is without a parallel in the history of the Catholic Church in this country. At twenty-five years of age he was a doctor of divinity, and at the age of forty-six he became archbishop of the greatest Catholic archdiocese in America. At his birth in Newark, N. J., on August 13th, 1840, he was under the spiritual jurisdiction of the Archbishopric of New York. His first years of academic training were spent at St. Mary's College, Wilmington, after which he passed to Mt. St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, graduating thence with high honors in 1859. The same year he entered the American College, Rome. Standing out in bold relief as the "bambino," the photograph of the original group shows his smiling face among such well-known ecclesiastical figures as Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco, Mgr. Seton of New Jersey, Dr. Edward McGlynn and Dr. Reuben Parsons of New York.

From a recent issue of the Boston Transcript we quote the following interesting description of the opening of this college, and of the student days of Michael Augustine Corrigan, one of its first alumni:

"I was there at the opening of the house and at the advent of the man, a student myself, so I know whereof I speak.

Pius IX. was pope at that time (1859). His manly form and handsome beaming front were often seen in the open Piazza, and on the fashionable promenade of the Pincis. Those were the days of purely papal Rome, the only Rome, along with old pagan Rome, worth seeing or studying. Pius was fond of leaving his carriage in some broad public place and walking about —a kingly form—among the people. He was also "great" with the college boys and a generous founder and patron of colleges. The American College was his idea and his foundation, as also the flourishing South American College for the education of Spanish-Americans. In 1859 the North American College was opened in a convent in the via dell' Umilta, bought for the purpose from a sisterhood removed to new quarters. There was, and is, a very beautiful chapel attached to the establishment, which has a public portal and can accommodate a limited congregation besides the students in the sanctuary. A short time before its new occupation, Pope Pius came himself to Propaganda and marched at the head of the students (of all nations as well as Americans) to the new college, but a short distance away. But this was only a visit of inspection. Afterwards the new American College was solemnly opened and the students inspected by Cardinal Barnabo, prefect of Propaganda, who delivered a splendid address on liberty—its true meaning and priceless value. For some time before this a bevy of young Americans, firstcomers on the new scene, had arrived in Rome, and among them was young Corrigan. They were housed in Propaganda College while awaiting the opening of their own, and thus I made Corrigan's acquaintance. At that time I had half completed my college course of six years in Propaganda. Dr. McGlynn, Dr. Burtsell, Bishop Moore, Dr. McSweeney and other Americans, well on in their course, also remained in Propaganda to the end and were not transferred to the American College. Afterwards, however, at the completion of his course, Dr. McGlynn was sent to the new college as vice rector under Dr. McCluskey (now bishop of Louisville, Ky.) as first rector of the institution. It was impossible not to single out Mr. Corrigan among the twelve American students who first came to the college and were lodged for some months in Propaganda. He was in his first youth, not more than sixteen, I should think, and he looked even younger than that except for the ripeness of thought that showed through his face. He was, and remained, small in stature and wore habitually a sweet—I had almost said a demure—expression. From first to last (and it was the same when he became president of a college and bishop of a see in America) he was gentle, unassuming, courteous, re-

served. He had no variations of mood. He was a hard working and profoundly pious youth. Indeed, for this latter quality he was more remarkable (if that be remarkable which in him presented no shadow of display) than for his highly respectable attainments as a scholar. I had but one year's experience of him in class, though seeing him every day, because I began my last year in theology when he began his first.

But some branches were common to the whole theological course, and for that year we were classmates. Mr. Corrigan always answered simply, briefly and to the point. But for ease and elegance in expressing, largeness and light in expounding a theme he was not the equal, for instance, of Dr. McGlynn or of some others who were then and since students of the American College. But "non omnibus licet adire Olympum." It is my experience that the very brilliant student, carrying off prizes by legerdemain, as it were, often does this not alone at the expense of more solid and useful qualities during his student life, but to the very exhaustion of the faculties in which he excelled in his college days and the failure in after life of the prestige he had too early acquired. At the end of his course Mr. Corrigan was called to examination for his degree of doctor of divinity. This alone is ample testimony of strict application and solid attainment. For, be it known (especially to those who, being themselves untitled and longing for the unattainable, affect to scout the Roman degree), that in the Propaganda no man can obtain it by simply wishing for it or proposing himself for it, or even working might and main for it. He must be called to it, as Aaron was called to the levitical honor. At the end of his course, his professors, all of them, consider the sum of his attainments and his sustained position in his classes for all the years of his course, and thus decide whether or not he is fit to be called to examination for his degree. The student himself has no initiative in the matter. Were he to propose himself, out of his own estimate of himself—a thing unheard of—his hope of distinction would be blasted in the bud. The professors name their elect to the rector, and the rector usually permits—sometimes, for reasons of his own, does not—that the young man go up for examination. Some years there are four or five, rarely none at all, called to the degree. In my own last year, there were but two, one from the Greek College and one from Propaganda. At times, for some occult reason, the very cleverest men of the year—men head and shoulders above their fellows—are not admitted to take the degree. Thus able men may miss the distinction, either because not chosen by the professors or because not endowed with nerve to stand the examination. But no man can win it who has not given good proof of himself, not only at the final ordeal, but, much more, during his previous long course of study. The degree, however, is not conferred on account of the store of learning the student may have amassed. The newly fledged doctor has just reached the position of a capable student. "Now," said an eminent examiner to one aspirant in Rome, who had run the gauntlet of fourteen examiners and received all their votes—"now, young man, you just know how to study!"

I frequently met Dr. Corrigan in after days when he was president of a college, and bishop and archbishop. I observed no change in him, even physically, from what he had been as a student in Rome. A little fuller, perhaps, in form, but there was the same gentle demeanor, the same abiding, benignant smile, the same almost boyish presence. There is nothing more mighty to change a man than the mitre. In Archbishop Corrigan's case the mitre was, in this respect, a failure."

Mr. Corrigan was ordained by Cardinal Patrizi on September 19, 1863, and returned a year later to his diocese, having gained the doctor's degree as a fitting finale to his theological course of painstaking study. His unquestioned ability was soon recognized, and in 1864, Dr. Corrigan was called to fill the chair of Dogmatic Theology and Sacred Scripture in the diocesan seminary at Seton Hall, South Orange, over which presided the present vetern Bishop of Rochester, Right Reverend Bernard McQuaid, D.D. On the appointment of that prelate in 1868 to the above See, Dr. Corrigan took up the Presidency of Seton Hall and with able and progressive spirit guided its destinies until 1876, placing both seminary and college on a footing equal

to any of its sister diocesan institutions of the country.

When the Most Rev. James Roosevelt Bayley, D. D., was promoted to the Archiepiscopal See of Baltimore, Dr. Corrigan was appointed his successor, by Pius IX, on March 3, and was consecrated Bishop of Newark, May 4, 1873, by Cardinal, then Archbishop, McCloskey, less than ten years from the date of his ordination to the priesthood, a fact sufficient in itself as strong testimony of his sterling worth and deserts as an ecclesiastic. Further regard was shown him by the Holy See when he was preconized titular Archbishop of Petra, on September 26, 1880, and appointed coadjutor to the Cardinal Archbishop of New York, with the right of succession. The five intervening years between his appointment and the death of His Eminence, gave ample time to the coadjutor to survey the archdiocese, and when on October 10, 1885, he took possession of his new charge, it was not as a stranger in a strange land, but as a well-equipped official, who grasped the reins of power and knew well his opportunities and possibilities. Seven years, passed in the administration of the diocese of Newark, had marked His Grace as an easy wearer of the purple, for he placed himself in that saving category wherein, as St. Paul advised Timothy, he "Let no man despise his youth." Though youthful in years, the Episcopate seemed to have been his rightful heritage, wherein he proved a shining "example of the faithful in word, in conversation, in charity, in faith, and in that prudence and modesty," that behooveth a bishop, and which well enabled him then, "to rule his own house" without the unsolicited advice of meddling interferers. In practising these virtues of a bishop after the Apostle's heart, one can readily see how His Grace rapidly grew in satisfaction to the public view and became, in due time, one of the foremost in the Hierarchy of the United States.

The traits which enabled him to administer the Diocese of Newark with such enduring credit soon were shown conspicuously, when he succeeded to the Archbishopric of New York. He had, it is fair to say, but to follow out the lines so deeply and so wisely traced by his distinguished predecessors, but that following was characterized by such soundness of judgment, alert action and shrewd foresight that it passed beyond the merely imitative, and took on a boldness of original design and execution peculiarly its own. Ruling a diocese unsurpassed in this country, and in some respects in the world, for its numbers, variety of peoples, social needs, charities, educational efforts, and financial interests, he grew from year to year, reaping not only an immense harvest of souls, but also assimilating them into a united flock without undue friction or strained endeavor. Several momentous occasions have proven that possibly there is no diocese in the country, where prelate, priests and people were, as a whole, so fraternally of "one mind and one heart" or so jealous of their diocesan standing as New York. Strict deference to order, method, and detail was the secret of the Archbishop's administrative success.

When one considers that there are, besides the diocesan clergy, sixteen male and thirty-seven female religious orders holding place in the archdiocese, each one with a different interest and care; that there are three hundred and

ninety-nine churches, chapels and stations; three hundred and sixty colleges, academies and parochial schools; forty-five homes, almhouses, hospitals and missions, the burden imposed upon His Grace may begin to be weighed.

The most telling encomium the writer ever heard passed on the Archbishop came from a layman who had sought His Grace on a personal matter, but only after persistent pleading on the part of his clerical adviser. This one, who was a labor agitator, had come to consider the Archbishop in no enviable way, but after their interview, remarked that he had maligned his benefactor, as many others of his ilk, who knew not whereof they spoke. "I thought I was going to meet a Tartar," he said, "but that man is as gentle as a woman."

During the memorable controversy which took place some years ago, there was one man—a careful observer has said—who though "attacked with a virulence unparalleled in the history of America, bore the whole storm of shameless lying, frenzied abuse, vulgar personalities with a calmness, patience, dignity and self-restraint that made him the most admired man in America. His triumph has been the greater by reason of his resigned submission." It was during this period of hysterical nothings, that he made his famous confession of faith in St. Patrick's Cathedral in presence of the Apostolic Delegate, not as an act of enjoined obedience, but as a public document in the face of purblind detraction and calumny.

No one who has followed the career of His Grace with even casual glance, could ever say otherwise than that he was a thorough churchman, insistent to a fault in upholding the rights of the Church, a hater of pretense and sham, and weighing all things only in that balance which counts for the rights of God prior to the ofttimes exaggerated rights of man. He was accused of racial subserviency, yet none strove with firmer foot to crush out any trend that seemed to lend to the undue prominence of any nationality, as against the true spirit of the land of its adoption. It was this hand of iron under the soft glove of gentle forbearance, that so often surprised his most ardent friends, as well as those who would step beyond their legitimate place and development in the clerical field. That punctilious care which characterized his youth in the fulfilment of daily duty never lessened. It accounted for his almost scrupulous regard for synodal and ritual observances, as well as for all those special functions that go to make up a well-ordered diocese.

His private life was a pattern for all, young and old. Simple in tastes, manly in piety, regular in habit, his was a priestly routine that mingled neatly the seminaristic spirit with temporal affairs. If at any time he yielded to public show, it was in the grand Cathedral, which has been crowned during his time with lofty spire and equipped with sweet-toned chimes and gorgeous vestments, and where he was unequalled in the exposition of that majestic ritual which, when rightly done, is the charm of Mother Church, and the outward expression of her inward beauty. The sound financial condition of the diocese, the projection of new institutions and their happy completion, give ample evidence of his far-sighted policy and success as an administrator. Commensurate with the growth of the metropolis, he was the first on hand to

ORIGINAL STUDENTS, AMERICAN COLLEGE, ROME.

Rev. Reuben Parsons, D.D., Yonkers, N. Y., kindly loaned us the photograph from which this plate was made, and also supplied the names.

Those in the top line, beginning at the left, are: Cassidy, San Francisco, dead; Parsons, N. Y.; Gibney, San Francisco, dead: Corrigan, Abp., dead; Northrop, Claudian, Charleston, dead; Clifford, Chicago, dead; Poole, N. Y.; Seton, Mgr., Newark, retired to Rome.

Those in the lower line, beginning at the left, are: Zingsheim, Alton, dead; O'Neil, Albany, dead; McGlynn, N.Y., dead; Meriwether, Charleston, now S. J.; Riordan, Chicago, now Abp. of San Francisco.

lay new foundations and to keep his faithful flock well-pastured in newly-settled districts.

East, West, North and South, His Grace was the recognized champion of Catholic education. During his rule the Boland Trade School, the new wing of the Female Orphan Asylum and the Convent of the Perpetual Adoration, all monuments of their kind, were erected under his personal inspection, while above and beyond all in importance, architectural grandeur and future worth, the new St. Joseph's Seminary at Dunwoodie will stand as his crowning work, testifying forever to his untiring zeal, brilliant enterprise and personal generosity. To undertake and bring to completion in such a short time, and with an outlay of very nearly, if not quite, a million dollars, this gigantic undertaking could be the work of no ordinary builder. If no other work remained as an expression of the loyalty of his people to the prudent designs of their venerated Archbishop, this seminary would more than suffice as a testimony of the successful policy of his administration. Here is also evidenced an example of the prelate's large-heartedness, which as Dame Rumor has it, ever seeks to keep from the left hand the knowledge of what his right hand doeth. The gorgeous Chapel, which has alone cost $100,000, was the individual gift

THE LATE MOST REV. M. A. CORRIGAN, D.D.

OSTON
UBLIC
BRARY

of the Archbishop's munificence, and here, in this artistic gem the architects have created "a most worthy, harmonious and devotional crowning point" of this marvelous structure, which to the Archbishop was "the apple of his eye and the jewel of his diocese."

Both Church and State have sustained a severe loss in the death of this illustrious son,

"this pompous world has need
Of high inspiring word and God-like deed
Of men who lift themselves above the clay
And yearn to show their fellow-men the way.
Of men whose spotless souls are all aflame
To teach the sweetness of the saving Name;
Whose words and works, though like their Lord assailed,
Prove that the gates of hell have not prevailed."

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF PORT ROYAL, SHOWING FROM THE NAVAL DOCKYARD "TERRACE" OR OFFICIAL RESIDENCES IN DOCKYARD, THE TOWN, R. N. HOSPITAL, GARRISON, HARBOR, GUARD-SHIP "URGENT" AND HARBOR FORTS (CLARENCE AND APOSTLES BATTERY), AND GREEN BAY.

A TOWN WITH AN UNIQUE HISTORY.

BY JUSTIN FOLEY DONOVAN.

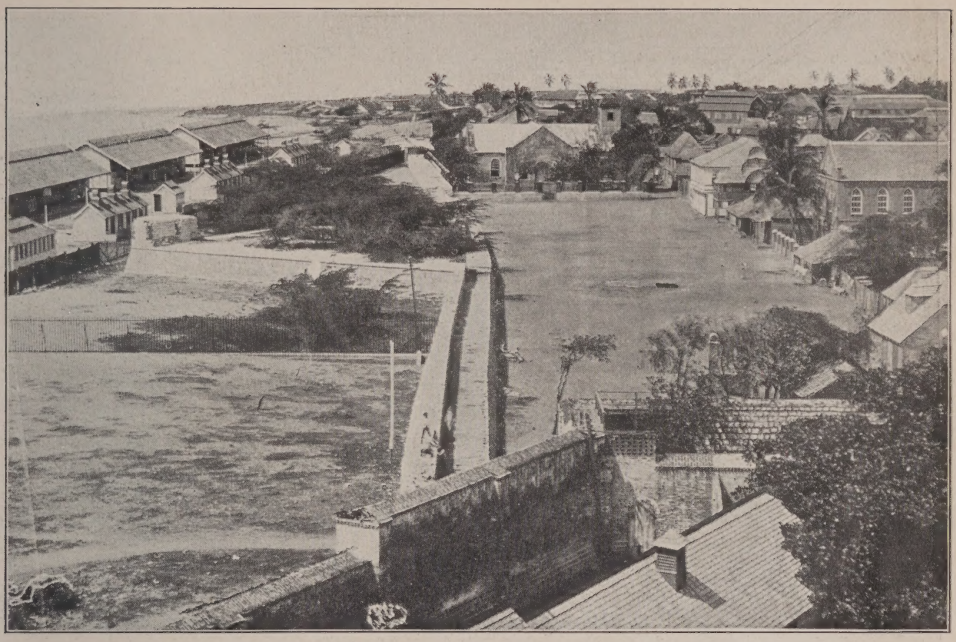
Approached from the sea, Port Royal, or Cayagua, as it was called at the time of Spanish occupation and until its capture by the Puritan troops under Admiral Penn and General Venables, in 1655, unfolds a scene of exceptional beauty and variety recalling to mind much of historical association and interest. It is situated at the distal extremity of a peninsula called the "Palisadoes" (a corruption of the Spanish palizada) from its fancied resemblance to that structure, which the stunted trees and large cacti growing along the greater part of the litoral suggests.

This ocean barrier or reef extends into the Carribean sea, some thirteen miles in a westerly direction, forming a natural breakwater for Kingston harbor, from the base of the St. Andrew mountain range. In its general form as seen from the highlands it has been compared not inaptly to a frying pan of which the "Palisadoes" constitute the handle, and the sea extremity formed by the dockyard, town and garrison, the pan.

NEW-CASTLE, A MILITARY CONTOURMENT FOR EUROPEAN TROOPS (STATIONED IN JAMAICA), SOME 4000 FEET ABOVE THE SEA LEVEL. IN THE BACKGROUND IS SEEN THE BLUE MOUNTAIN PEAK.

As the "Point" is rounded on the right the forts, batteries, barracks and other miscellaneous buildings of the Garrison come into view, and next in order the Royal Naval Hospital, a very imposing pile of buildings with a harbor frontage of some three hundred yards; adjoining is the dilapidated town in which there is now nothing to recall the fabled wealth said to have obtained here in the time of the buccaneers (1600 to 1700), the stately mansions and stores filled with the plundered gold and silver plate and costly fabrics from the churches and towns of the Spanish main have given place to the lowly hovel of the poor fisherman and the cottage of the artisan or laborer. Beyond is the pretty little dockyard, neat, orderly, and trim as things naval generally are, with its buildings painted bright green, red and white, forming a very pleasing combination of colors.

On the left side of the harbor entrance are bluff headlands topped by Fort Clarence and Apostles Battery, or the "Twelve Apostles," so-called—an artillery officer serving here once remarked—"from the number of modern preachers of the peace in the form of cannon which were said to have been mounted here formerly." Between those two forts is Green Bay from whose beach a thick chaparral extends to the foot of the hills. In this thicket is an open sandy space said to have been used as a duelling ground, and near to it are a number of graves and some few tombs, among the latter that of the celebrated Louis Galdy, who is reputed to have been swallowed up by the earthquake in 1692, ejected into the sea by another shock, and rescued by a boat. He lived until 1739 as is recorded on his tombstone "in great Reputation, Beloved by all who knew him, and much Lamented at his death."



THE "PARADE," ST. PETER'S CHURCH, PORTION OF OLD MILITARY LINES AND A DISTANT VIEW OF GARRISON AND MARRIED QUARTERS (TO THE LEFT) OF NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, PORT ROYAL.

The majestic harbor, large enough to easily accommodate the whole British navy, is now reached. In the background are seen towering the stately mountains of St. Andrew, clothed with luxuriant vegetation and "bright with the foliage of perpetual spring," whose highest pinnacle, the Blue Mountain Peak, attains an altitude of 7,360 feet. The village of Port Henderson, or, as it is facetiously called, New Brighton, is close to Apostles Battery, and on the side of the hill to the west is picturesquely situated the little chapel school which Father Mulry, S. J., in some way known only to himself, has succeeded in building, to meet the religious requirements of the neighborhood inhabited by poor struggling fisher folk. Here indeed is a worthy object of charity, and those of my readers who have something (however small) to spare for that most worthy purpose, *ad majorem Dei Gloriam*, could not do better than invest it in Father Mulry's spiritual bank, which is the most solvent of all known institutions, and which can never fail.

We will now leave the good Padre to his unostentatious and unselfish work, at which we wish him all good luck, and return to the more prosaic subject matter of this paper.

The population of Port Royal is not more than one thousand souls, excluding the military and naval element. The town has declined steadily as a commercial centre since the great fire of 1815, when only the dockyard, the old church of St. Peter (Anglican), Fort Charles, and a few private houses remained of what was once "the finest town in the West Indies and the richest spot in the universe." Its community is now practically dependent for employment on the military and naval establishments.

Within the past few months about

TOMB OF LEWIS GALDY, AT GREEN BAY.

On the marble slab is to be read the following inscription:

Coat of arms of deceased underneath: "Dieu Sur Tout."

"Here lyes the Body of Lewis Galdy, Esq., who departed this life at Port Royal the 22nd. December, 1739, aged 80. He was born at Montpelier in France but left that country for his Religion and came here to settle in this Island where he was swallowed up by the great Earthquake in the year 1692, and by the Providence of God was by another shock thrown into the Sea and miraculously saved by swimming until a Boat took him up. He lived many years after in great Reputation, Beloved by all who knew him and much Lamented at his death."

STO
BLIC
BRARY

one-third of the old town has disappeared almost as completely as that other portion did in 1692, when some three thousand persons were either drowned, killed, or engulfed, one-half of the town having been submerged.

The recent occurrence has not been associated (thank God!) with any of the horrors of the great earthquake. We are still on terra firma, though the sites of the houses are but heaps of bricks and rubbish. This area has been purchased by the military authorities for the purpose of extending the garrison.

The climate of Port Royal from its proximity to the sea, contrasts favorably with that of other parts of the island, of the same altitude. The place is swept daily by the sea breeze, or "Doctor" as the natives call it, which blows from about 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. and is refreshing and invigorating in proportion to its force and dryness. As a rule a cool and at times a chilly breeze from the hills sets in before midnight, and this has been designated, with grim humor, the "Undertaker" as it is reported to be the cause of fevers and other disorders.

As a corollary to climate the most important deduction to new-comers is

the probable effect on health produced by residence here for some years. With the sparing use of stimulants and iced drinks, moderation in the use of animal food (especially butcher's meat), abundance of fruit, fresh vegetables and fresh fish, well-regulated exercise, avoiding unnecessary exposure, and a daily bath, there is no reason why good health may not be enjoyed here for years. The remote effects of climate may be summarized in one word, malaria, or diseases of a malarial origin; yellow fever, which had at one time a habitat here, is practically a thing of the past, and has ceased to be the scourge it was in Doctor Lind's time. He wrote: "It is reputed that in the early part of this century (the 18th) this Island buried to the amount of the whole number of its white inhabitants once in five years."

OFFICERS' MESS, THE GARRISON, PORT ROYAL.

ST. WINNEFRIDE'S CHAPEL, PORT HENDERSON.

The harbor and the adjoining sea are teeming with fish of a great many varieties, and some of excellent flavor. We have the proud distinction of having near us a phenomenal animal whose mode of existence is more orless of a zoological anachronism. I allude to the mangrove oyster, which the natives tell us "grow on tree." As a matter of fact the oysters are found adhering to the mangrove trees just on a wash with the water.

Concluded on page 596.

ETHNA CARBERY (Mrs. Seumas MacManus).

IN MEMORY OF ETHNA CARBERY.

The heartful sympathy of those who worked with her to bring back the soul of Ireland may lighten the burden of sorrow that has been placed on Seumas MacManus and her parents and her sister. There was none who knew this pure-souled gentle Irish lady who did not love her, and whose heart was not wrung with grief when the black news came to them last week. The messages of condolence from all parts that reached Donegal indicated the wide sorrow her death has caused.

On Friday afternoon the funeral left Mount Revlin House. Outside Mountcharles, where every house and shop was closed and every blind and shutter drawn, the townspeople met the hearse and lifting the coffin from it carried it on their shoulders through the town to the resting-place where for ever the purple mountains guard her and the valleys fold her in.

A FRIEND'S TRIBUTE.

We are lonely since she has gone from us, a cloud of sorrow has dimmed the sunlight; and the wind which yesterday was playful and merry, today seems only to echo our sorrow.

She was our friend, our comrade, bound to us by those close ties of affection which only those know who

are banded together in a bitter struggle for a holy cause.

She was so brave, so tender. Her sympathy was unfailing, her bright words of encouragement and hope cheered and inspired all her friends and fellow-workers in moments of sadness or gloom.

Her love for Ireland was the passion of her life. "I love each stone of the hills, each blade of grass of her fields," she said to me once. "I do not want to go abroad till I have seen every mountain and every valley of Ireland;" and she said: "I feel so sorry for those who have to leave Ireland; the exiles have always the warm place in my heart, I pity them so." She used to spend many hours of her busy life in writing letters to those of her friends who had had to leave Ireland, letters which brought to them some of the beauty and fragrance of our land. The paper which she and Alice Milligan edited, the Shan Van Vocht, was looked for eagerly by Irishmen driven "to walk hard streets in far countries." It brought them the breath of home and a wild longing to return, while it taught them, as it taught us all, to have courage and to hope and to work for the freedom of our Motherland. All her poetry is full of love of the beauty of Ireland and of eager resolve to win her freedom. These verses from the poem written in honor of Turlough MacSweeney, the Donegal piper, who played at one of the first Gaelic League concerts in Belfast which she organized, are characteristic of her:

A health to you, Piper,
And your pipes, silver-tongued, clear and sweet in their crooning.
Full of the music they gathered at morn
On your high heather hills from the lark on the wing,
From the blackbird at eve on the blossoming thorn,
From the little green linnet whose plaining they sing,
And the joy and the hope in the heart of the spring,
O, Turlough MacSweeney!

Play us our Eire's most sorrowful songs,
As she sits by the reeds near the wash of the wave,
That the coldest may thrill at the count of her wrongs,
And the sword may flash forth from the scabbard to save,
And the wide land awake at the wrath of the brave,
O, Turlough MacSweeney!

. . . . .

May your pipes, silver-tongued, clear and sweet in their crooning,
Keep the magic they captured at dawning and even
From the blackbird at home, and the lark on its journey,
From the thrush on its spray, and the little green linnet.
A health to you, Piper!

Ah, how courageously she worked to prevent the enlistment of Irishmen in the English Army! When Queen Victoria came on her recruiting-mission to Ireland, and the United Irishman was seized for its protest, she published the poem called "The Suppliant," which so deeply moved the women of Ireland and stirred them to do their duty in preventing enlistment.

Her life was so intense, she lived only for Ireland's service, and it seems almost as if that intensity of love drew upon her the ill-luck of her country, and she died and has gone from us in her ardent youth, as Thomas Davis and as William Rooney went.

But, as they say of the Spirit World, "Our loss in their gain." She is with the Ever-living ones, and I

think she is working and guiding in the great spiritual struggle for Ireland, of which our material struggle here is but a reflection. She is working and guiding still, as she worked and guided here. She is not lost to Ireland, though we are lonely here without her.

In the thought that though in different worlds we are still working in the same cause, I find courage, and I believe that the communion of those banded together in a bitter struggle for a holy cause can never be broken.

MAUD GONNE.

We print below the last two poems of Ethna Carbery. It is a strange coincidence that her last poem should have been identical in subject with the last of William Rooney's poems. They both sang of Hi Breasil and died:—

CONSUMMATION.

In a sheltered, cool, green place
You and I once stood together
Where the quickens interlace.

Then it was our love declared
(Thro' a throstle's silver chiming)
All the passion that it dared.

Then you called me by my name
And the answering eyes I lifted
Flashed a flame unto a flame.

Hushed, we watched the eve descend
The rose-flecked stair of day to see
Our hearts' probation fitly end.

Stars and mist and dew-wet flowers
Scented, shielded and made holy
That sweet hour of the hours.

Oh! Dear Heart, life holds no gift
Half so precious, half so brittle,
As this Love-cup that we lift.

And remembering, down the years
All my songs shall echo sighing
All my laughter trill with tears.

I-BREASIL.

There is a way I am fain to go—
To the mystical land where all are young,
Where the silver branches have buds of snow,
And every leaf is a singing tongue.

It lies beyond the night and the day,
Over shadowy hill and moorland wide,
And whoso enters casts care away,
And wistful longings unsatisfied.

There are sweet white women, a radiant throng,
Swaying like flowers in a scented wind:
But between us the veil of earth is strong,
And my eyes to their luring eyes are blind.

A blossom of fire is each beauteous bird,
Scarlet and gold on melodious wings,
And never so haunting a strain was heard
From royal harp in the Hall of Kings.

The sacred trees stand in rainbow dew,
Apple and ash and the twisted thorn,
Quicken and holly and dusky yew,
Ancient ere ever gray Time was born.

The oak spreads mighty beneath the sun
In a wonderful dazzle of moonlight green—
O would I might hasten from tasks undone,
And journey whither no grief hath been.

Were I past the mountains of opal flame,
I would seek a couch of the king-fern brown,
And when from its seed glad slumber came,
A flock of rare dreams would flutter down.

But I move without in an endless fret,
While somewhere beyond earth's brink, afar,
Forgotten of men, in a rose-rim set,
I-Breasil shines like a beckoning star.

HILLS O' MY HEART.

BY ETHNA CARBERY.

Hills o' my heart!
I have come to you at calling of my one love and only,
I have left behind the cruel scarlet wind of the East,
The hearth of my father's wanting me is lonely,
And empty is the place I filled at gathering of the feast.

Hills o' my heart!
You have cradled him I love in your green quiet hollows,
Your waving winds have hushed him to soft forgetful sleep,
Below dusk boughs where bird-voice after bird-voice follows
In shafts of silver melody that split the hearkening deep.

Hills o' my heart!
Let the Herdsman who walks in your high haunted places
Give him strength and courage, and weave his dreams always,
Let your cairn-heaped hero-dead reveal their grand exultant faces,
And the Gentle Folk be good to him betwixt the dark and day.

Hills o' my heart!
And I would the Green Harper might wake his soul to singing
With music of the golden wires heard when the world was new,
That from his lips an echo of its sweetness may come ringing,
A song of pure and noble hopes—a song of all things true.

Hills o' my heart!
For sake of the yellow head that drew me wandering over
Your misty crests from my own home where sorrow bided then,
I set my seven blessings on your kindly heather cover,
On every starry moorland loch, and every shadowy glen.
Hills o' my heart!

A TOWN WITH AN UNIQUE HISTORY.

(Continued from page 591.)

Port Royal has had a great reputation for its goats. They were milk purveyors to the community before the days of condensed milk. This gregarious species is peculiarly adapted to the place where no other herbivorous animal (except perhaps the camel) could thrive, eating anything and everything it comes across in the street, from the skin of fruit, refuse vegetables, paper, or even discarded old straw hats which, judging from the rapidity with which they disappear, are evidently considered luxuries, to the sole of an old shoe, which if more substantial must assuredly be less digestible and nutritious. When stationed here some twenty years ago in the Royal Naval Hospital a colleague of mine, who flattered himself that he was a connisseur on the quality of goats' milk, used to amuse himself by dispensing candle ends to the passing goats. He held that the consumption of the tallow or composite candle ends imparted considerable richness to the milk!

Before leaving the subject of the fauna there is one animal indigenous to those latitudes that deserves honorable mention. I refer to the "John Crow," the scavenger bird of the tropics. He performs, and more thoroughly, the same work done by dogs at Constantinople; he is not fair to look at, in fact the contrary, but he is very useful and a friend to man. There is a Jamaica Negro proverb which is both amusing and instructive. When the chicks of the vulture crow are hatched they are covered with a white down which gradually fades to a brown and is followed by a growth of black feathers. The proverb is, "Ebery John Crow tink him own picaniny white."

Before bringing this desultory article to a conclusion it may not be out of place to refer in a cursory manner to some historical details associated with the old settlement. Whether the ancient name, Cayagua, is of Carib or Spanish origin I am not aware; the only Spanish word to suggest the appellation is cayado (pronounced cah-jah-doe), which means a shepherd's crook or bishop's crozier. The shape of the "Palisadoes" would hint to this idea. The frying pan theory did not suggest itself evidently to the metaphorical Castilian mind.

Columbus in his second voyage of discovery probably passed within sight of Port Royal en route to Puerto D'Esquivel, the present Old Harbor Bay, where he landed in 1494, some twenty odd miles to the west of here.

Of the one hundred and fifty years of Spanish occupation but meagre records remain. Here and there in the island an old bridge or a fort is still to be met with showing how thoroughly the Spaniard did this kind of work or, rather, had it done. The names of localities, towns, and villages, rivers and mountains are largely Spanish or of Spanish derivatives.

The history of Port Royal since 1665 is intimately associated with the doings and misdeeds of the pirates and sea robbers, better known under the more refined appellation of Picarroons (which literally translated from the Spanish

means a great rogue or villain) or buccaneers who flourished in the seventeenth and up to the third decade of the eighteenth century. Of the first "scuttle ship or cut a throat class" the most notorious villain known in these parts was Blackbeard, who was hanged at Gallows Point, at the south western extremity of the mangrove-covered mud flats, close to the dockyard, where many a notorious sea bandit paid the penalty of his misdeeds on this gibbet which was to be seen here up to 1831. With the Picarroon class the name of Rockham is intimately associated. A daring and unscrupulous adventurer, he was at last captured, tried at an admiralty assize, convicted, and hanged in chains on one of the "Cays" or small coral islets, outside the harbor (as a terror to the pirates). The "Cay" still bears his name. Two years later the gibbet was swept away by the hurricane of 1722. Mr. Atkins, the purser of his majesty's ship "Weymouth," writing at the time, records, "of fifty sail in Port Royal harbour on that day (28th August) only four men of war and two merchant ships rode it out, but with all their masts and booms blown away, etc."

Among the more gentlemanly or less blood-thirsty buccaneers a picturesque character is to be found in Morgan, the son of a Welsh cooper, who took to this life, was eventually knighted, became lieutenant governor of the island, and finally died in prison in England. He is thus described by a writer of some repute. "This Gallant man having sheathed his victorious Sword retired into the peacable Walks of Life, in which he was equally eminent for his good Sense and noble Deportment."

"Although Port Royal was thus intimately associated with this unscrupulous corsair class, who largely helped to make the old town notorious for infamy and debauchery, or, as a certain Captain Crocket, an eye-witness of the great earthquake, describes it, "Indeed this Place has been one of the rudest in the Christian World, a Sink of all Filthiness and a meer Sodom."

Yet there has been also a certain camaraderie, so to speak, between the old town and the British Navy. The historic names of Benboe, Rodney, Duckworth, and Nelson, who on four successive occasions saved the island from invasion or possible capture and all the horrors of war, must ever be gratefully remembered by the inhabitants of Jamaica.

It is difficult to realize now that all these events took place in the sleepy old town and quiet little dockyard, but fact is stronger than fiction, and many were the deeds here performed; dark and nefarious no doubt some were, side by side with others of which any nation or any race might well be proud.

THE PHILIPPINE SCHOOL SCANDAL.

(Continued from page 580.)

life of the Philippines. This is why I quote and apply it here. Mr. Guernsey writes:

But if you ask me if it would not be a good thing for Mexico to overthrow her ancient church, pack off her priests or drown them in the gulf of Mexico (as has been suggested by wild radicals here), I should reply that it would be a very sad thing for this country. There is one splendid and vital and ever present witness to the essential soundness of old-fashioned Christianity in this land, and that is the serene and lovely womanhood of Mexico.

If the Catholic clergy are wicked, false to all their vows, intriguers, breakers up of the peace of families, as they have been represented to be, how in the name of al' wonders is it that they, who have formed the character of Mexican women, have wrought this marvel, this angel on earth, this sweet consoler of men, this mother who is the queen of her home—the woman of Mexico?

Further on he turns specially to the matter of pure Mexican education and draws a bright picture that should dazzle the eyes of American schoolteachers and school boards. He says:

The education of Mexican children in matters of religion is on the old lines; they are well grounded in sacred history, and I am sure that if you should take 100 Mexican girls of the middle or upper class and 100 girls of our own educated classes and examine them on Bible history and the fundamental facts of the New Testament the Mexicans would capture the prizes. The Catholic Church is nothing if not solid in these matters. Its daily round is a commemoration of the great events in the life of Jesus and of the notable deeds of the holy men and wom en of the past. Church doors are open every day in the year.

The letter is a lengthy and beautiful one and replete with passages like the above.

Now let us turn to the testimony of another Protestant writer, Rev. John A. Staunton, Episcopalian missionary in the Philippines, written in "The Living Church." Mr. Staunton writes like a man of virile thought and tender heart. No religious fake or fad finds lodgment in his honest breast. This is how he speaks of the lofty results of Catholic teaching in those islands.

Roman Catholicism is not here, as we are told it is in Brazil, a spent force, but it is a controlling influence, and I believe, in the main, a vast influence for good. (But it is strongly anti-American). Again and again I have watched children and adults at devotions which are both simple and earnest, and undoubtedly sincere. Often I have passed native houses after night-fall and stopped to listen to the family prayer in which all members of the household were engaged, or to a child's voice asking the Santo Nino (the Holy Child Jesus) to "bless father and mother and make me good." Day after day the churches are filled up before daybreak with reverent worshippers attending Mass or receiving holy communion. Is not all this religion; and good religion, too? What would be the most likely effect of our attacking this system—more religion, or less? To ask the question is to answer it. If one should ask me, what is the value of the prevailing religion from a moral standpoint, I would say that I believe the Americans who are here should be the last to ask this question. If it comes to a comparison of the effect of religion upon life in the Philippine Islands, the native need not fear the result.

God help the simple-minded native who is pulled this way and that by the officials of American Protestantism. And God help the man who brings religious strife into communities where family prayer is the all but universal custom, where public worship is not neglected, and where children respect their parents and obey them. I, for one, have no better religion than that to offer.

Religion has always, before the American occupation, had an important place in Philippine education. Now, under our public school system, as is inevitable, religious teaching is entirely discontinued. The priests are endeavoring to teach the catechism on Sunday afternoons, but this cannot take the place of the religious instruction the children have had in the past; an instruction which, whatever its defects, served the purpose of making the people practice religion. It is inevitable that the next generation should grow up without the restraints of the past, and I am sorry to say, with an irreligious example set by American superiors.

Again he points to the dismal fate of those once happy islanders when the stranger race and rule shall have accomplished among them their work of destruction:

Heap contempt upon his religion, his *fiestas* and his ceremonies—his superstitions, if you like—and you will not have benefited him, but you will have made him irreligious. You will have destroyed what he now has, and you will have given him nothing to take its place. I am not enamored of the Roman system here; it is full of superstition, of course; that would be, and is, recognized by American Roman Catholics; but if a priest conceives his true function in life to be the up-rooting of superstition, he had better work in Boston or Chicago, where Eddyism and Dowieism and the like will keep him busy till old age sets in. And if he has been successful then, he will have the satisfaction that he has destroyed little wheat along with the tares."

Thus we learn from witnesses beyond suspicion what happy fruit the Catholic religion untrammeled and undisturbed has brought forth among these peoples. We can also, to some extent, fathom the dark depths of the conspiracy formed to brutalize and bewilder them. We can grasp the whole danger of their situation and see the shame and the pity of it. Is not this the time for the Federated Catholic Societies to speak or act as one man under their legitimate leaders in arranging the rescue of the Catholics in the Philippines?

In the ranks of our Catholic societies there are many clever trained and zealous young men who could be sent out at once in a body to mingle with those people, put them on their guard, and instruct them. The government either here or in Manila would not assist this Catholic movement. But I fail to see how they could prevent it.

It may be objected that we know not yet whether this or a future government may decide to retain control of those islands. The answer is that with such an army there and such expenses already incurred the removal of the flag may not be expected. Moreover the emissaries aforementioned did not wait to consider this contingency. They were pretty sure of their move and they know what they are about.

Whatever the future may bring, these people have become by force of events the wards of Catholic America. It is our high and holy duty to come to their rescue.

THE SEARCH.

BY FLORENCE M. WILSON.

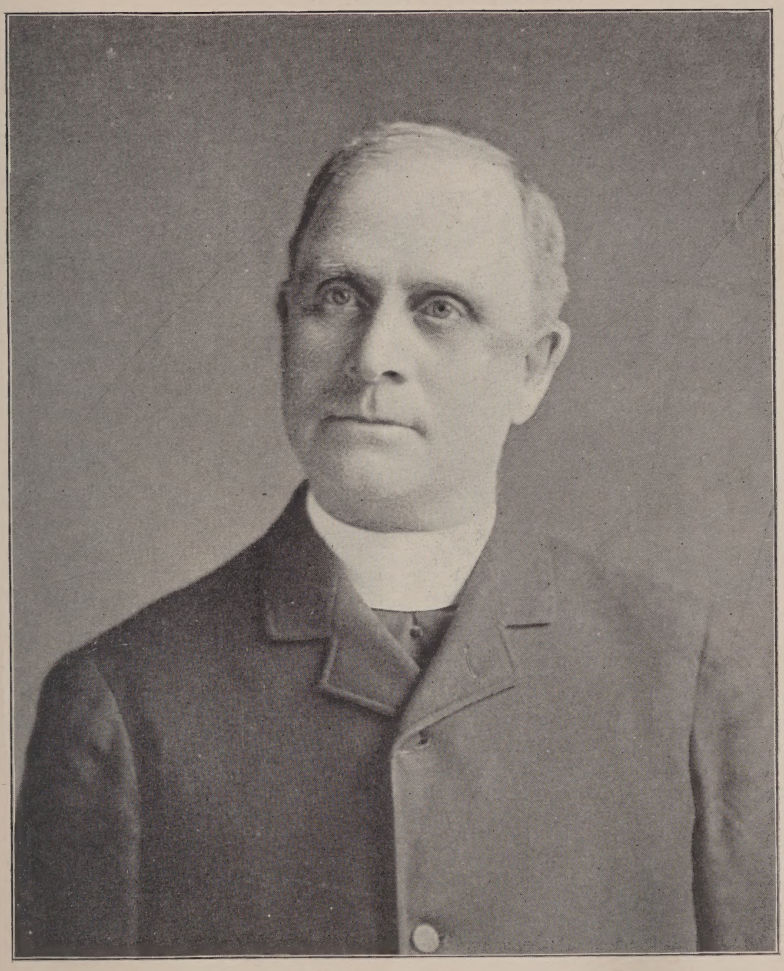
My mother told a tale to me of an enthrallèd king
Who slept a hidden sleep within a grassy ring.
And let the time go by nor heeded how
The war-blood stained the earth beneath the firs
Or the thrush-song shrilled in June: one song was wanting—
It was hers.

My mother says that Murva came; her blue robe swept
In royal anger as she heard of him who slept
Where none could guard his dreamings. "I will seek;
Bring me my steeds and trappings—let us go,
I am a Princess and can work my will
With friend and foe."

So Murva rode in armèd splendor through Ireland
And sought him everywhere; but her white hand
Had never clasp of his and in her eyes
There dwelt a sorrow, and "My grief," she said,
"The spring's heart is a withering, is there none
Can lead me where he lies?"

"And these my warriors bare their swords in vain,
In vain the thick reek at the pillage flame,
I may not yield to him this crown and say 'tis thine";
And as she mourned a white bird flew above
The pine-tops and it sang, "It is not war will wake him
Sweet, try love."

She rose and left her warriors, following
The strange bird with the silver-crested wing
By bog, by brae and under windy skies
Until her tired feet pressed the fairy green
And stirred the sleeper, and my mother says that twain
Were Connacht's King and Queen.



RT. REV. PHILIP J. GARRIGAN, D.D.

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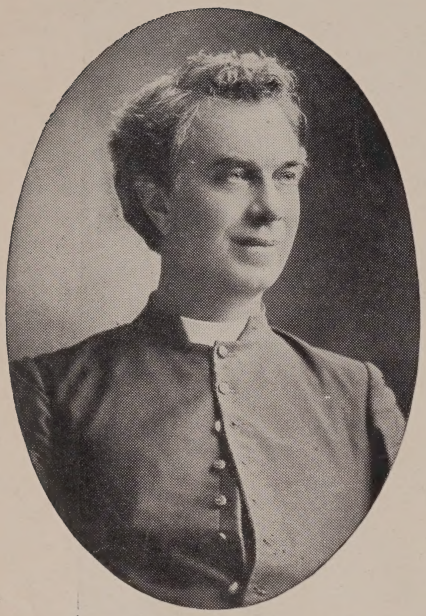
PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

Very Rev. Philip J. Garrigan, vice-rector of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., has been made first bishop of the newly-erected Iowa diocese at Sioux City. Consecration ceremonies took place last month in St. Michael's Cathedral, Springfield, Mass., many church dignitaries participating, among them being His Eminence, Cardinal Martinelli, and Bishops Conaty, Keane and Beaven. It was a notable event in the annals of the Catholic Church.

Bishop Garrigan's diocese is an important one. It comprises twenty-four counties in the northwest section of Iowa, this area being taken from the present archdiocese of Dubuque, over which Archbishop Keane presides. It is a curious and very pleasant circumstance that the metropolitan and the newly appointed



VERY REV. M. J. MARSILE, C. S. V.

suffragan bishop were at one time rector and vice-rector of the Catholic University. Dr. Garrigan will sever his connection with the University at the close of the current scholastic year.

Bishop Garrigan's fitness for the high office to which he has been elevated has been abundantly demonstrated. He combines the training of the scholar and the capacity of the man of business. In his long association with the University—he has been intimately connected with it since its inception—he has displayed a high order of administrative capacity, together with the practical grasp of a mind well trained in business methods. His experience in finance, his wide acquaintance with men and things, and his scholarly interests admirably fit him for the work that has been committed to him.

Very Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V., President of St. Viateur's College, Bourbonnais, Ill., is eminently fitted to battle valorously and victoriously for all the Christian and patriotic ends aimed at by the Catholic educator. A priest, imbued with a deep and abiding sense of the value and beauty of the soul, he is distinguished for his affectionate devotion to and his fatherly tenderness for the youth to whose education his life is consecrated. "The education of children," he said on the occasion of his silver jubilee, "is my ambition and my pride. Can there be a greater or a nobler work than to make a man a good citizen, a virtuous Christian? To mould a soul is better than to chisel marble."

The consecration of Rt. Rev. Bishop McGavick, a graduate of the college, the elevation to the prelacy of Rt. Rev. Mgr. La Gris, his own silver jubilee, and the recent enactment in Chicago, of his beautiful opera, "St. Patrick," were all occasions on which his former students testified their affectionate regard and enthusiastic admiration for their revered director.

Having made himself familiar with the art of play writing, through his studies of the Greek, English and French dramatists, Father Marsile has written many plays, in French and English. He is also the author of a volume of French lyrical compositions, and a metrical romance, many passages of which have been set to music.

Through all the long centuries since the birth of Christ, there have been Ave

ETHEL LORIMER.

Marias—hundreds of them—every year, Ave Marias in verse, Ave Marias in music, Ave Marias in art, but never by a girl of twelve years of age.

Little Miss Ethel Lorimer, youngest daughter of ex-Congressman William Lorimer, 903 Douglas Boulevard, Chicago, has composed a new and impressive piece of music, to which she has set the familiar words of the ancient salutation and prayer to the Virgin Mary. Little Miss Lorimer has been taking music lessons for four years, and in that time has won a number of medals. She is a beautiful young girl, with blue eyes, blonde hair, and the expression of an idealist.

The Ave Maria which she has just brought out is her first composition. She has dedicated it to her mother, by whom it was sung in St. Finbarr's Church, Chicago, during the High Mass. Miss Lorimer played the accompaniment on the organ, and the whole production created a very happy impression.

ERWIN STEINBACK.

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In recognition of his long and faithful service to the Roman Catholic Church, Erwin Steinback, head of the American branch of the European firm of Pustet & Company, has been made a Knight of the order of St. Gregory the Great, by Pope Leo XIII.

Mr. Steinback, who is sixty-one years of age, is the third person in the United States to receive such recognition for distinguished services. The other two knights are John Singenberger of Milwaukee, and John D. Crimmins of New York.

Mr. Steinback was born in Westphalia, Germany, and at an early age began the study of Catholic literature, at Munster, where he remained for four years. He came to America in 1867.

Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, M.D., K.C., former Solicitor General of Canada, has just been appointed Minister of Justice of the Dominion. Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick's career is full of examples that ought to guide and encourage young men who are setting out to fight life's battle single-handed by the inherent power of their own ability, pluck and perseverance.

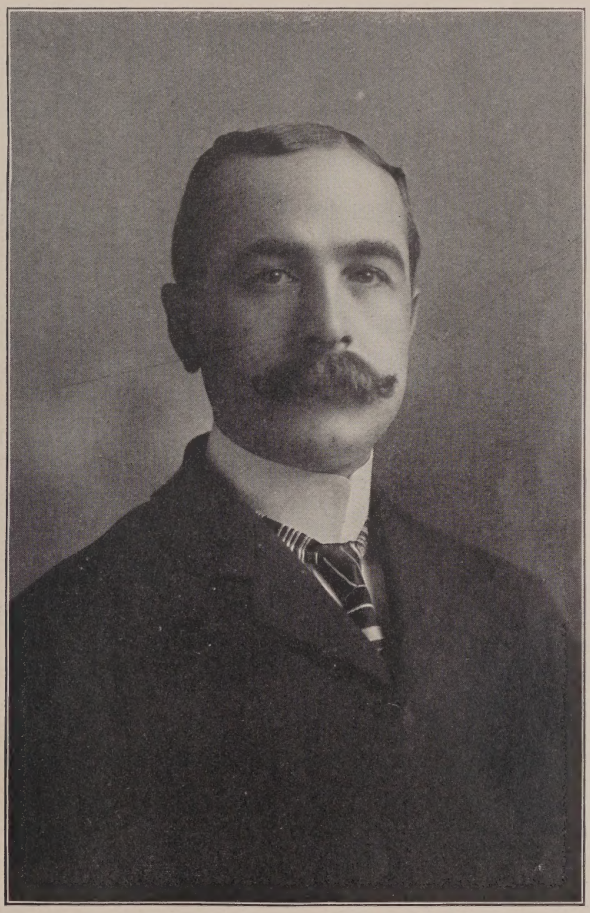
Canada's new Minister of Justice was born in Quebec in 1853, of sterling Irish Catholic parents. Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick is a lawyer of great ability. He first came into prominence years ago, by the impassioned plea made by him at London in defence of Louis Riel, the so-called rebel and leader in the Northwest revolution. In honoring Judge Fitzpatrick, Sir Wilfrid Laurier shows he does not forget one who defended his race in the hour of trouble.

HON. C. FITZPATRICK.

Judge Fitzpatrick has been frequently called upon to discuss matters of importance in various parts of the country where clear elucidation of Government principles and policy was needed. Nor does he confine his oratory and services to mere official or Government matters,

for he is ever ready to help forward the cause of his co-religionists, when opportunity offers. At the celebration of the Irish Catholics of Quebec and vicinity on last St. Patrick's Day, at Tara Hall, he was the orator of the occasion. He is a member of the St. Patrick's congregation, Quebec, also one of the trustees of the parish, and is always ready to help the zealous Redemptorist Fathers in any movement for the welfare of this distinctively Irish Catholic flock; and nowhere else will his elevation be more heartily received than amongst those of his race and faith in his native city.

Ignatius A. Sullivan, the new mayor of Hartford, Conn., is a native of Massachusetts. He was born at Canton in 1867, and is a paper-maker by trade. His later years, however, have been given to the clothing business. Mr. Sullivan has been prominently identified with the cause of labor, and his election was a distinct triumph for organization among workingmen. He is president of the Connecticut Federation of Labor, but the new chief executive of the richest city in the United States is no radical. "I am mayor for the whole people," he has announced, and already, Mayor Sullivan has won the confidence of all classes.



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IGNATIUS A. SULLIVAN.

Justin Foley McNamara Donovan was born at Kinsale Co. Cork, Ireland, 27th May, 1851; was educated at private schools in the city of Cork, and subsequently at St. Vincent's Seminary. He studied medicine at Queen's College, Cork, from 1871-76, and graduated as a Doctor of Medicine and Master of Surgery of Queen's University, Ireland, in 1876; acted as House Surgeon to Mercy Hospital, Cork, for a short time, and was elected Dispensary Medical officer to Killeagh District, Youghal Union, Co. Cork. In 1877 he entered the Royal Navy by competitive examination and was gazetted Surgeon in April, 1879; served at Royal Naval Hospital, Haslar; from thence joined H. M. S. Forester on the West Coast of Africa; was appointed to R. N. Hospital, Port Royal, Jamaica, in 1881, where he served for three years. He received the thanks of the Admiralty for the "zeal and devotion to duty displayed by this officer during the epidemic of yellow fever at the Jamaica Hospital."

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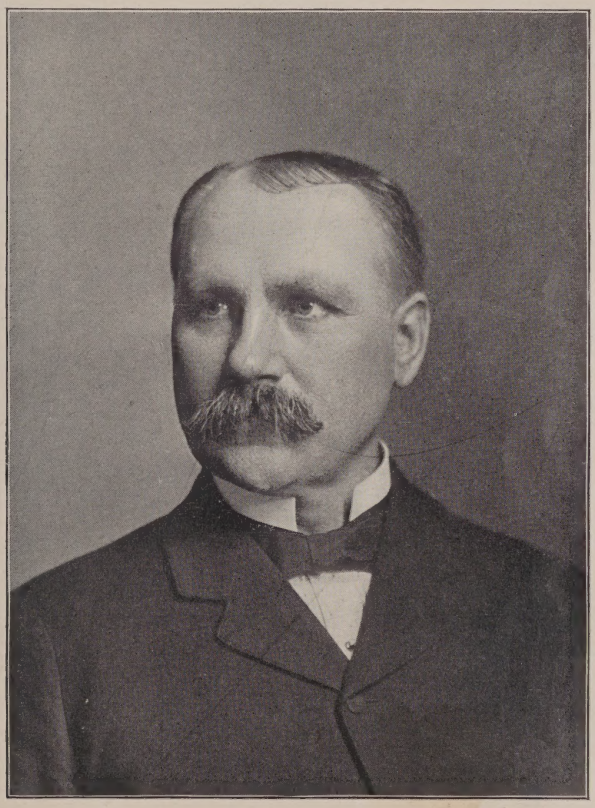
JUSTIN FOLEY DONOVAN, M.D.

Dr. Donovan also received the thanks of the Admiralty for distinguished services at Malta Hospital. His career has been one of high honors and notable achievements. At present Dr. Donovan is health officer at Kingston and Port Royal.

Bernard E. Donigan was born in County Fermanagh, Ireland, and came, in infancy, with his parents to the United States, settling in Old Town, Maine. The study of law had been the cherished aim of his life. In 1875, Mr. Donigan entered the law office of Donigan & Champman of Bangor, Me., a law firm of which Mr. Donigan's brother was a member, and after nearly reaching the point for admission to the bar was, by tempting pecuniary offers, called back to mercantile life. During his business life in Orono, Mr. Donigan occupied many places of trust and prominence, delivering many lectures, in educational courses, in Orono, Bangor, and other Maine cities and towns. He was appointed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Healey, one of the Maine delegates to the Catholic Congress in Chicago; was for four years postmaster of Orono under Cleveland's first administration, and held a high place in his party councils in the state of Maine. He moved to Lawrence in 1894, where he is now serving his third term as president of the Lawrence Board of Trade. He is also one of the members of the State Board and is serving his third year as Chairman of the Committee on Manufacturers, of that body. He has served as Chairman of the Lawrence Democratic City Committee, and is a prominent member of the Knights of Columbus, A. O. H., and Lawrence Press Club.



B. E. DONIGAN.

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Mr. Donigan was married in 1876 to Miss E. E. Conroy of Brewer, Me., and has three children living.

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"The blush is on the flower, and the bloom is on the tree,
And the bonnie, bonnie sweet birds are caroling their glee;
And the dews upon the grass are made diamonds by the sun,
All to deck a path of glory for my own Cailin Donn!

Oh fair she is! O rare she is! Oh dearer still to me,
More welcome than the green leaf to winter-stricken tree!
More welcome than the blossom to the weary, dusty bee,
Is the coming of my true love—my own Cailin Donn!

She is coming, where we parted, where she wanders every day;
There's a gay surprise before her who thinks me far away;
Oh, like hearing bugles triumph when the fight for freedom's won,
Is the joy around your footsteps, my own Cailin Donn!"

"THE CORONATION SCARECROW."

BY ELIZABETH LYONS.

"Martha Ann Peyton's come to live with old Mrs. Mudgett," announced Maisie, striving to look out from under the tangle of brown hair her mother was deftly twisting over a ribbon. "Daddy says it's hard raising the child'll get," she added with an unconscious imitation of her father's manner, and a jerk of her head that drew the shining strand from her mother's hand, eliciting a patient, "Easy, Maisie, I had it nearly tied that time. There now you're neat as wax."

Mrs. Desmond held the child off at arm's length, and surveyed her handiwork with pride, then, moved by some deeper feeling, she suddenly drew Maisie to her and kissed the broad white brow, above which rose two tight knobs of hair, and below which shone as mischievous-looking a pair of eyes as ever lent character to a child's face.

"God help all motherless children," the good woman said, gently, "and God help poor little Martha Ann. I'm afraid she'll be heart-sore, all belonging to her dead and gone except old Aunt Hepsey. Be sure that you're as kind to that orphan as you know how to be. Maisie tells me that Henry Peyton's little daughter has come to live with Mrs. Mudgett," she explained to her husband, who had entered the room.

"Worse luck for the poor little creature," he replied, "the old woman is as hard as flint. No," sharply, to Maisie, "you can't have the new calf, and don't let me catch you meddling with it."

"Has anything gone wrong, Maurice?" his wife asked anxiously, as Maisie slipped from the room.

"Nothing new, only I'm heart-sick of this miserable hole. I wish we could get away before the children grow old enough to feel the influence of such a bigoted place."

"They feel it already, and its anything but good for them," was the discouraged reply. "When we came here I didn't think we would have to stay so long. Can't you wind up matters and get away, Maurice? Every day our children are taunted with being Catholics and Irish, and I don't know how long their temper will hold out. Sometimes I'm afraid the other children will go further than taunts."

"Let them try it." The man's eyes flashed ominously, then brightened suddenly as they looked out over the road. "More power to Maisie! There she goes straight through the Mudgett's gate! She's gone to call on the orphan. What courage the child has! I wouldn't want to face the old lady myself."

It happened that Maisie's courage was not tested. Aunt Hepsy was not in sight as the little girl crossed the threshold of the ugly bare room, where Martha Ann worked through the bright summer days, washing dishes, peeling potatoes, sewing long seams, and knitting hose as grey as her young life.

"Heart-sore," indeed the desolate child was in the silent cottage with the stern old woman as her only companion, exacting wearisome duties all

day long, and never pleased with the patient efforts made to do her bidding. Perhaps if she had known that it was lack of heart made Martha Ann so awkward, she might have been more kind, but little children had never pattered through her home or opened her heart, and it was said that her own up-bringing had been of the hardest sort. It was her opinion that indulgent training led to Martha Ann's mother "disgracing her folks" by marrying a peddler of tins, a happy-go-lucky fellow, beloved by all the children in the country-side. A day came when the team drove over the road no more. . The cheery peddler and the wife who couldn't live without him lay side by side in the churchyard, and Aunt Hepsy, grimmer than ever, are all poor trash," she retorted, scorn-turned from the graves to tell sobbing, bewildered Martha Ann that the "buryin' was over," and in her sharp way to inform a neighbor that she "'sposed she'd have to keep her now, her father was allers shiftless." So the orphan came to the grey old house and into the keeping of its mistress.

Her one pleasure was to steal away occasionally to the gable room where she had hidden a treasure trove Aunt Hepsy never dreamed of. The gable room was a tiny nook, all angles and corners, but the sun slanted in boldly, and the painted floor was as cheerful-looking as Mrs. Mudgett would allow anything under her roof to be. What wonder that the lonely child succumbed instantly to the influence of gay-hearted Maisie! In less than a quarter of an hour after they first met the children were fast friends, and hand in hand scurried along the passage to the gable room.

"Aunt Hepsy's gone to Squire Brooke's buryin', and can't get back in less than an hour," explained Martha Ann as with indescribable pride and delight she drew from under the bed a square tin canister, and pushing back the lid, displayed her treasure—a pitiful little collection of broken toys that she had smuggled away from her old home.

"You wouldn't think I owned such handsome things, would you?" she asked, turning them over with a loving touch. Then, sharply, "Why don't you praise 'em? Nobody praises me or my belongings now."

The quiver in her voice might have warned Maisie had her own disappointment been less keen. But Martha Ann had led her to expect such great things, and now?—No, she couldn't praise.

"They're just rubbish," she declared with cruel candor. "I'd most be ashamed to own 'em."

Martha Ann spread her sturdy little hands over the canister in defense of her sorry possessions, and lifted her voice in loyal protest. "You didn't see this head, Maisie, its most as good as a whole doll."

"You can't hug a head," dissented Maisie, critically, "a broken-off head. I should think you'd like something you could get a grip on, something to squeeze."

Martha Ann was vanquished. Her pride collapsed hopelessly. With trembling hands she replaced the despised fragments, slid the lid into place, and dropping her head upon it, broke into noisy grief.

"I do," she wailed. "I'm just hungry for something to squeeze."

Maise was conscience-stricken, and, being a generous little soul, offered handsome atonement. "You can have

my best doll to keep for your very own. Do you hear, Martha Ann? my very best doll. And you can come over every day if you like and squeeze our baby—the last one," impressively, "she's lovely and soft."

But Martha Ann refused to be comforted. "I want folks of my own," she wept, "even a doll that's relations to me. I used to have lots of folks. The things in the canister belonged to the dead ones."

The other child was silenced. She knew now that her transgression had been great in scoffing at the poor little treasures, the orphan's all from a past bright with love. Nothing but her desire to atone could excuse her next thought.

"There's Victoria Coronation," she suggested, a trifle timidly, as if weighing the effect on her friend.

And well she might!

Martha Ann's ruddy face paled at the awful boldness of the hint, and again she threw out her hands as if to warn back some power of evil.

"Oh, Maisie, aren't you wicked!" she gasped. But the suggestion had done its work. A great moral conflict rose up in her soul, and feeling herself helpless she clutched at the canister, as if to find there a saving influence. But the square corners repulsed her, and even seemed to urge her on to evil-doing.

"She's a relation," declared Maisie, sturdily taking her stand, "and none too handsome to hug."

"She's a coronation doll from the Queen," whispered Martha Ann, her voice husky with fear. "No one ever touched her except Aunt Hepsy."

Maisie shook her head in such violent dissent that the knobs of hair threatened to escape from the ribbon. "Bobby Bligh saw her when the room was open for your gran' uncle's funeral, and he says she's a coronation scarecrow."

Oh where was Martha Ann's guardian angel? Was ever child so beset by temptation? Bobby's disrespectful description roused the clan feeling so strong in village people. In a way she felt that her kin had been assailed by stranger folk. "Bobby Bligh's folks are all poor trash," she retorted, scornfully. "The Queen never gave his gran' aunt a doll on Coronation Day."

"He says it's a scarecrow," reiterated Maisie.

An angry flush dried the tears on Martha Ann's cheeks. "I dare him to prove it!" she cried, "I'll show you if she's a scarecrow!"

Hastily grasping Maisie's hand, she drew her from the room and down the stairway connecting the gable chamber with the front entry. A door on the right guarded the treasure locked within. Martha Ann caught the gleaming brass knob in her hand,—but suddenly another barrier presented itself. She spoke out sharply, "I'm not allowed to go in the parlor. Aunt Hepsy says I mustn't."

"Did she say you mustn't put your head in?" asked the resourceful guest.

For answer Martha Ann turned the knob, and threw wide the door. Dropping on their knees in the entry, both children thrust their heads as far into the room as they could without losing their balance. At first, darkened windows, and an indistinct glory of stuffed furniture and red and green carpet met their gaze, then other objects emerged from the gloom, and a highly polished franklin, adorned with many works of art in paper and wool, thrust itself on their vision. It was surmounted by a

prancing iron horse, and dangling from his jaws was something in pink and gold!"

"I see her," gasped Maisie. "There she is, Martha Ann, hitched to the hoss!"

"Oh, aren't we wicked!" whispered Martha Ann in fearsome tones. "Oh, Maisie, aren't we wicked!"

But Maisie was possessed of a fine exaltation of spirit. The situation was much to her liking.

"I suppose we daren't touch her," she asked, eagerly. "I wonder if she'd crum' like the mummies in our reader. She's terrible old!"

Martha Ann was cold with fright, and she didn't feel sure of her companion. There was a saying in the village that, "no one ever could tell what Maisie Desmon'd do next."

Martha Ann repeated, "I ain't allowed in the parlor," as if the words were a safeguard.

There was a moment's silence, and again Maisie rose to the occasion with another suggestion, this time an indirect one.

"When Bobby Bligh's folks had company they had angel cake, crullers and quince tarts for tea, and Bobby wasn't given any, but"—she paused impressively—"he ate his fill just the same."

"I want to know!" ejaculated Martha Ann, momentarily diverted.

"He fixed a nail in the clothes pole," explained Maisie, "jabbed it through the pantry window, and hooked all he could tuck in."

Dull as Martha Ann was, her slow mind grasped the point of the story.

"Come away!" she cried, dragging Maisie to her feet by sheer force, and out into the entry. "Come away 'fore we're struck down dead."

Maisie turned out of the little front hall into the garden, where lilies-of-the-valley reared their pretty heads, and the great horse-chestnuts sent down a drifting shower of snowy petals. Beyond, the road stretched out, yellow, dusty, and deserted, except by a sturdy boy and an obstinate yoke of steers very much bent on having their own way.

"It's Bobby Bligh!" cried Maisie, her attention immediately diverted, "he's breaking in Tender and True. Bobby, Bobby, you promised me a ride!"

"They'll break your neck," warned Martha Ann from the doorway, but Maisie was already gone, tearing down the road like a wild thing, and as children and steers disappeared in a quick rush down a dip in the road Martha Ann turned back into her lonely home, her grievances strong upon her.

"I'm the worst used child that ever lived," she lamented. "Peeling potaters, and feeding pigs, and doing chores all day long; and there's Maisie has everything, and while I'm drudging is getting throwed out by them steers to her heart's content."

With lagging steps she set about her distasteful tasks, and presently dropped sullenly into a chair by the kitchen window, where a large basket of potatoes claimed her attention.

Martha Ann was in revolt. Like most slow people, when roused, she was fierce in resentment, and ready to retaliate to the best of her ability. The contrast between her life and that of the light-hearted, petted Maisie was borne in on her with telling force. From Maisie's life to her suggestion was an easy transition, particularly when other things helped along. From the seat by the window the well-sweep

was visible, and a pole with a generous hook lay temptingly near at hand. Somehow this trifle changed the tenor of Martha Ann's thoughts. It conjured up visions of gauzy skirts, silken curls, and painted cheeks that sixty years hadn't robbed of their bloom. The child gave herself up to the spell. Her chubby fingers relaxed their hold, and the potatoes rolled away over the floor unheeded; the pigs squealed hungrily, but Martha Ann was conscious of nothing save the great temptation. "She won't be back for an hour," she muttered once. "A buryin' preachin' always lasts a spell. She didn't say you mustn't *touch* it. She just said *don't* go in the parlor—and who's going in?"

Alas for tempted humanity: A little later a strange scene was being enacted in the entry. A child tiptoed to and fro, warily manipulating a heavy pole, now retreating with it into the sitting room to gain space, again appearing in the entry, balancing it in her sturdy grasp, and projecting it foot by foot over the gulf of carpet, till it reached the goal, and hovered over the prancing horse. Another moment of suspense: The coronation trophy swayed uneasily, the iron jaws let go their grip, and with its precious freight the pole was drawn backward till, reaching out eager fingers, the child grasped the doll firmly, and sinking on her knees pressed the waxen puppet to her in an ecstasy of joy.

All thought of guilt or fear effaced itself in present pleasure. "It feels like folks of my own," she murmured, kissing and caressing the doll. "Bobby Bligh to call you a scarecrow; he just ought to see you, you beauty: Maisie, Maisie, isn't she handsome?"

Then remembering that she was alone, Martha Ann snuggled down on the last step of the stair and gave herself up to the abandon of the moment.

Victoria Coronation was strangely unresponsive. The smile she had worn for sixty years still dimpled her cheeks, her glass eyes glittered undimmed, and her jointless limbs were extended in a comfortless rigidity that made Martha Ann long to rub them into a warm pink glow, as she had seen mothers rub their babies' tender flesh.

The time passed all too quickly, and presently the chiming of a clock roused the child from her perilous enjoyment. Carefully adjusting the robes of state befitting the gift of royalty she fastened Victoria Coronation to the hook, gave her a parting caress, and with many a word of love prepared to launch her on the return trip across the carpet gulf. With anxious care she directed the pole towards the franklin, and had almost succeeded in replacing the doll when—a step sounded on the gravel walk, there was a hurried movement, the crash of something striking an iron surface, the pole clattered to the floor, and white and sick with terror Martha Ann sprang to her feet and fled down the entry, to be caught and held by Maisie.

"Don't let's be mean," panted Maisie, clinging with frantic energy to the other child. "Don't let's run away. No, you shan't hide it! Don't let's be mean!" she almost screamed, now fighting against self. "They shan't hang you, Martha Ann. I'll tell 'em all I did it."

In the time of trial Maisie had risen to the heights of heroism. She felt that no ordinary punishment could be meted out to the slayers of Victoria

Coronation, and had nerved herself to make fitting expiation for the awful deed that came of her suggestion.

Martha Ann slipped to the floor, and lay there inert, her abject misery too great for words or tears, all consciousness lost in the dire calamity that had befallen her.

* * * * * *

"Hens rooting in the lily bed; pigs squealin' with hunger; and the entry door wide open: Martha Ann! Martha Ann!"

The shrill voice penetrated into the scene of woe and havoc—Aunt Hepsy was back from the "buryin'."

Martha Ann grovelled closer to the floor while Maisie rallied her forces, bravely facing the door, through which there came presently a small old woman, keen-eyed and sharp-visaged, her voice still raised in anger against "That great girl of eleven, not worth her keep!"

There was a pause, a dreadful one for all parties. Even Maisie held her breath in terror as Aunt Hepsy's glance fell upon the pole, and with ready suspicion traveled along its length till the ghastly remains of Victoria Coronation came in view, still clinging to the hook, the smashed head with its dangling ringlets mutely protesting against the violence done to royalty.

"This comes of harboring paupers;" Shrill and piercing came the words, as in a white heat of anger Aunt Hepsy made a step towards the crouching Martha Ann, to wreak vengence there and then. "Out you go this moment! What evil spirit tempted you?"

Maisie shook back the loosened knobs of hair, and with outward calm spoke up fearlessly, "I did, Mrs. Mudgett," and interposing her slim figure between Aunt Hepsy and the prostrate culprit, she repeated, "I put it into her head; yes, I did. She said she was just starved"

"Starved! in my house!" Aunt Hepsy prided herself on her bountiful table, and even in her wrath was very sensitive to the reflection cast on the "keep" she gave her dependent. "Don't be sassy, child, no one ever went hungry under my roof."

"Martha Ann was," asserted Maisie. "She was starved hungry for something to love—something to squeeze," she added, wishing to be perfectly just and truthful, "so I told her about Victoria Coronation, and how Bobby Bligh got crullers and quince tarts without going into the pantry for 'em."

Aunt Hepsy fixed her eyes, almost as hard and glittering as Victoria Coronation's, on the little girl, who far from being daunted had another inspiration, and, as usual, gave it instant expression.

"Were you ever hungry, Mrs. Mudgett—for something to squeeze?" With her ready versatility the child had passed from the unpleasant present to a gentle interest in Mrs. Mudgett's past. Was it admiration of a spirit as strong as her own or the thronging of memories that made Aunt Hepsy answer?

"Was I ever hungry, child? Yes, hungry, and heartsore, and craving something to love more than you or Martha Ann or any other child ever felt or ever will feel on this weary, sinful earth. Dear heart, how long ago that was! Here, Maisie, take my bonnet and shawl, and bring out my rocker, and I'll tell why I set such store by Victoria Coronation."

Aunt Hepsy was conquered. Quickly Maisie obeyed her commands, tactfully refraining from asking questions that might change the tenor of the old lady's thoughts.

"I was born in London," she began, "but I can't remember father, mother, or home of my own. I was always changing hands; nobody seemed to want me long; and at last I was bound out on a farm, and if ever a white child was turned into a bond slave I was, with never a word of praise to lighten my burden. Every day I'd lay plans to run away at night, but when night came I hadn't the spunk to venture out in the dark, so I'd beg and plead with God to let me die or to send some change in my life. But the only answer I got was things going from bad to worse, till one day Sim Mudgett, a strapping young farmer, come in, and says, 'There'll be great doings in London tomorrow, the young Queen is coming to her own.' I didn't know at the time that my Missis was soft on Sim and that he was keen for getting on, but I'm beholden to him every hour of my life for the service he done me that day. 'The young queen'll be crowned tomorrow,' he says, 'in Westminster; and gay doings there'll be. What do you say, Missis, if we go up to see her ride by in state?'

"Well, the long and the short of it was that he coaxed her to go, and—I can't think yet how he managed it—to let me go along. 'Why should'nt you have a maid as well as her Majesty?' he says, laughing, 'and if you left her here she might run away, or burn down the house, or feed rusty nails to the pigs! take her along Missis, take her along, and keep her under your eye.' Children, I don't know how I got through that night! The hours just dragged, but at last came daylight; and with it Sim, laughing, joking, and working like fury till all the chores were done, and the Missis and him climbed on the front seat of the cart, with me behind on a little box, my lilac calico standing out stiff about me, and a great bunch of wild roses, tiger lilies, and ribbon grass clutched tight in my hot little hand.

"'You can throw 'em before the soldiers,' says my Missis quite condescending. But she did'nt know of the bit of brown paper I had tied round the stems, or of the thought in my mind that the Queen herself should have my nosegay. Well, my dears, what a day that was! Such cheering! it just seemed as if London was one big throat shouting itself hoarse. Sim worked his way well forrard, dragging us after him. And in a second, it seemed, somebody called out 'There she is! God save the Queen!' and then the air seemed alive with the cry; and banners were waving, cannon booming, horses prancing; and flashing steel, and great nodding plumes and tassels, and crimson and gold trappings all mixed up; and the crowd surging like the sea.

"Your father wouldn't hold with such doings, Maisie, and indeed many a thing that has come and gone since that day wasn't what folks expected. But I'm getting off my story.—There in the middle of it all was the Queen, in her coach of state, and looking so young and gentle and serious that I, a little bound-out girl, felt sorry for her, being so burdened with care. 'Throw your posies, Hepsy,' whispered Sim. 'Aim low! aim low!' But I just raised up on tiptoe, and threw as straight as I knew how, and the

next minute there were my tiger lilies blazing on the Queen's lap, and the ribbon grass spreading out over her coronation robes as sassy and independent as if it was in its own bed under the spare room winder. 'You bold hussy,' says my Missis, 'we'll all be took up and hanged,' and when she said it I just went sick with fright.

" 'Let her be Missis,' says Sim, 'This be a day for pardoning folks, not for hanging them.'

"Still I had my misgivings, and was glad enough to leave the city behind, even though I was soundly berated for my boldness all the way home, the Missis saying that she felt in her bones that trouble would come of my doings. She was mighty civil to Sim, inviting him in to tea, and keeping me waiting on both of 'em—I think he stayed just to save me from worse than tongue-thrashing, and he had his reward. I was carrying a dish of tea to the table, when rat-tat-tat! went a terrible rap on the door, and before Sim could reach it—I couldn't stir with fright—it was thrown open, and there stood such a fine gentleman I thought he must be one of the Queen's folks.

" 'Is Hepzibah Turner here?' he asks. 'I did'nt mean to hit the Queen, sir,' says I, all a-tremble. 'Then it was you threw it,' says he, and he unfolds my scrap of brown paper and reads out loud, 'For the Queen, from little Hepzibah Turner, Laurel Cottage, Lambeth. That's you, is it?' 'Yes sir,' I says, gaining courage, for he looked kind, though he did try to speak stern and sharp. 'Do you know what the Queen has ordered me to do?' 'No sir,' I says again. 'Her Majesty's mighty fond of dolls,' he says, 'has quite a family of 'em stowed away, and I wouldn't be surprised if she'll play with 'em now and again when she can take her crown off. Well, thinking that Hepzibah Turner might like 'em, too, I am ordered and commanded to bestow upon you this memorial doll—Victoria Coronation, I'd call her,' he added. 'See that you use her well, or you'll surely be locked up in the Tower, or your head chopped off the next time you throw posies at a Queen.'

"And with that he was gone, and there was I holding in my arms the handsomest doll in all England, and crying over her, and Sim calling for three cheers for Hepzibah Turner.

"I had good cause to love the doll, children. From the day she came my luck mended. Maybe my Missis was afraid to use me ill, or maybe it was Sim, who she married soon after, but anyway she was almost kind to me, and then your granduncle came bye and bye, Martha Ann, he was Sim's brother's son, and my worst troubles were over. But since he died I've been getting close and cross, and my heart seems most dried up. Perhaps Victoria Coronation just felt she must try to make another child happy, though it cost her life to do it. Get up, Martha Ann, make yourself tidy, and Maisie and you can go down to the Bridge and take your pick of Harvey's dolls. It shan't be said that anyone went hungry for anything under my roof. There run along! I know you are sorry, and all the rest of it. Children don't change much in sixty years."

* * * * * *

That night Maurice Desmond came softly out of the room where the

children slept. His voice broke into a laugh as he asked, "Have you heard Maisie's latest, Nora? She has done her share in ridding this village of royalty."

"Poor Aunt Hepsy. It must be hard to be as cross-grained and crabbed as she is. You mustn't encourage Maisie, Maurice. After all the doll meant a great deal to the lonely old woman. Maisie told me all about it."

"Martha Ann will more than fill its place," he replied. "Maisie has opened the old lady's heart big enough to take her in.. What a little brick she was to stand her ground! I'd have been tempted to run myself. She shall have the calf, and anything else that she has a mind to ask for."

BOOK REVIEWS.

A Devout Commentary on the Epistle to the Ephesians. By A. Bertrand Wilberforce, O.P.

The letter of our Holy Father, Leo XIII, of Dec. 13th, 1898, by which he granted a plenary indulgence, once a month, to all those who every day, for at least one-quarter of an hour, piously and devoutly read the Holy Gospel (i. e., the New Testament), naturally stimulated the zeal of all lovers of the Holy Scriptures, and spurred them on to new methods of making the Sacred Books known and loved. The volume under review is one result of the Pontifical letter. It is from the pen of that zealous Dominican, Father Bertrand Wilberforce, who has done so much to further the cause of truth by his sermons and lectures. Father Wilberforce does not write for scholars; he does not treat of matters of textual discussion, nor does he advert to the problems raised by the advocates of the Higher Criticism. The book is a clear, reverent, spiritual consideration of St. Paul's celebrated letter to the Christians of Ephesus. The explanations are lucid and simple; the applications are practical and interesting. It would be impossible to follow Fr. Wilberforce's work sincerely without growing in true interior piety and in solid knowledge of Christian truth. To give an example of the method adopted by the learned author, let us take his explanation of the following words of St. Paul:

"Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of justice, and your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace: in all things taking the shield of faith, wherewith you may be able to distinguish all the fiery darts of the most wicked one. And take unto you the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit (which is the Word of God)"

In these words the Apostle describes the panoply or full armour of the Christian warrior: and he draws his description from the equipment of a Roman soldier of that day. He was writing in a Roman prison and constantly had Roman soldiers before his eyes.

The defensive armour is first described as consisting of a military girdle, the breastplate, the greaves, the shield and helmet; and then the offensive armour which is the sword, the most important weapon of ancient warfare.

All these things he applies spiritually to the Christian equipped for the contest with the devil.

Stand therefore. This expresses the courage and determination with which the Christian soldier should stand ready for attack. * * * We must stand with courage and confidence, always ready for the sudden attack of our foes.

Your loins girt about with truth. The girdle of the Roman soldier was broad and covered with iron plates overlaid with silver, so as to be at once a support and defence. As a girdle the Christian soldier is to be girt about with truth. Truth is our spiritual belt—our support and defence.

"Let your loins be girt," says our Lord (St. Luke xii: 35), and by this spiritual girdle is meant the self-denial that restrains and subdues the flesh with its vices and evil desires, intemperance, gluttony, and impurity, which are opposed by

sobriety, temperance and chastity. Girding the loins would also signify the vigour and earnestness with which we should serve God, casting aside sloth and idleness. When a man wearing flowing garments desired rest he would loosen the girdle: when he meant to run, to work, to fight, he would gird himself well and tightly. So God says to Job, "Gird up thy loins like a man." (Job xxxviii: 3.)

But why are we to be girded with *truth?* The Apostle was perhaps attending to the passage of the prophet: "Justice shall be the girdle of his loins, and faith (that is, faithfulness): or, according to the Septuagint, (truth) the girdle of his reins." (Isaiah xi: 5.)

The prophet is here speaking of Christ and declares that faithfulness will be to Him as a cincture adhering closely to Him. In a like manner St. Paul desires every Christian to be like His Master, girded by faithfulness, as a cincture to adorn and strengthen him. The soldier's belt was the symbol of the military oath of fidelity: so, in the Christian soldier, the girdle is the loyal fidelity he plighted in Baptism to his Captain and Leader, Jesus Christ. By this he is so bound to the service of his Master by the bond of love, that he ought gladly to suffer death itself in His service. * * *

Having on the breastplate of justice. The breastplate was sometimes of brass, sometimes of leather covered with metal plates, and defending the heart and breast. It often descended as a coat of mail to the knees.

In the Christian warrior, justice, in the sense of universal uprightness, is the breastplate: that is, righteousness of life, or all the Christian virtues that make a man truly just in his duty to God, to his neighbor and to himself. The truly just man is one in whom there is universal justice embracing all virtue, in whom "all is as it should be." As the breastplate or coat of mail covered and protected the heart, so true justice or righteousness perfects the whole soul and protects a man from the devil. (I Thess. v: 8; Isa. lix: 17.)

Your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace. The military boots covered not only the foot, but the lower part of the leg, and the greaves were the armour for the legs.

What answers to this in the spiritual armour? The feet are the affections of the soul. The soul is moved by its affections. The affections of the soul should then be shod "with the preparation of the gospel of peace." The word here translated *preparation* is derived from a verb to prepare or establish and settle: and therefore it means a preparation or basis, firm foundation. So that it would mean having your feet shod, i. e., the affections of your soul rooted on "the firm footing or foundation of the gospel of peace: i. e., with the firm and solid knowledge of the gospel, in which you may stand firm and unmoved, as soldiers do in their military boots, which among the Romans were furnished with spikes for this purpose. * * *

The shield of faith. The shield, held on the arm, protected both head and breast from darts and arrows. The armour hitherto mentioned—the girdle, the breastplate and greaves—may be taken to indicate the moral virtues. The shield necessary at all times, is the theological virtue of Faith, the root of Hope and Charity: and, as the shield is added to other armour, so is Faith to the moral virtues. By the shield, darts are rendered harmless: and by Faith, all temptations (Heb. xi, 33, 34). The temptations of the devil come upon us suddenly like darts: and if we have not faith, penetrate to the heart. They are called *fiery* to show their dangerous nature, because they are apt to kindle the flame of evil desire. To remember the truths of Faith, to act on the principles of Faith, to be guided by its light, will render the worst temptations harmless. We see that our Lord, in opposition to the temptations of the devil brought forward texts of the Holy Scripture: and so we ought to act when tempted. If, for instance, we are tempted to gluttony, we could call to mind the words of Deuteronomy viii: 3, or Romans xiv: 17. If to impatience or despondency in trials we can animate ourselves by Matthew vii: 12, or Romans viii: 18 and 28. When moved by pride we might repeat Luke xviii: 14, or Matthew xviii: 3. This is one of the many reasons for studying the holy word of God. If we commit some of these heavenly sentences to memory, we hold in our minds a spiritual shield on which the fiery darts of the evil one are caught, their fire extinguished, and rendered harmless.

The helmet of Salvation. Again there is allusion to Isaiah, who says "a helmet of salvation on his head" (lix. 17). The helmet, with its nodding plume, protects the head, and is the most necessary and ornamental part of the soldier's armour.

The helmet of the Christian is Hope and Confidence in God, which is at once the

protection and beauty of the spiritual warrior. Remembering all Christ has done, taught, promised, and endured, trusting only in the merits of His Precious Blood, we must cast away all despondency, inordinate fear, discouragement and despair. If we yield to this temptation, we cease to wear the flashing helmet with its waving plume—the chief ornament of the warrior of Jesus Christ.

The sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God.

The only offensive weapon mentioned by the Apostle is the sword by which we are to attack our enemies. The spiritual sword is the Word of God, and it is a sharp and trusty weapon that will not fail in the time of danger. The Word of God will always prove our best weapon against all the difficulties and doubts raised by human reasonings and speculations. It is the sword of the Spirit, because all its efficacy is from the Holy Ghost, Whose power "makes the mouth" of a truly spiritual man "like a sharp sword" against the enemies of the faith (Isa. xlix: 2; Heb. iv: 12). * * * Thus, then, is the Christian soldier arrayed with the whole armour of God. His helmet is confidence in God, the hope of salvation through Christ; his breastplate, righteous deeds of virtue; his girdle, loyal truth and chastity; his shoes, the firm foundation of Gospel truth, making him ready in spirit to follow Christ; on his left arm he bears the shield of undoubting Faith; and in his right hand he grasps with courage the sword of God's Word."

Does not this quotation make us crave for more of this invigorating spiritual food? Does it not compel us to implore Fr. Wilberforce to publish similar commentaries on all the books of the New Testament?

B. Herder, St. Louis. $1.00.

Memoirs and Letters of Cardinal De Bernis, with an introduction by C. A. Sainte-Beuve. Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. 2 vols. Edition de Luxe.

These memoirs are very important documents, not so much on account of the personal character of Cardinal de Bernis, as on account of the exalted posts which he filled during the reign of that frivolous and luxurious monarch, Louis XV. François-Joachim de Pierre, comte de Lyon, Cardinal de Bernis, was born of a noble, but poor, family at Saint-Marcel de l'Ardeche, on May 22d, 1715. He was destined for the ecclesiastical state by his parents. In early life he made application for several benefices, but his efforts met with very slight success. The young abbé, accordingly, went to Paris in order to gain protectors for his interests and benefices for his purse. His brilliant, though not deep, mind, his witty conversations, his aptness in writing fashionable verse, his graceful manners, and his ceaseless activity made him the idol of the day, and secured for him the favor of the Duchesse de la Rohan and the Marquise de Pompadour. His influential patrons furthered his cause in every possible way, and he was sent in 1751, by Louis XV, as ambassador to the Republic of Venice. In this position he displayed that wondrous tact and that skillful diplomacy which made him the trusted confidant of King and of Ruler. In 1756 he was employed as mediator between the Court and the Parliament of Paris, and in this delicate mission manifested extraordinary prudence and resourcefulness. When trouble arose between Pope Benedict XIV and the Republic of Venice, both sides sought the friendly services of de Bernis, so wide-spread was his reputation for solving complicated situations. Shortly afterwards, at the express desire of Maria Theresa, and of Madame de Pompadour, he concluded a treaty between Austria and France. For his services in this transaction he was rewarded with the important post of Minister of Foreign Affairs. The following year, 1758, brought him the Cardinal's hat, but, by his display of vigorous independence, he incurred the displeasure of Madame de Pompadour and was sent into banishment to the abbey of St. Medard. Five years later, in 1764, he was received back to royal favor and was appointed Archbishop of Albi. During his banishment the Cardinal won all hearts by his life of extreme simplicity and of general charitableness. Upon his return to power, de Bernis was confronted by the problem of how to deal with the then famous Jesuit question. Personally, the Cardinal was well-inclined towards the Society, but motives of State policy and the clearly-established enmity of Madame de Pompadour against the sons of Loyola led him to adopt that line of action which was most pleasing to the Bourbons, namely, to seek the abolition of the order. As this could only be secured from Rome, every step was tried to secure from Clement XIII the suppression of the Society of Jesus. Clement XIII, however, absolutely refused to grant the request of the Euro-

pean courts, and hence, at his death, the Bourbon Cardinals pledged themselves to vote only for that member of the Sacred College who would bind himself to issue a decree suppressing the famous order. De Bernis was then ambassador to Rome, and he, consequently, took a leading part in bringing about the election of Ganganelli, who was supposed to be favorably inclined towards the Bourbon policy. After Clement XIV had ascended the Papal throne, one demand after another was made for the destruction of the Society, and so, on the 21st of July, 1773, the famous Brief of suppression, "Dominus ac Redemptor" was signed. It is a remarkable document, because it condemns neither the doctrine. nor the morals, nor the discipline of the Jesuits, but simply alleges as motives for the suppression, the complaints of the Courts against the Order. The Cardinal remained in Rome until his death, distinguishing himself by works of charity and of mercy. In passing judgment upon de Bernis, we must not forget that he did not take orders until 1755, when he was forty years of age. He was essentially a courtier, witty, brilliant and frivolous; and his vanity made him follow without resistance the course marked out for him by Choiseul. His actions in Rome both before, during, and after the Conclave, cannot be approved by a just man. Principles, traditions, and fairness were trampled ruthlessly under foot in order to win the grace of the reigning Sovereigns.

This brief sketch will show the great value of these memoirs and how necessary they are for a full understanding of Church History in France during the reign of Louis XV, and of the suppression of the Jesuits. No great library can afford to be without them. The letters are excellently translated and the printer has given us a most artistic piece of work. Paper, printing, engravings are all of the highest quality, and as a result we have two magnificent volumes fit to adorn the library of a prince.

Hardy, Pratt & Co., Boston.

Universal History. By Rev. Reuben Parsons, D.D. Vol. I. Ancient History. Yonkers, N. Y. 1902.

That venerable historian, Fr. Reuben Parsons, who has done such effective work for the Church in the line of historical research, is about to supplement his labors upon Church history by a series of volumes dealing with the incidents of profane history. The volume under consideration deals with the history of the world from the creation until the fall of the Roman Empire. Father Parsons holds, as every just man must hold, that a fact, to be rightly understood, must be viewed in its setting of surrounding incidents. Hence the historian must not merely place before us bare facts, but he must portray for us the circumstances which hedge in, as it were, this or that fact. Herein lies the danger for the prejudiced writer. Truthful as to fact, he generally creates the surroundings out of his fertile imagination. Facts are, consequently, misrepresented, distorted, wrongly colored, because they are not placed in their true position. This defect Fr. Parsons scrupulously avoids—both facts and accompanying circumstances are given with that judicial calmness which marks the true historian. We welcome this book most warmly, and we fervently hope that the erudite author may not only be spared to complete this important work, but that his efforts may meet with that recognition from sincere Catholics to which his tireless service in the championship of Christian truth entitles him. The battles of the day with the enemies of the Catholic church are fought, for the most part, upon the field of history and upon the correct estimate of the various tragedies in national life.

Yonkers, N. Y. Price, $2.00 per volume.

Spiritual Pepper and Salt for Catholics and Non-Catholics. By Rev. William Stang, D.D.

The earnest leader of the Providence Apostolate gives us in this book a collection of answers to the difficulties usually brought against the Church by those who do not belong to her fold. The difficulties are stated with extreme fairness, and the answers are clear, logical, convincing, and expressed in terms both striking and impressive. The result is a little work indispensable for those who are thrown into daily contract with Protestants and Unbelievers. The title chosen is an unusual one and will sound strange to English-speaking ears. Dr. Stang, however, gives us an excellent reason for the same in his preface: "Pepper and Salt are two indispensable articles, on the dinner-table. From time immemorial they have been regarded as necessary condiments of food. Pepper has a hot, pungent, almost fiery taste. It stimulates and produces arterial action; it excites the languid stomach and corrects flatulence. Salt seasons food, acts as a tonic, and quickly passes into blood,

a certain amount of it is necessary for health. With this little book, I desire to put on your table spiritual pepper and salt,—truths that stimulate and preserve."

While the reason is not without force, we cannot help expressing the hope that the author will be induced to change the title for one less unusual in a new edition.

Benziger Bros., New York. Price, 60 cents.

The Life of Bartolomé de Las Casas. By the Rev. L. A. Dutto.

We are under a deep debt of gratitude to the enterprising publishing Herder-family for the many valuable works they have printed upon Church History, Canon Law, Theology and Philosophy. The present volume, dealing with early American Church-History, is one of keen interest and of abiding value. Bartolomé de las Casas, Bishop of Chiapa, must ever be regarded as one of the greatest American Churchmen, not only on account of the marvelous work he accomplished, but also on account of his exalted virtues, his striking personality, his sterling devotion to his duty, and his ceaseless defence of the poor and persecuted Indian. Born in Seville in 1474, Las Casas, after winning his degree in the Law School of the famous University of Salamanca, determined to try his fortunes in the New World, which he reached in April, 1502. Not long after his arrival here, he took priest's orders and began that marvelous career which stamps him as the St. Paul of the Western Hemisphere. It was while acting as chaplain to an expedition into Cuba that Las Casas was aroused by the cruelties of his countrymen to the Indians. Seeing men, professedly Christians, setting at defiance the fundamental teachings of the Natural Law and the well-known principles of Christian, the zealous young priest returned to Europe to lay the entire matter before the Emperor, Charles V. In consequence of his representations, ordinances were passed to remedy the evil, and Las Casas was made official Protector of the Indians. It is very pathetic to read the accounts of the bold fight for the oppressed made by this sincere man after his return to America, and of the fierce opposition with which his efforts were met by the Spaniards. Nothing daunted, he crossed the Atlantic several times, and on each occasion wrung important concessions from the Spanish monarchs in favor of the subject-race. In 1521, Las Casas joined St. Dominic's noble band of spiritual soldiers in Hispaniola, and in 1544 he was consecrated Bishop of Chiapa, which see he ruled with admirable wisdom and zeal. He died at Madrid on July 31st, 1566, and was buried in the Dominican Church at Atocha. It is impossible to peruse Father Dutto's scholarly life of this eminent Churchman, without being moved to admiration at his intense faith, his singular disinterestedness and his fearless spirit. The book, moreover, contains many interesting points relative to Early American Church History. While some expressions in the various chapters could be improved, these deficiencies are but slight blemishes in a work of genuine merit.

B. Herder, St. Louis. Price, $1.50.

"Jesus Living in the Priest." By the Rev. P. Millet, S.J. English translation by the Rt. Rev. Thomas S. Byrne, Bishop of Nashville.

The building of character is a work requiring intelligence, effort and constancy. For character is the result of broad general principles which shape a life and give it a mark and a seal peculiarly its own. Character cannot be produced in a night; it cannot be produced by whim or caprice; it cannot be produced by idle dreamings. Essayists and metaphysicians alike have striven with varied success to analyze the elements which go to form this valuable factor of human activity. The broad lines of character have been frequently and fully described; but we must not forget the fine lines of conduct, the delicate tints of action, which give to every true life its special tone and attractiveness; just as in a portrait, the tiny strokes, the mere dash or dot of the pencil give the correct expression, the exact representation of the original. What is true of character in general, is true also in a higher sense of the priestly character. Now the education of the priest or the training of the priestly character is, as the eloquent Bishop of Peoria informs us, "the highest education of man, since the ideal of the Christian priest is the most exalted, his vocation the most sublime, his office the most holy, his duties the most spiritual, and his mission, whether we consider its relation to morality, which is the basis of individual and social welfare, or to religion which is the promise and the secret of immortal and godlike life, is the most important and the most sacred which can be assigned to a human being."

This being the case, it is evident that a work dealing with the formation of the

priestly character must challenge our closest attention. Such is the aim of Père Millet's valuable book, which has been translated by the learned Bishop of Nashville. The dominant note of the volume is found in the statement that the priest should be another Christ, in the spirit which animates him. It is in the close and loyal imitation of the great High Priest, in the faithful reproduction of the Redeemer's virtues, as revealed to us both in His hidden and in His public life, that priestly character is formed and brought to perfection. The plan of the book is extremely logical, the ideas are always ennobling, and the examples are always stimulating. It is a work which should be in the library of every churchman in the country. Kind friends who desire to present a book to an ecclesiastic could not do better than select this volume. A library well-equipped with books of this nature would be both a comfort and a powerful auxiliary to an earnest spiritual worker.

Benziger Brothers, New York. $2.00.

A quaint, pleasing story is "The Lady Paramount," by Henry Harland, author of "The Cardinal's Snuff Box." Mr. Harland is refreshingly original, leaving ordinary situations to ordinary novelists, while he creates for his readers a succession of charming scenes and characters quite in keeping. Susanne, the Countess of Sampaolo, celebrates her twenty-second anniversary under most unusual circumstances. Salvoes, of cannon, an entire fleet, taking part in a regatta, a dinner, a ball, and fireworks in the garden, are features of the day's celebration, but the really stirring events take place at the close of the festivities. The Commendatore essays to lead the Countess to the launch, when she suddenly unfolds a progression of surprises, sets her duenna adrift in a luanch headed for Isola Nobile, and her guardian at defiance, doing all with such an inimitable grace and irresistible gaiety that her perversity seems almost commendable.

"I am starting on my wander year," she confides to the Commendatore, her eyes smiling, innocently, persuasively and with tender appeal. And she starts, waving her disenfranchised and frantic guardian a farewell kiss. Craford in England is her destination, and the special purpose she has in view is to meet a distant cousin, Anthony Craford, the rightful heir to the title and estates of Sampaolo. How she meets him makes a delightful chapter with just a man, a woman and a black cat to give it action, but all three are exceptional types, even Patapouf being quite an engaging character in his own way.

Madame Torrebianca, as she elects to call herself, is Anthony's tenant, having rented Craford's Folly, and of course they meet frequently, each encounter bringing nearer to a happy solution the problem of the disputed ownership of Sampaolo. Adrian Willis and the aged little beauty, Miss Sandus, play a clever second part, the former indulging in much light comedy that helps out wonderfully the sequence of events.

Mr. Harland's touch is exquisitely fine in all his work, but never more so than when he sketches in the chapel of Craford, dim and brown, where in the old days priests and people worshipped at the peril of their lives. He evolves a tender, beautiful, reverential scene, subordinating all earthly feelings and emotions to "the hidden and unutterable sweetness of the Mass."

The summer drifts along, its days all golden for Anthony and the self-exiled Countess, and even its flowers and birds conspiring to bring about "the restoration." How this is finally accomplished is deftly and delicately told by the author who understands to perfection the art of leaving something to his readers. The flag of Sampaolo with its red design embossed in gold flutters out on the breeze all too soon, for it proclaims not only the return of the lawful possessor, but the end of the story as well. One closes the book with a sigh of envy for the fortunate readers who have before them the unalloyed pleasure of being introduced to "The Lady Paramount," and her persevering kinsman lover.

John Lane. New York. $1.50.

The late Ethna Carbery, whose early death is a sad loss to the literary world, was an ardent lover of her country, and in poetry and prose extolled the virtues of her race. Such work as hers should not be allowed to fade from the memory, and the many friends she has made through her writings will be pleased to learn that her poems have been collected and given permanent form under the title, "The Four Winds of Eirinn." The volume has for its frontispiece a faithful portrait of the dead singer, which enhances the value of this veritable treasury of patriotic song. The book is printed on Irish paper and bound in Irish linen cloth. Copies may be had from Miss Alice Milligan, Ward Villa, Bangor, Ireland. Price, 55 cents, post free.

QUESTION BOX.

Q. Why does the Church make use of so many ceremonies? Did Christ use ceremonies?

A. Christ used ceremonies, as is instanced in the answer above of the blind man. He tells how "Jesus made clay and anointed my eyes." We have other instances of a like nature written in the Gospels. Christ used ceremonies at the institution of the Blessed Eucharist, and He permitted ceremonies at His own baptism by John.

We are composed of body and soul, we are dependent upon our senses, we know the interior devotion is much increased by external acts, and so the Church that reaches our intelligence by preaching to the outward ear, seeks to arrest our attention by appealing to eye and ear in her ceremonies. Some ceremonies are so belonging to the Sacraments that they are essential. Some, and that is the great number, have been instituted by the Church, which can change them at will. Christ instituted but few ceremonies. These the Church does not change. Whatever Christ told to the Apostles, and they practiced, remains intact. Ceremonies, too, greatly add to the dignity and solemnity of religious acts, and help the people to distinguish such acts from those of their ordinary lives. Finally, we have our ceremonies in our daily intercourse with our most familiar acquaintances. Interior feelings manifest themselves in outward show. The use of ceremonies is natural to man. The inner and the outer man react one on the other.

Q. Why do priests wear a variety of colors in their vestments? Have these colors any signification?

A. The Church introduced very slowly the use of different colors in the vestments. At present, the colors are five: white, black, green, red and violet. According to the feast, or the saint honored, the color is used to correspond to the meaning of the feast, or the character of the saint. Gold-colored vestments are considered as fitted for any color.

Q. What is the meaning of the words, "heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away"?

A. Christ had been foretelling to His disciples the destruction of Jerusalem and the fact of His own second coming. And to remove any doubt they might be ready to hold regarding the truth of these prophecies, He confirmed His statements by declaring that all things created shall perish rather than that His word should fail of its fulfillment. St. Peter, who heard these predictions of Christ, afterwards wrote in the third chapter of his second Epistle regarding the great change to take place in the heavens and in the earth. He says: "The heavens and the earth which are now reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of the ungodly men." "The day of the Lord shall come as a thief, in which the heavens shall pass away with great violence, and the elements shall be melted with heat. And the earth and the works which are in it shall be burnt up." "Looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of the Lord, by which the heavens being in fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with the burning heat. Amid all these catastrophes and destructions, the word of the Lord shall stand unchanged, enduring forever. My word, which shall go forth from my mouth, it shall not return to me void, but it shall do whatsoever I please, and shall prosper in the things for which I sent it." Isaiah 55, 11.

Q. Why were Knights of Pythias and Odd Fellows condemned by the Church?

A. Because the Church on examination found them to be secret societies. The Church has principles on which she judges the character of societies. And not only the societies condemned by name, like these two, but all societies that are opposed to the principles promulgated and explained by the Church, are condemned, whether the Church names them or not. Some drug that will kill you, if you take it, is just as poisonous without a name, as with a name. If it has qualities inimical to human life, the labeling of it as a poison does not increase or decrease its destructive power. We must avoid, if we wish to live, not only the labeled poisons, but whatever we have reason to fear may be poisonous. So of societies. Named or unnamed, a society having a bad object, or bad means to even a good object, or exacting blind obedience of its members, or making its ritual or other observances a

substitute for Christ's teaching and religion, must be avoided or abandoned.

Q. Is it true that the Knights of Pythias offered to have their ritual examined by the Church authorities that they might thereby retain their Catholic members?

A. This may or may not be true. But certain it is that the Church authorities acted upon knowledge, after judicial investigation, and knowing that the Knights of Pythias in one or more ways fell under the ban of condemned societies.

Q. Why are certain feasts being stricken from the number of holy days of obligation?

A. The Church has the power to select what days she will as the holy days of obligation. Owing to the conditions that surround the labor of the vast number of Catholics in this country, it is judged wise to have only a small number of such days. So, after deliberation and counsel, the days as they exist in our present calendar were selected. The days put aside or dropped from the old list, were not considered less holy, or of lesser dignity, or of less sublimity of meaning than some retained, but the present was considered the most opportune distribution of binding feasts.

Q. Were the monks and priests of olden times as bad as Scott represents them in his Ivanhoe? The pupils of the L—— High School are obliged to study the same. What is your opinion of the book?

A. No. By the fruits we know the tree. Christ Himself, our Divine Teacher, has given us this rule. We have heard similar fairy stories, mythological fictions regarding the friars in the Philippines. Apply the rule to the monks of the olden and those of the present age. Study the work of the monks and priests in the "Dark" Ages, or in the Philippine Islands. Take the testimony of history, regarding the labors and the results reached by the monks in training the people to religion, civilization, peace, the arts of industry, and in general spiritual and material development. The fruits were good. Bad trees do not produce good fruit. Were there some bad monks? Yes. But exceptions only form the rule of goodness in the great number. The rule of life was good, the general life of the monks was good. Some historians and writers of fiction see possibilities in the erring few, and present false pictures. Consequently, books like Ivanhoe and Marmion are not to be commended as select reading in High Schools. They calumnate the Catholic Church and her religious men and women. "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." They pervade the young mind with too easily absorbed notions of hypocrisy, of high professions of duty and morality, degraded into practical villainy. And on this very ground they are detrimental studies. Being opposed to truth and truthful standards, they injure mind and heart of the young. A teacher might do much to guard against the baneful effects. Where is such a teacher? How is the teacher trained to knowledge of the truth in these matters? Why shall the teacher defend the Catholic Church against erroneous statements and impressions? Certainly, Catholics have a grievance too often in the matter of text-books in the public schools. But how silly, we are told, to object to the study of the classics. Yet some of the old Latin authors are prepared for school use, and eminent educators have with great care edited Shakespeare before confiding him to young minds and hearts. There should be an edition of some of Scott's romances and poems for schools, wherein injustice might not so attack sacred and religious institutions and principles.

Q. Why does not the Church now teach that it is usury to charge interest on money, when the Council of Trent says that "the money lenders are the most relentless of usurers that rob the miserable poor"?

A. Usury has a different meaning as employed by ancient or modern writers. The views against all money lending with interest are very strongly expressed in the Bible, and in the writings of the Fathers of the Church. As the oppression of the poor followed in a great many cases from the payment of interest on loans, the regulations against all interest, or usury, which then meant any interest at all, were most stringent. In our modern life, however, we have recognized that the lending and the borrowing of money is necessary to commercial and business transactions. And with a moderate rate of interest, far from being burdened, the poor are helped. Usury today does not mean any rate of interest, but only a rate beyond the legal rate. Money, too, is now no longer held to be barren, but fruitful, "producing fruit and multiplying of itself," as wrote a leading theologian. Then, too, besides the fruit which the money yields, there is the risk to the lender, there is the loss he may suffer in not having his money on hand for trade, and other such considerations that are now generally conceded as justifying a legal rate of interest.

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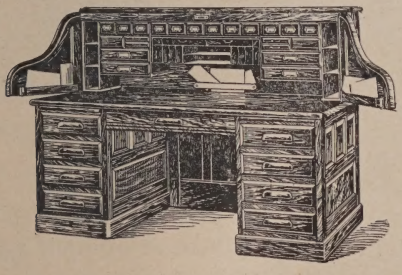

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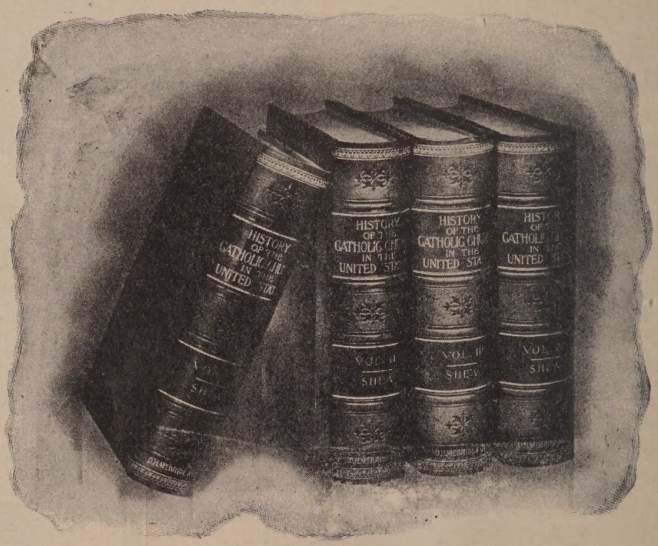

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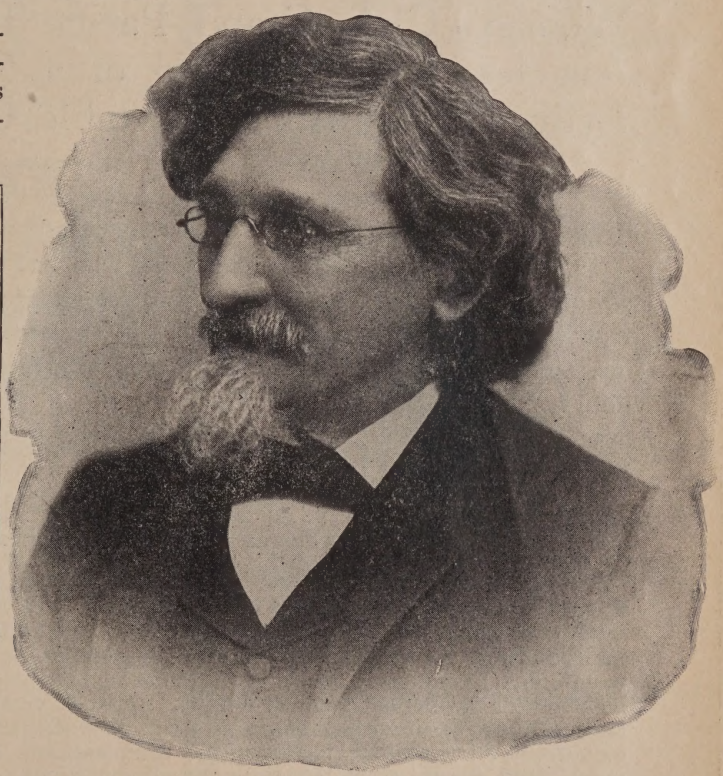

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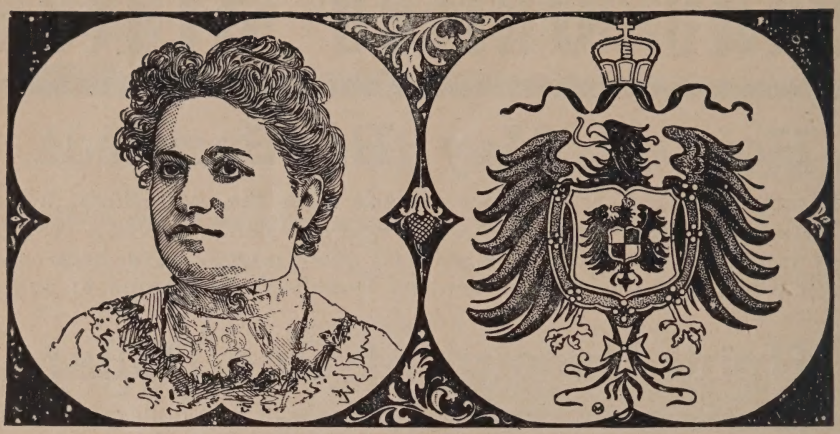

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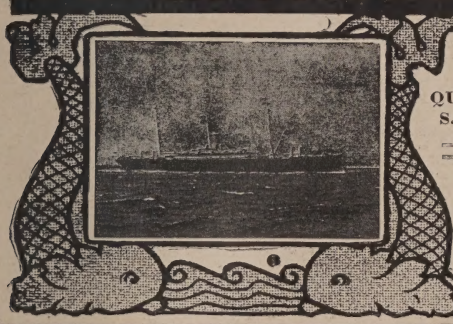

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